# The Outlook

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**MAINE, WET OR DRY?**

From day to day last week reports from the vote on constitutional prohibition in Maine oscillated between "wet" and "dry." The first report was that the provision adopted in 1884, which made the prohibitory law a part of the State Constitution, was repealed by a popular majority of about nine hundred votes. The next report was that later returns had changed this into a small majority for the retention of the provision. Still later reports were that the returns were in dispute. It will take an official count to set the matter at rest. Whatever the final result may be, the majority on one side or the other will be a few score, or, at most, a few hundred. Errors in copying or in misunderstanding telephone messages, or in addition, account very largely for the uncertainty. For example, the returns from one town were in some way reversed when they were transmitted by telephone, with the result that a change of four hundred votes in the plurality was made. Some facts, however, are plain without regard to these errors. The most striking fact is that the twenty cities of the State returned a total vote of nearly two to one for the repeal of prohibition, and, with the single exception of the city of Calais, each city returns a majority for repeal. In several cities of the State this majority is overwhelming. In Bangor and Lewiston, two of the three largest cities of the State, and in Biddeford, Eastport, Ellsworth, and Old Town, the majority for repeal was over three to one, and in Portland, the largest city of the State, Augusta, the capital, Waterville, Bath, and other cities, the majority for repeal was very large. Whether prohibition remains in the Constitution of Maine or not, it can hardly remain in fact. When the voters of a State are so evenly divided as they have shown themselves in this vote, it is hardly possible, to say the least, that the prohibitory law will be permanently enforced. There is no reasonable ground for believing that 60,590 people (to cite the unofficial figures published a day and a half after the polls had closed) can impose their will with regard to State prohibition upon 60,415 people. The closeness of the vote explains the practical failure of prohibition in Maine. It has sometimes been said that failure to enforce prohibition is no more of an argument against prohibition than failure to secure conviction against burglars is an argument against making burglary a crime. If, however, the people of any State were virtually equally divided on the question whether burglary should be made a crime or not, there would be little ground for believing that the law against burglary could be enforced. We do not believe that prohibition, even if it survives this vote, can long endure under present conditions in Maine.

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**"THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS" AND "THE TWILIGHT ZONE"**

On another page a staff correspondent gives an account of the meeting, at Spring Lake, New Jersey, of the so-called "House of Governors." We have never believed in the vision which some enthusiasts have of a "House of Governors" which should develop into something resembling a fourth branch of the National Government; but in an annual conference of the Governors of the several States for the discussion and formulation of policies of common interest to all the States we have had hearty faith. Until this year the Governors have deliberately refrained from taking any definite action on any subject; but at Spring Lake they threw their own precedents aside by the appointment of three of their colleagues to appear before the Supreme Court to voice their protest against what they regard as the unwarrantable interference by the inferior Federal courts with the rights of the several States in the regulation of railways within their own borders. As our correspondent points out, the occasion of this action was the discussion of the decision by a Federal Judge in Minnesota nullifying a State law regulating railways, on the ground that it infringed the right of the United States to control inter-State commerce. Looking at the subject of railway control from the point of view of their several States, these Governors feel that there will be created, under decisions of this kind, a condition of affairs under which, to quote the words of Governor Aldrich, of Nebraska, "there will be enjoyed by the railway companies the right to fix intra-State rates of transportation free from supervision or regulation." In his speech before the Denver Legislature last year Mr. Roosevelt called attention to the very same condition in our courts that has aroused the Governors to their unusual action—namely, the existence of a "twilight zone" which has been created by the courts between the authority of the States and the authority of the Nation. By a series of negative decisions limiting the action of the Federal Government on the one hand and the action of several States on the other hand, the courts have, in many cases, left railways free from control of any instrument of government. Naturally, those who have had occasion, as these Governors have had, to feel the limitations imposed by the courts upon the States, think that it is on that side that protest should be made. This criticism of the judiciary on the part of the Governors, therefore, is just what might have been expected, because it was inevitable. There is a reasonable ground for discussion as to how this "twilight zone," now unoccupied by any governmental authority, shall be brought under governmental sway. The Governors in conference naturally look to the extension into that zone of the sovereignty of the States; and certainly there is no room for disputing that it would be better to have that twilight zone under State regulation than under no regulation at all; on the other hand, we think that experience has made it plain that if the control over this twilight zone is to be effective and just, it should be exercised largely by the National Government. The Federal Congress and the Federal Executive are not free from blame for the failure to exercise National rights; but for the existence of the conditions under which the exercise of rights by either Nation or State has been made difficult the responsibility rests chiefly upon the courts. We do not know how the Governors expect to get their protests before the Supreme Court. It was first suggested that the Governors employ counsel, but the question of remuneration of such counsel seemed to call forth no satisfactory answer. Then it was suggested that the committee of Governors should themselves appear before the Court; and so it was left. Whatever means the Governors may take to register their protest before the Supreme Court, they have already rendered a service that should be welcomed, not so much because of their emphasis on State rights as because of the striking fashion in which they have brought the subject of the responsibility of the judiciary in the matter of the control of railways to the attention of the whole country.

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### WISCONSIN'S INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE ACT TO BE TESTED

Much interest is centered in the test that is to be made of Wisconsin's new Workman's Compensation Act, passed by the 1911 Legislature, after years of investigation by committees. The Supreme Court will pass upon the constitutionality of the Act at an early date. Whether or not Wisconsin, which led in the fight for primary elections and railway regulation, is to hold a similar position in the Nation-wide movement to remedy what even the opponents of the law call an intolerable industrial situation, will then be known. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts in July declared the Employers' Liability Act of that State constitutional, on the ground that the laws which it abrogated were established by the courts, not by the Constitution. The fact that Wisconsin's law is more liberal than Massachusetts' toward the employer gives a reasonable hope that it, too, will escape the fate of New York's Act. Because the drafters of the Wisconsin law believed that a compulsory Employers' Liability Act could not be drawn that would meet the requirements of the State and Federal Constitutions, the law was made optional, as in Massachusetts, and allows the employer and the employee to choose whether or not they will accept its provisions. If they elect to abide by it and its compensations, they agree to submit to the State Industrial Commission for settlement any disputes that may arise in case of injury or death. The insurance sections and the Commission feature of the law being optional and in the nature of a contract, the main ground upon which the law might be attacked lies in the opening sections of the Act, sections that establish a new law in case the parties elect to abide by the old-time custom of settling in a law court disputes as to compensation. The effect of these sections as to employers who do not elect to come under the Act is to abrogate the assumption of risk defense absolutely, and the fellow-servant doctrine qualifiedly. Naturally, the employer objects to having these ancient, if not honorable, defenses made impossible. The one course left open to him, in case of a suit for damages, is to prove that the employee did not exercise ordinary care, and that such want contributed directly to the injury. Thus Wisconsin leaves to the employer a ground of defense which Massachusetts denies him; for Massachusetts plainly says that it shall not be a defense "that the employee was negligent." Instead of denying him all three common law defenses (contributory negligence, assumption of risk, and negligence of a fellow-servant), Wisconsin denies him only the last two. The employee still has to prove that he was not negligent in taking ordinary care to prevent the accident and that his employer was. So, the defenders of the law claim, the employer is not deprived of his property without due process of law, for the only defenses abrogated are the two which were given him by the courts, not the Constitution; defenses which were justified only by an entirely different industrial organization from the one which we have now. Moreover, the negligence of a fellow-servant is still a valid defense when the conditions of the industry justify it; namely, when there are less than four employees in a common employment, and when each, consequently, has an opportunity to observe the behavior of his fellows and conduct himself accordingly. The innumerable and important details of the Act have been most carefully worked out by the committee who framed it. Again Wisconsin demonstrates the beneficial results obtained from the co-operation of her university authorities with the Legislature. Again she uses, as in her celebrated Railroad Commission, the men who are best fitted to the task of carrying out the law. For her new Industrial Accident Commission is composed of the head of her former Labor Bureau, Mr. J. D. Beck; an able lawyer, Mr. C. H. Crownhart; and an authority on labor questions in the United States, Professor J. R. Commons. The coming decision of Wisconsin's highest court has an added interest from the fact that no less than nineteen other States are at present considering this same question of industrial insurance.

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**THE EXONERATION OF DR. WILEY**

The country, with the exception of those who believe it to be to their interest that the Pure Food Law be not enforced, will be relieved that the President has refused to follow the recommendation of the Personnel Board of the Department of Agriculture and of the Attorney-General, and has exonerated Dr. Wiley. It was charged, it will be remembered, that Dr. Wiley, the head of the Bureau of Chemistry, and two of his subordinates, were guilty of improper conduct in arranging for the employment of an expert in the Bureau at a salary of $1,600 a year, with the understanding that he was not to devote his full time to the work. The Personnel Board of the Department declared that this arrangement was in violation of the law, and recommended that Dr. Wiley, Dr. Bigelow, the Assistant Chief of the Bureau, and Dr. Rusby be required to resign, and that Dr. Kobler, another subordinate, be reduced in rank. Attorney-General Wickersham indorsed the report of the Board and recommended Dr. Wiley's "condign punishment." After a careful investigation of the case and a study of the answers made by the men against whom charges were preferred—answers which they had not been required or permitted to make before the recommendation for their punishment—the President finds that the charges are unfounded. He shows that there were a good many precedents in the Department of Agriculture to justify the employment of Dr. Rusby at an annual salary when it was not expected that his entire time was to be taken up. A notable example of this method of procedure is in the case of the Remsen board of experts, which was organized to aid in the determination of facts on which to base decisions under the Pure Food Law. The President's decision disposes completely of this case which had been trumped up against those most active in the enforcement of the Pure Food Law. His statement in regard to the precedents in the Department of Agriculture in similar cases is, in effect, if not in intention, a serious criticism of the Personnel Board, and especially of its head, Solicitor McCabe. The Board is shown to have been guilty of culpable ignorance, to say the least, of departmental customs, and of an act of cruel injustice in recommending the dismissal of three faithful officers of the Department without giving them an opportunity to be confronted with the evidence against them and to be heard in their own defense. Mr. Taft's recital of the facts in the case serves to strengthen the suspicion which we expressed when the matter first became public, "that the purpose behind the movement to rid the Bureau of Chemistry of its very able chief and of efficient subordinates is to be found in something else than the good of the service." Since the enactment of the Pure Food Law, Dr. Wiley has been the object of relentless attack by interests which found it to their advantage that the law should be weakened by destructive interpretation and by lax enforcement. If the baseless and ridiculous charge which the President has now swept away was not a part of this attack, it at least played directly into the hands of those interests which have been making the assault. Dr. Wiley has been the head and front of the fight for pure foods and pure drugs in this country. If at times he has gone too far in his advocacy of stringent regulation, he has done no more than any man who has a cause deeply at heart is likely to do. President Roosevelt found occasion once or twice to check his ardor, but, as he has many times said in public and in private, he found him to be one of the most valuable public servants with whom he had to deal during his administration. It would be a public calamity if Dr. Wiley's usefulness were to be impaired either by attacks from without or by cabals within the Department. In his statement the President declares that the investigation by a Congressional Committee into the Department of Agriculture has satisfied him "that there are very much broader questions involved in the investigation and evidence there brought out than in the present charge," and that these broader issues "may require much more radical action than the question I have here considered and decided." We sincerely hope that this statement by Mr. Taft looks toward a careful investigation and consideration of the question whether the good of the service does not require radical action in the case of Solicitor McCabe, the man who is primarily responsible for the now exploded charges against Dr. Wiley and his associates.

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**MR. ROOSEVELT, THE OUTLOOK, AND THE PEACE TREATIES**

Many newspaper editorials have been evoked by Mr. Roosevelt's editorial, in The Outlook for September 9, in opposition to the General Arbitration Treaty. If newspaper sentiments were identical with public opinion, the comments in these editorials in the daily press would indicate that the country overwhelmingly supports the treaty in question. Most of these editorials take issue with Mr. Roosevelt's views. It is evident, however, that most of these editorials have been written to express, not a reasoned conclusion based upon a knowledge of facts, but a general instinctive feeling. These editorials express very aptly the mood of a moment. The "Morning Journal" of Lafayette, Indiana, for instance, says: "Colonel Roosevelt doubts the sincerity of the arbitration treaties—he talks of shams. It is a casual observation that the sincerity of those who believe in peace is just as well established as the sincerity of those who regard war as the arbiter of all controversies." The Philadelphia "Press" in its comment says: "The attack just made on these treaties by Mr. Roosevelt puts him in the position of opposing the progress of arbitration on the naked, brutal ground he urged ten years ago when he denounced the McKinley-Hay Treaty, that the United States could not trust the justice of its every cause to an impartial tribunal." The New York City "Globe" includes the following in its comment: "One object of the peace treaties is to hasten the process of this change, to make the nations choose peace in cases where they would yesterday have chosen war. . . . We think that Mr. Roosevelt is blind to the advantages of arbitration as a substitute for war, and that the explanation of his blindness is not difficult." These extracts fairly represent the general tone of the press comments. It is noteworthy that none of the editorials which have come to our attention attempts to set forth Mr. Roosevelt's arguments as a whole or even to present a reasoned argument in favor of the treaties. The New York "Evening Post" frankly abandons argument and devotes a column to calling Mr. Roosevelt "barbarian." As our readers know, The Outlook disagrees with Mr. Roosevelt on the subject of the arbitration treaty, and believes that the treaty should be ratified; but it has no sympathy with the point of view of those who think it unnecessary to meet with reasons the objections to the treaty. We here repeat what we said week before last: We shall "do what we can to promote that general discussion which we believe to be desirable." It was for that reason that we put before our readers in the same issue Mr. Roosevelt's arguments against the treaty as it stands and our arguments for it. The divergent positions are graphically exhibited in parallel columns by the New York "Evening Post" under the caption, "The Editor and the Contributing Editor;" the passages from Mr. Roosevelt's editorial, "The Peace of Righteousness," appearing in the first column, and those from The Outlook's editorial in the same issue in the second column, as follows:

| THE CONTRIBUTOR | THE EDITOR |
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| Most men of knowledge, who are willing to think, know perfectly well that this country would not, as a matter of fact, keep an agreement to arbitrate all questions of vital honor and interest, even though it were so unwise as to make it; and it is a wicked thing to put us in the position of promising what will not, and cannot, be performed. | If the American people do discuss this treaty and make it their own, and if the opponents of this treaty compel the American people to understand its significance and to what it commits them in the future, The Outlook has very little fear that the American people will, under any circumstances likely to arise, ever repudiate their agreement. |
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| No sound argument can be made for permitting both the President and the Senate to delegate to outsiders, possibly to foreigners, the exercise of a fundamental and vital power. | It is possible for the United States to consent to the appointment of foreigners on the Joint High Commission, but it is not conceivable that America would consent that foreigners should constitute America's representatives on a Joint High Commission to determine whether America would refer an American question to the Hague Tribunal. |
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| The majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, through Senator Lodge, has submitted an excellent report on the proposed treaty, recommending that the objectionable clause be stricken out. | The Outlook does not share these apprehensions of the majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. |

We hope that this discussion over the arbitration treaty will continue, but we believe that its value will depend less upon the emphasis with which general devotion to peace is proclaimed than upon the intelligence with which objections to this specific treaty are studied and are answered. It is with the hope of contributing to the reasonable understanding of these treaties that we have devoted to it three editorials in succession, the third of which appears on another page in this issue.

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**A VETERAN SCHOLAR** The reputation of Francis Andrew March, Professor of Comparative Philology and English Literature at Lafayette College, goes back to the earliest period of original scholarship in this country. He was the valedictorian of the class of 1845 at Amherst; and, after a brief excursion in the field of law, found his work and began his career at the college with which he was to have a lifelong connection. He was a painstaking, tireless, and enthusiastic investigator, and it was not long before his work in Anglo-Saxon gave him a place among the foremost scholars in that field. At the dinner given in New York several years ago in commemoration of the millennium of King Alfred, he made an address which was notable not only for first-hand knowledge but for charm of expression. In the department of comparative philology he was a pioneer, and for many years was, with Professor Whitney, in the forefront of the deeply interesting movement which has so largely influenced the teaching of English in our colleges. His knowledge was reinforced by sound judgment, and from a very early period in his career he was not only an expert but an authority—and there is sometimes a wide difference between the two. A generation ago he was President of the American Philological Association; he was Chairman of a committee of the Association appointed to co-operate with an English committee in an authoritative revision of English spelling; he directed the work in this country for the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" published by the University of Oxford; and he acted as chief consulting editor in the preparation of the "Standard Dictionary." He wrote with authority on philosophical subjects as well. Many scholarly societies honored him with elections to membership; Oxford and Cambridge, and several American colleges, conferred honorary degrees on him; and his life was one not only of great usefulness and distinction, but of wide recognition in the world of scholarship. He never, however, received the popular recognition which he had earned by his sound learning and his tireless efforts for spreading the knowledge and use of good English.

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**THE SHOOTING OF THE RUSSIAN PREMIER**

After an interval of freedom from attempts at assassination of high officials in Russia, the shooting of Premier Stolypin is a startling reminder of political and social unrest in the Russian Empire. A monument to Alexander II was unveiled at Kiev on Thursday afternoon of last week, and an immense crowd gathered to witness the ceremonies; it is said that at least three hundred thousand persons were present. There was an impressive parade of troops, the Czar Nicholas riding at their head. A garden party in the park, attended by members of the royal family, was noticeably free from police supervision, the crowds being guarded by student volunteers. The same absence of the usual precautions was noticeable during the day, the Emperor receiving deputations from a great group of officials who were generally supposed to be Government adherents. At the gala performance of the opera in the evening, at which the Czar was present, a lawyer named Bograf, standing behind the Premier, wounded him twice, one bullet entering the hand of Stolypin, while the second entered his body, grazing the liver and lodging in the spinal column. The Minister of Finance, who was sitting beside the Premier, was not attacked. The Premier is accustomed to attacks on his life. One was made when he was Governor of Saratov in 1905, when three shots were fired at him; another was made at a reception at his country house in 1906, when a bomb was thrown at him and he was slightly wounded, thirty-two people being killed and a large number wounded, among them the Premier's daughter and his three-year-old son. At the time of his acceptance of the Premiership, in July, 1906, Stolypin said that he had no doubt that attempts would be made on his life, but expressed the hope that order and stability would be established before they should be successful. In March of the present year he resigned his position as Premier, and also as Minister of the Interior, but three days later reconsidered and consented to remain in office.

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**PUNISHMENT OF RUSSIAN STUDENTS**

In an article entitled "Student Disorders in Russia," published in The Outlook of April 29, 1911, George Kennan gave an account of the great strike of students in the Russian universities and high technical schools which followed the death of Count Tolstoy in November, 1910, and the flogging of political convicts in Russian and Siberian prisons about a month later. Primarily, the strike was a protest of the young manhood and womanhood of Russia against the harshness and injustice of the Government in forcibly repressing public manifestations of grief at the death of Count Tolstoy, and in subjecting educated political offenders to the ignominy of the lash. Secondarily, it became a desperate struggle for freedom from police control, and for local self-government, in the higher educational institutions of the Empire. The students held out until thousands of them had been imprisoned, and many hundreds banished to "places more or less remote" in European Russia or Siberia, and then, finding that it was impossible to resist successfully a government that ruled by martial law in time of peace, most of them gave up the unequal contest and declared the strike off. The last school to yield was the Women's Medical Institute of St. Petersburg, which was finally crushed and wrecked, a few weeks ago, by the wholesale expulsion of twelve hundred of its recalcitrant pupils. It now has only twenty-seven students, and has practically ceased to exist. In a recent number of the St. Petersburg "Reitch" Mr. S. Permilovski gives the following statistics to show how the strike was broken and what it has cost. Between November 21, 1910, and August 13, 1911, the total number of Russian students arrested and thrown into prison was 5,413. Of these, 1,298 were banished from university towns, and more than six hundred exiled to Siberia, or to the northern provinces of European Russia, for terms ranging from two to five years. The total number of students expelled was 4,060, distributed by cities as follows: St. Petersburg (including 1,200 from the Women's Medical Institute), 3,084; Moscow, 577; Tomsk, 443; Kharkof, 275; Odessa, 207; Kiev, 151; Warsaw, 120; Novaya Alexandria, 48; Yurief (Dorpat), 34; Ekaterinoslav, 6; Novo Cherkassk, 5; and Yaroslav, 4. All of the students above enumerated were imprisoned, expelled, or banished by what is known as "administrative process." The number who had a judicial trial was only three. First and last, the Government punished administratively, in one way or another, students to the number of 6,851, and brought about the resignation of more than two hundred professors and instructors, including many of the ablest and best-known scholars in the Empire. It broke the strike, but it wrecked or crippled some of its best universities and technical schools, and deprived the Empire of several thousand young men and women who might have been graduated with honor, and might have carried enlightenment to regions where it is greatly needed. In European Russia the ratio of physicians to inhabitants is 1 to 7,300, and in Asiatic Russia only 1 to 15,200; and yet the Government does not hesitate to expel twelve hundred medical students *en bloc* in St. Petersburg, and many hundreds more in the provinces, in order to break forcibly a strike which had some justification, and which might have been prevented by the adoption of a reasonably liberal and conciliatory policy. Incidentally, moreover, the Czar and his Ministers have created five or six thousand more embittered revolutionists.

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### A RIVER OF LAVA

All last week the Sicilian peasants of Catania and the people of Castiglione, Francavilla, and near-by villages, lived in terror of Ætna's fierce eruption. Many thousands (twenty thousand from near the two towns just named, it is reported) fled from their homes, carrying their effects on their backs and driving their cattle before them. One cabled account says: "Hoping to arrest the advance of the flaming lava, the peasants erect before their vineyards and humble homes crosses of sticks, and place on top of them pictures of the Madonna and the saints. Crowds of peasants gather to kneel and beat their breasts, calling for mercy." About a hundred and fifty years ago similar scenes were enacted in the same locality, and there have never been periods of many years in which the people have not feared their majestic and terrible neighbor. The descriptions of the present eruption state that the entire crest of Ætna has been changed by the present disturbance, ragged elevations having appeared which look like the teeth of an immense saw. As many as seventy-five fissures, it is believed, have opened. Earthquake shocks of moderate force have been felt. A river of lava flowed steadily from new craters, burying farms and destroying everything in its path. Ætna's most noted eruptions of comparatively recent times were in 1527, 1669, 1792, and 1892, while the first recorded eruption of importance was about 476 B.C. In 1669 the number of lives lost is put at twenty thousand, and other eruptions were only slightly less terrible; there seems to be a recurrence of activity every four or five years. At the time of the Messina disaster (1908) Ætna poured forth smoke in enormous quantities, and loud explosions were heard, but there was no eruption of consequence. Up to the time of writing the present eruption has not caused large loss of life, as those endangered have received warning in time.

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**THE MENACE OF MOROCCO**

Last week repeated the history of recent weeks in the *pourparlers* or conversations between the French Ambassador at Berlin and the German Minister of Foreign Affairs on the subject of Morocco. But popular interest in the dispute was keener than ever. Germany's act in sending a war-ship to Agadir, a Moroccan port on the Atlantic coast, on the plea that France had contravened the international treaty in despatching a large force into the interior, has given occasion for the *pourparlers*. The Sultan of Morocco, so the French claim, invited the French to go to Fez, his capital, in order to relieve him from the depredations caused by unruly bands, whom he could not master. France claims, in addition, that conditions at the capital were perilous to the foreigners there. Germany declines to move until France retires from her present position. Yet Germany has a treaty with France in which it is declared that Germany is politically disinterested in Morocco. Germany's commercial interests in Morocco have been at a minimum, but have recently been largely increased. Doubtless Germany would like to see Morocco partitioned, expecting to get a goodly share for herself. But her land hunger—certainly not unjustified by her increasing population and commerce—might be satisfied farther south; indeed, it was first reported that Germany offered not to interfere with French operations in Morocco, provided that France voluntarily ceded to Germany a portion of territory in the French Congo district—said to be half as large as France itself—together with a desirable Atlantic port. Now, however, it is reported that Germany also demands an adjustment of Moroccan conditions. All that is definitely known is that the French Government has declined many of the German demands. The temper of the French nation as a whole has been admirable. Certainly it has contradicted the often hastily formed opinion of superficial travelers that the French are emotionalists. Indeed, the French bankers would appear already to have gained a peaceful victory over their financial friends in Germany by the withdrawal of certain loans. In this the French may have been aided by English bankers. The result has been something remotely resembling a panic among the lighter-weight German bankers. When Germany's foreign creditors fail to renew loans, Germans naturally ask, Why? More than is supposed, German industry is dependent for capital on the great economic centers of the world, and on Paris in particular. If the mere rumors of trouble which, unless adjusted, might possibly lead to war cost millions to German finance and industry, what would war itself be?

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**THE CHINESE RISING**

The province of Szechuan is the westernmost province of China. It is also the largest province. Its area considerably exceeds two hundred thousand square miles, and its population amounts to nearly seventy million. From this it will be seen that a rising affecting most of such an area, or even a considerable part, must be regarded with apprehension in Peking, the capital of China, especially when one considers that the pure Chinese element in the west has for centuries been more or less opposed to the reigning Manchu dynasty. The struggle now going on is really a test of the central government against perhaps the strongest of the provincial governments, and is so regarded in other provinces where similar disaffection exists. The capital of Szechuan is Chengtu. The soldiers there suddenly refused to obey instructions. Rioting followed. Business was suspended. Although the rising was not directed against foreigners, the missionaries at Chengtu left the capital for Chungking, one of the large Yangtse river cities, and about one hundred and seventy-five miles from Chengtu. To protect American and British missionaries and merchants, American and British gunboats of light draft have been sent up the river—an easy thing to do, since the river has now reached the highest stage it has attained in many years. A Government relief force has been sent, but, with Chinese slowness of procedure, it may not reach the capital of the disaffected province for some time. Meanwhile a number of ringleaders of the rebellion have been arrested, and they are reported to include the President and Vice-President of the Szechuan provincial assembly.

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**AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW**

It is evident that the State of Louisiana has at the head of its Board of Health a man of unusual enterprise and originality, Dr. Oscar Dowling. He has rightly been described as not only a man of ideas, but a man of action. Reports of what President Dowling has done in and out of Louisiana show that not only has he enforced sanitation and laws of healthful living, but that he has taught their principles in an efficient and novel way. The best example of this is his famous health train, which traveled nearly seven thousand miles and visited over two hundred and fifty towns and cities in the State. Over one hundred and fifty thousand people along the line of this route visited the laboratory exhibits on the train and saw moving-picture lectures. This educational work was so successful and valuable that Dr. Dowling took the traveling exhibit to the National Medical Convention at Los Angeles in July and returned across many States, offering everywhere a demonstration of the causes and methods of cure for disease. One car had an additional exhibit showing the methods of preventing disease; a second taught how food should be prepared and guarded; a third was for the accommodation of Dr. Dowling and his assistants. The plan, in Louisiana at least, included not only education but inspection, as is shown by the following extract from a newspaper account:

> On the arrival of the train at a town, the doctor was off on his tour of inspection—a thing little known before his arrival. Without fear or favor he inspected everything, the water supply, the treatment of sewage and the disposal of garbage, the slaughter-houses, the markets, the bakeries, the hotels, the restaurants, the schools, the jails, the sanatoria, the railroad stations; and without fear or favor he reported on them all.

Twenty years ago such an effort to bring about right health conditions was unheard of, and any one who proposed it might have been laughed at as a dreamy theorist.

## THE GENERAL ARBITRATION TREATY

### IS IT DESIRABLE?

The Outlook has in preceding articles described how the proposed General Arbitration Treaty would work in a given case, and stated the reasons for its belief that the Senate has a Constitutional right to make such a General Arbitration Treaty. In this article we consider the question, Is such a treaty desirable? The Outlook answers this question in the affirmative. It thinks such a General Arbitration Treaty is desirable; it thinks the treaty is Constitutional; and it is inclined to believe (though only experiment can give certitude on that question) that no exigency is likely to arise in which it would fail to achieve its beneficent purpose.

We consider this General Arbitration Treaty as one between the United States and all civilized powers. We regard it as of vital importance that any general arbitration treaty with Great Britain should be so framed as to serve as a safe model for similar treaties with other great world powers, including Japan. In an editorial on this subject in The Outlook for June 17 last we stated the reasons for this conviction, and need not repeat them here. That the President is of this opinion is indicated by the fact that he has already invited Japan to join in a similar treaty.

If some Americans doubt whether such an agreement is desirable, it is because over-ardent advocates of peace have claimed too much for international arbitration. Such a treaty as this does not secure world peace. It is not its object to secure world peace. President Taft has said explicitly to Americans, Earl Grey has said equally explicitly to Englishmen, that this treaty will accomplish no such result. If this were its object, The Outlook would not approve it. We do not approve making promises that cannot be fulfilled, nor professing to secure objects which the means proposed are manifestly inadequate to secure. We approve this treaty, not because it will *insure* world peace, but because it will *promote* world righteousness.

The advocates of peace should remember, what they have too often forgotten, that peace is not an end, but a means to an end. No one who believes that the Bible possesses any kind of moral authority can doubt this proposition. It is explicitly and reiteratedly affirmed in different parts of the Bible by widely different writers:

"I came not to send peace, but a sword."

"They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace."

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

"The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in holiness of spirit."

"First pure, then peaceable."

There are times when the world needs not peace, but a sword; when it is base to call for peace; when it is not possible for a righteous person to live in peace. No peace is beneficent that is not founded on righteousness; no peace is beneficial that does not accompany purity.

War is sometimes righteous. Peace is sometimes base. It was righteous for the Puritans to fight the Stuarts, when the Stuarts were attempting to destroy civil and religious liberty in England. It was righteous for our fathers to fight George III when he was attempting to destroy political liberty in the Colonies. It was righteous for the United States to fight for the emancipation of Cuba when a century of diplomacy had failed to secure that emancipation, and when Cuba, our next-door neighbor, was suffering under an intolerable despotism and was exporting every year yellow fever to our shores. On the other hand, when the Turks were massacring the Armenians, men, women, and children, it was base for Europe to interpose no effective protection. It would have been honorable for Great Britain to send a ship of war through the Dardanelles, as she could have done at the beginning, and to threaten the palace of the Sultan with bombardment if orders were not issued to stop the massacres. It would be base for the Jews in Russia to submit to the cruel pogroms if they possessed the power of resistance. It would be noble for them to arm and fight their oppressors if they had strength sufficient to give any prospect of success in their effort at self-defense.

The question, then, is not whether the International Arbitration Treaty will secure a world peace. The question is this: Has civilization made such progress that most questions which arise between civilized powers can be so settled by judicial proceedings as to promote righteousness more effectively than it is, or can be, promoted by war? Has the development of the reason and the conscience been carried far enough in Christendom to make it practicable to substitute in most controversies between civilized powers the appeal to reason for the appeal to force?

It is the first duty of every government to protect its citizens from injustice, whether that injustice is threatened by foreign powers or by domestic criminals. If it fails to furnish such protection, it fails in its fundamental duty and has no adequate reason for its existence. The real question presented by this international treaty is this: Can the United States better fulfill this duty, better protect the rights of its citizens from foreign wrong-doing, by appealing to an international court of justice than by appealing to arms?

Not all wars in the past have been wrong; not all international questions in the future can be settled by a court of justice. Our Declaration of Independence declares that there are inalienable rights. There are also inalienable duties. There are purely American questions which America would not be willing to submit to European tribunals because there is not at present developed a sufficient world consciousness to give us assurance that a European tribunal would understand a purely American question. Probably all questions of merely National interest might well be submitted to a judicial tribunal; but not all questions of National duty. The proposed arbitration treaty will not secure world peace, but it will make the peaceful settlement of disputed questions a little easier. It will not secure world righteousness, but it will make world righteousness a little more probable. There were many questions in the past which could not have been settled by arbitration. There may be such questions in the future. But in the great majority of cases likely to arise between civilized nations the appeal to reason would further the cause of righteousness better than the appeal to force. And civilization has progressed far enough to make the experiment of a general reference to arbitration practicable, leaving such exceptional cases as may arise for exceptional treatment.

The General Arbitration Treaty of 1911 marks no great advance over the General Arbitration Treaty of 1908. But it re-emphasizes the principles involved in that treaty, and in so far is an advantage. The apprehensions of the majority of the Senate Committee, that such a treaty would raise questions which are now at rest, seem to The Outlook needless apprehensions. The treaty is so carefully framed as to avoid the danger that under it America might be forced into a dishonorable peace, or into a breach of the treaty in order to avoid a dishonorable peace. The Outlook believes that the Senate Committee has the Constitutional authority to make such a treaty, and that if the American people understand the meaning of this treaty and deliberately make its purpose their own, the treaty will make both for peace and for righteousness. It will not do all that some of its enthusiastic advocates claim for it, but its adoption will do some good and can do no harm.

In these three articles we have considered the question before the country—the proposed treaty of 1911. It is only the part of candor to add that this is not the form which we wish the treaty might have taken. We supplement these articles, therefore, by transcribing here a paragraph from an editorial on this subject in The Outlook of June 17 last, written when the negotiations were still pending which have resulted in the proposed treaty:

"An international arbitration treaty should not in terms except from arbitration vital interests, national honor, independence, territorial integrity, and the like. For these phrases are capable of an endless variety of interpretation, and a treaty with these exceptions, while valuable as an expression of good will and a desire for peaceful settlement of all disputes, is ineffective as a preventive of war. It should not in terms include vital interests, national honor, independence, territorial integrity, and the like, because this would be insincere; it would not say what the contracting parties mean; and it is always wise policy, because it is always honest policy, to say what we mean and mean what we say. America would not mean that if Great Britain should renew her claims to impress our seamen into her service or to take part of the original colonies back into a position of colonial dependence—Maine, for example—we would submit that question to arbitration. It is said that it is preposterous to suppose that she would make such a claim. That is unquestionably true. Therefore we do not need to except such subjects from the treaty; therefore, also, we ought not to include such subjects in the treaty. What America really means is, not that she would submit such questions to arbitration if they should arise, but that we have such faith in Great Britain that we are sure they will not arise. That is what America means; therefore that is what America should say. One way of saying it is quite simple and has been pointed out by Mr. Bartholdt. It is to state in the preamble to the treaty that the contracting nations recognize each other's vital interests, national honor, independence, and territorial integrity, and on that mutual recognition base their agreement to refer all questions that may arise between them to arbitration."

Such an official recognition of each other's inalienable and unquestionable rights would of itself have been a bond of fellowship; it would have done something to prevent any nation from ever proposing to violate these fundamental obligations; and it would still have been left open for any nation to insist that any claim presented was prohibited by the terms of the preamble.

# MRS. DELAND'S POWERFUL STORY[1]

There have been mushroom growths of many varieties in fiction since "John Ward, Preacher," appeared, and they have gone the way of the ephemeral so completely that it is easier to remember the names of the Byzantine kings than to recall the titles of the dead novels that came from the presses vociferously advertised and have become waste paper. There has been much talk of styles and the point of view, of the novel of introspection, the novel of riotous action, and the novel of muckraking among the passions; but Mrs. Deland has gone straight on towards her goal. Her aim has been so well defined and so consistently followed that she has never tried experiments by the way, testing now one method and now another.

To a woman of her ability the temptation to write another kind of story must have been great; but she has given no sign of wavering. The novel of culture, the secondary, derivative story, subtly compounded of knowledge, expertness of the finest quality, and the cosmopolitan dexterity which comes with a wide familiarity with the names and histories of things, has had a free course and been glorified during the last two decades; and by many highly cultivated readers "Romola" is esteemed a greater novel than "Adam Bede," and "Lady Rose's Daughter" a more authentic work of art than "Treasure Island." But Mrs. Deland has never relaxed her grip on life nor wavered from her determination to penetrate more and more deeply into the soil of human nature. She has never been confused by the accidents of position, nor has she mistaken the highly conventionalized figure for the living personality, and her novels have needed neither advertising to make them popular nor glosses to interpret them. Her success ought to be a tonic to those younger writers who are tempted to believe that delicate contrivance is more artistic than creative vigor. She has also laid the ghost which has haunted the field of fiction in this country: the feeling that American readers cannot bear the truth, and that to touch passional experiences is to invite ostracism. Mrs. Deland has done the forbidden thing successfully because she has done it with the right feeling and in the right way.

"John Ward, Preacher" was a strong story, but there was in it little promise of the range of character and the fresh and vital humor which have made the tales about "Old Chester" veritable annals of American village life, and have hung Dr. Lavendar's portrait in the gallery of American Worthies. The simplicity and naturalness of these quiet stories deceived those who have not learned that art is not work but play, and that these qualities lie on the other side of culture. There was a delightful humor in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," but there was tragedy as well. Mrs. Deland has never been afraid of facing the forces of passion and recognizing the tremendous influence they bring to bear for good or evil in the drama of life. Her work has been strong alike in its frankness and in its reserve, and there could be no better fortune for social civilization in this country than that women of Mrs. Deland's unerring moral instincts and healthfully human attitude toward passion should deal with this tremendous but much-misunderstood force.

It would be an injustice to "The Iron Woman" to convey the impression that it is a sequel to "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." It is a powerful story, complete in itself, with a central figure drawn with deep and beautiful skill. Few writers of fiction would have had the courage to put so austere and rigid a figure as Sarah Maitland in the title rôle of a powerful novel of character, or to set the stage in such low and depressing colors. The executive woman, absorbed in business, does not lend herself readily to romance; but Mrs. Deland is not practicing the manner of the romanticist or of the realist; she is drawing from life. And in her central figure, as in many a kindred figure, there is a world of unexpressed devotion, a tenderness so passionate that it hides itself behind a harsh manner. The pathos of Sarah Maitland's career is made the more appealing by the stern and rigid ordering of her life, the bleakness of her surroundings, the harsh crudity of her home. Her tenderness survives the blighting air of the ironworks, and her dignity and strength grow upon the reader and culminate in her tragical reading of her own life, her pathetic recognition of the weakness of her strength.

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[1] The Iron Woman. By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers, New York.

No character study in our fiction more deeply combines knowledge of the individual woman and of the laws of life and art than the portraiture of Helena Ritchie. There is no touch of conventional pietism in the turning of this sorrowful woman toward the light; no forcing of the note of remorse, no shrinking from moral surgery. Mrs. Deland's art is too vital and too sure to blunder at the crisis either of self-discovery or of self-revelation; she knows what all the greatest dramatists have known, that morality is not *in* the nature of things, it *is* the nature of things, to recall Lord Morley; and in the scene in which Helena Ritchie saves her son from the tragic sacrifice of a woman who loves him, as she herself was once sacrificed, Mrs. Deland strikes a great note with the certainty born of a deep and reverent knowledge of life and a deep and spiritual sense of both the frankness and reticence of art.

There will be those who will say that "The Iron Woman" has an unhappy ending; it has the only possible ending, and there can be, therefore, no question of the novelist's wisdom. She could bring the story to no other close, because it is a real and not a skillfully manufactured tale; a chapter torn out of that unwritten record of life to which men and women of insight have access. The happiness of the average story is a mere convention, not a solution or a consummation; the marriage at the end is not a union of souls, but a society function; an incident in the history of a family, not a swift and splendid glimpse of the eternal order. The unhappy endings are not those which disappoint romantic expectation, but those which make life trifling or futile; "The Iron Woman" is one of those deep and vital novels the endings of which are beginnings. The novelist so charges the story with life that it becomes a prelude to a greater romance, and so awakens the imagination that the reader is borne on to those larger solutions in which the problems of life find answer beyond the narrow stage of time and space.

# IMMORTAL LOVE

On the horizon of human thought three great ideas rise from the solid earth into the clouds like vast mountain summits. For many generations, whenever men have lifted their eyes from the little space of ground on which they were working, they have seen these sublime lifts of the common soil skyward. For, dim and remote as these reaches of upland have looked, they have somehow seemed to be of the same substance of which human life is compounded, every inch of common earth predicting the mass and majesty of the hills. At the beginning these distant peaks were so remote that they were almost indistinguishable from clouds, so unsubstantial and visionary did they appear—dreams sent to give a sense of space and range to the dwellers in the narrow house of life. As time brought that experience which is the deposit of truth in the heart by the process of living, the massive outlines became more distinct, and the dream slowly took on the aspect of reality. Generation after generation lifted its eyes, and the vague forms drew nearer and wore more familiar forms, until they have become in very truth the hills of God.

Eternity, infinity, immortality, are, for those who look up to the hills whence cometh their help, no longer vague and visionary dreams of men tossing restlessly in the darkness of a night which does not bring repose; they are the solid realities of a life which finds in them the assurance of the full fruition of its divinations and possibilities of growth. The world is haunted by these sublime visions whether it opens or closes its eyes; all thought and action lie visibly within the circle of these encompassing hills. The sense of the infinite is planted deep in the heart of modern men; the passion for the infinite consumes them. They have found in music a language subtle enough and spiritual enough not to express, but to suggest, the infinite and eternal as their spirits reach out to fulfill and possess themselves; and all art is a symbol of the perfection that immortality brings within reach of the soul. The mechanical appliances which lengthen the range of the eye and carry the voice over half a continent are crude symbols of the immense reach of the spiritual nature which has infinity, eternity, and immortality before it: infinity, room in which to bring out all the power, beauty, and fruitfulness of the soul; eternity, boundless time added to boundless space, so that all the processes of growth may fulfill themselves in endless progression of flower and fruit; immortality, the unwasted vitality which flows with increasing volume through deepening channels and gives the soul the power to possess the vastness of space and illimitable time for growth.

These great fields which open on all sides of the life of the hour and certify to the soul its incalculable richness, the illimitable reach of room and time, as of a structure not built by hands but rising by processes of growth which become more and more marvelous as they pass from stage to stage, are not matters of faith and vision for prophets and poets only; every man carries within himself, not only the evidence of the reality of these sublime ideas, but the consciousness of the power to possess all that life and time, immortality and eternity, offer him. So in that mysterious, indefinable, measureless power of devotion, self-sacrifice, and consecration which we call love, that deep-rooted genius which harmonizes idealism and service, and in the imperfection of the moment foresees the perfection of the future, lies the present evidence of the reality of the great visions, the source of the power that possesses and uses them. God has set eternity in the heart of man; in that heart he has also set infinity; for love is without measure of time or magnitude. Prophets and poets have strained the resources of all the languages to describe and define it, and have been content to suggest a depth and power which they can neither sound nor measure; for love is as limitless as eternity and as boundless as infinity. It is not a symbol of immortality; it is immortal. It strives to bar the door against death as against an enemy; but when the door has been forced it keeps companionship with sorrow and silently walks through invisible paths with one who has vanished but with whom love travels undismayed through unseen worlds. Every visible thing crumbles, changes, and disappears, for the hand of time is on all things; but love, which is winged for immortal flight, escapes the tombs in which the ashes of the dead lie and the slow, immutable processes of decay which bring all things made with hands back to the earth out of which they are built. It has no fellowship with death save as death fulfills the mandates of life and breaks the bonds of the spirit as it passes from one form to another; it is of the very substance of life, and moves, noiseless and indestructible, through the shadows and mutations of the world. Loneliness is often its portion and sorrow its companion; but death has no power over it.

In love the passion for the infinite finds its outlet and channel, but never its perfect easement and satisfaction; for infinity can never find space for the sweep of the wings of love under earthly skies. There are no channels of finite service deep enough to make room for its flood tides. It pours itself out lavishly and without measure, but its store remains undiminished. In the exact degree in which it gives itself is it increased, and when it seems to bankrupt itself its wealth is multiplied. It goes about in time and the world like a child that has strayed from home, seeking some one who speaks its language, and never finding the freedom of speech which it craves.

For no language is adequate to the expression of love, though all the languages which the soul uses have striven to match its infinity of meaning with finite words. All the arts have spoken for it, but the heart of it remains without a voice. In music it has found some easement of the pain of emotion and passion and yearning unexpressed, for music is "love in search of a word." But all the resources of music cannot utter what is in the heart of love; they can only suggest its untold wealth of vision, devotion, service, and bliss. As the beauty of the dawn may for a moment here and there rapturously sing in the notes of birds which it has awakened and glow in the color of flowers which it has summoned from sleep, so music makes now and again a brief pause in the tumult of the world, and brings a sudden and wonderful silence and peace of eternity in the unrest of time; but there is only a sudden vision of heaven, and then the earth fills space again.

Love is the craving of the immortal for

its own speech; the passion of the infinite bound about for the moment by the finite; the immortal soul seeking its own and loyally waiting for it, walking beside it, pouring out upon it its limitless wealth, as it passes through the shadows of mortality.

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# THE PEOPLE OF THE PACIFIC COAST

### EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I WISH all Americans who travel anywhere would travel to the Pacific Coast, and, above all, I wish that every one who goes to Europe would go to the Slope, either before or afterwards. I doubt if there are any communities now growing to maturity anywhere in the world more interesting than the three States of California, Oregon, and Washington.

Last spring, traveling through the country and meeting men of all kinds foremost in every species of effort—political, industrial, artistic, scientific—I felt that we Americans, who nowadays are so much more apt to be pessimistic than to be optimistic about ourselves, ought to be more profoundly thankful than we are for just the kind of government under which we live, and just the kind of continental background upon which our civilization is developing. We are one Nation; we are steadily becoming more strongly National than ever before, and realizing as never before the need of using the whole power of the Nation to deal with the things that are really National; and yet we have and use the opportunity for an extraordinarily varied local life; and our system of home rule for each State and each city in the things that concern primarily that State or city gives us the opportunity to develop along many different lines and prevents the deadening effect of mere uniformity. It is a great advantage, for instance, to have each community allowed to try the experiments it wishes in local legislation. In Texas I met a number of young reform mayors of the different cities, vigorous, disinterested public servants whom it was a pleasure to meet. Without exception these men strongly believed in the commission form of municipal government, which indeed originated in Texas, and also without exception they strongly disbelieved in the recall, not only for the judiciary, but for public servants generally, and pointed out instances where it had been tried and had worked signal damage. In Arizona, on the other hand, where the people were, by stock, of much the same kind, the general sentiment was strongly in favor of the recall. I was much amused at something that occurred at a reunion of my regiment, after I had been arguing in a public speech against the application of the recall to the judiciary (although at the same time insisting that Arizona had a perfect right to adopt the recall for the judiciary if she chose). The men of the regiment were all devoted to me personally, and inclined to look with the most favorable view upon anything I said, and had been especially delighted at the way I had handled a Socialist who interrupted me in my speech. But they were utterly unmoved by what I had said about the recall of the judiciary. As President I had taken one of the Territorial judges off the bench, for very good reasons, and this the members of the regiment triumphantly brought up as an answer to my statement, saying, "Why, Colonel, you practiced the recall of the judiciary yourself, and if you can, why shouldn't we?" I explained that I wished it to be possible to recall the judges when they did wrong, but I thought it was safer to have them recalled by the action of a picked body of men rather than by popular vote; but I made no impression on my hearers. After all, in our form of government it is best that we should have Texas or Arizona or any other State each both willing and able to try its own experiments in government, to test them by actual practice, and thereby to give a chance to the States that look on to profit by the results, whatever they may be.

On the Slope the advantages of having different centers of National development were even more evident than anywhere else. The three Coast States, taken together, form an area considerably larger than any

European country except Russia, and California by itself is much larger than Great Britain or Italy. Those flourishing communities, growing with such abounding vigor, are typically and intensely American; and yet they have a quality of their own. There is nothing quite like the Coast, either in America or anywhere else. Nature is different from what it is elsewhere. The giant sequoias and redwoods, the wonderfully beautiful isolated mountain peaks and great mountain ranges, the giant chasms like the Yosemite, the forests, the flower meadows, the soft, sunny, luxurious beauty of Southern California, the colder but equable wet climate of the Northwest coast proper, the marvels of Puget Sound, the Valley of the Columbia and of the rivers running into it—all these things, taken separately, may be matched elsewhere, but not when taken together. Moreover, the people in the land are not only developing in a way different from that in which our people are developing elsewhere, but there are also marked differences among themselves. In Southern California we have the soil and climate of Provence, and we see before our eyes the trial of a great experiment, the experiment of developing our pushing, masterful, vigorous race in such a climate and on such a soil. It will be very interesting indeed to see what comes of suddenly setting a typical people of the North in a New World Provence. On the other hand, along the coast of Oregon and Washington the conditions of climate and surroundings are more like what they are in northwestern Europe, in the British Islands for instance, than in northeastern America, and here we have in such surroundings the same restless, energetic American people working out its development along a hundred different lines. There are half a dozen cities in these three States, each one of which within the lifetime of men now living will probably reach the million mark in population; and while I personally care infinitely more for the development of the country than of the city, and, indeed, do not at all like to see what I cannot help feeling to be the over-development of city life, yet every one must freely admit that this thriving urban growth on the Pacific Slope is bound to have a great effect in helping to develop a highly individual social and cultural life. Moreover, thanks largely to irrigation, and, as I hope and believe, thanks to the renewed and intelligent interest in farm life problems, there is going on and will continue to go on a very great development of the country regions. It was the Spokane Chamber of Commerce which, at its own expense, printed and distributed thousands of copies of the Report of the National Country Life Commission when Congress, for very discreditable reasons, refused to authorize its printing. In political, in economic, and in industrial and social thought and work of many different kinds, the States of the Pacific Coast are among the leaders. They will make mistakes, of course, and in their own interest they should beware of trying to go too fast. But in the end they will correct their mistakes; and it would be a real misfortune if they abandoned their position of leadership in the movements which are both the symbols and the results of the awakening to new vigor of our National conscience at the opening of the twentieth century.

But what perhaps especially interested me was not the abounding vigor of the people of these cities, not their extraordinary material development, but their very distinct and interesting cultural development. Of course it is more important that a people should be of full stature from the spiritual and moral standpoint than from the standpoint of culture, but the latter is very important also, and no National development that omits it can ever be really satisfactory. Moreover, the Athenian democracy has taught the lesson for all time that the development to the highest degree of the democratic spirit may not only be compatible with, but be the direct cause of, an extraordinary development of the individual soul and individual mind, an extraordinary development of the love of beauty and of truth, the love of science and of art, by the people as a whole.

I have just spoken of the Athenians. The very silliest thing any people can do is to copy something merely because somewhere else or at some other time it was of use. But it is a very wise thing, not to copy, but to take and adapt, anything which is useful, wherever it is found.

Here and there on the Pacific Slope there are some curious and interesting and altogether admirable efforts being made to develop the community sense of the cities to a degree hardly elsewhere paralleled in our country. At Tacoma the city has built an extraordinary amphitheater fronting on Puget Sound, an amphitheater that can be used for all kinds of purposes, somewhat as the cities of the Greek and Roman civilizations used their amphitheaters; and its building and the choice of the site where it was built seem to me to show both a lively sense of community interest and a lively appreciation of beauty, such as it would be well to have more widespread among our people at large. At Seattle I spoke in another great amphitheater, that of the State University, as I had previously spoken in the University of California and Leland Stanford University; and no one could help being thrilled and impressed by the vigor, the independence, the originality, which one both saw and felt alike in the teachers and the taught.

In Leland Stanford (and in the University of California, aside from the older buildings) one of the refreshing things was to see scholarship in an attractive housing, in attractive surroundings. The average Eastern university, even Harvard or Yale, for instance, has none of the beauty which gives so peculiar a charm to Oxford and Cambridge. Here and there in Eastern universities this beauty is developing, but it is only developing. In Leland Stanford, however, a really great architect—Richardson—was allowed to develop a distinctive native type of architecture, the old Spanish-American type; not to copy it merely, but to adapt it to the needs of an American university. The result is a beauty wholly distinct from and unlike the beauty of Old World universities, but a beauty quite as great in its own way—which makes the ideal toward which we should strive. In the University of California the old buildings, as I have said, are not attractive, but the new ones are attractive, and the open-air theater is something the like of which could hardly be elsewhere found in any other university. Of course such a theater is possible for wide and continuous use only in a climate like that of California. At the University there are now plenty of students who represent the third generation of Californian life, students who represent a life that has now gotten its roots down into the soil, and from them we have a right to expect much creative work of permanent value along many different lines.

The University of Nevada has been peculiarly happy in the statue which it has erected to the memory of one of its chief benefactors, the one-time Nevada miner, Clarence Mackay. Instead of the conventional frock-coated monstrosity, or, what is worse, the crude effort to be original with dime-novel grotesqueness, the figure, which is by a sculptor of power and note, is that of Mackay as a miner, in strong, easy pose, out in the open, looking across through the dry, clear air to the distant mountains where in life he toiled and won success.

In Oregon I had two small experiences which perhaps will illustrate what I mean when I speak of the development of the cultural life on the Coast, of the development of the kind of citizenship that realizes the need of trying to make life more beautiful and satisfactory for the individual at the same time that we try to make the individual stronger, and to do what we can towards bringing about the reign of righteousness and justice as between individuals.

In Governor West, of Oregon, I found a man more intelligently alive to the beauty of nature and of harmless wild life, more eagerly desirous to avoid the wanton and brutal defacement and destruction of wild nature, and more keenly appreciative of how much this natural beauty should mean to civilized mankind, than almost any other man I have ever met holding high political position. He had put at the head of the commission created to express these feelings in action, a naturalist of note, Mr. Finley. He desired to preserve for all time our natural resources, the woods the water, the soil, which a selfish and shortsighted greed seeks to exploit in such fashion as to ruin them and thereby to leave our children and our children's children heirs only to an exhausted and impoverished inheritance; he desired also to preserve, for sheer love of their beauty and interest, the wild creatures of woodland and mountain, of marsh and lake and seacoast; and while he put the economic need first, the need of permanently bettering the material well-being of our people being the foundation purpose of the movement, he also put in prominent position the desirability of adding to our stock of popular pleasure and interest the inexhaustible delight that comes from knowing and loving, in and for itself, the wealth of beauty in bird and tree and blossom. The lack of power to take joy in outdoor nature is as real a misfortune as the lack of power to take joy in books.

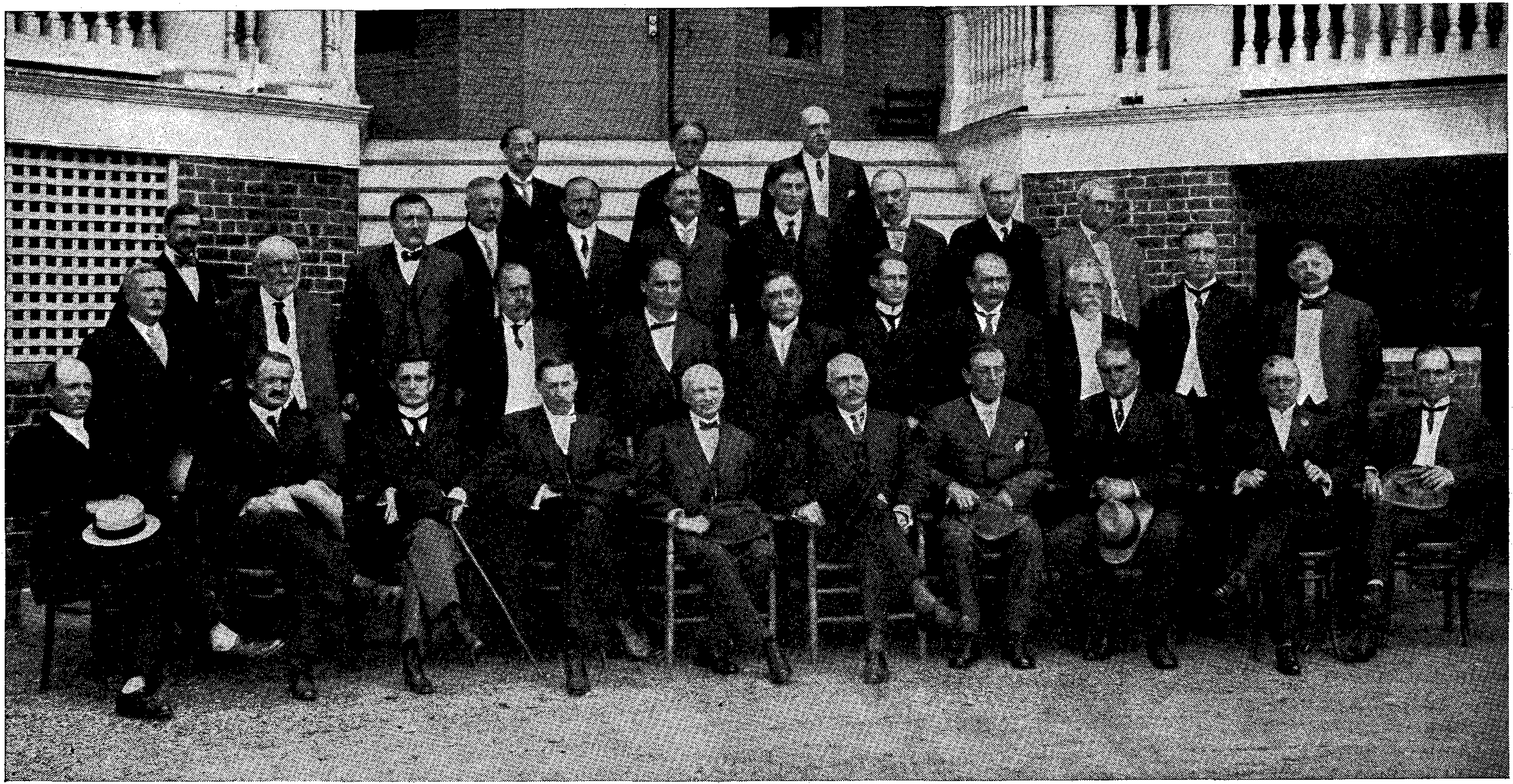
Nor was Governor West alone in this. While riding in the train on the way to Portland, Mr. U'Ren was sitting beside me and answering my questions about the workings of the so-called "direct" governmental system in Oregon. I had been unpleasantly impressed by the preposterous size of the legislative ballot which was voted at the preceding election. Suddenly I heard some bird-song—I think that of the Western meadow-lark—and stopped to listen to it. My companion looked at me for a moment, listened also, and then gave the name of the bird. I nodded and remarked that I was really pleased to see that he so evidently cared for and appreciated birds, not only because of the fact itself, but because I hoped that it was a symptom; for I hoped that those who most earnestly led and strove for the success of the radical democratic movement, with which I so heartily sympathized, would never fail to insist on the need of keeping and increasing the power of the individual to get from life that high type of happiness which comes only when neither the ability to achieve material success, nor even the need of doing one's duty, is permitted to atrophy the capacity to derive joy from all that is beautiful, from all that is of interest, in the works of nature and of man. He answered me by expressing his belief that such power of enjoyment and of varied interest would inevitably increase as injustice in our social system was diminished, because the average man would thereby have more time free to devote to the things of the spirit.

I do not know whether all this will impress others as it impressed me. To me it was both delightful and impressive to see in the great communities of the Pacific Slope not only an abounding vigor in achieving material success, not only a public conscience awaking to the need of righteousness in government and in business and domestic relations, but also a natural and unforced development of the joy in things beautiful, in art or science or nature, which is so much needed in our American life.

# THE GATHERING OF THE GOVERNORS

## STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

"TYPICAL representatives," one thinks as he looks around this handsome ball-room in the New Monmouth Hotel at Spring Lake and at the men who head the governments of thirty-four of these United States. There, on the platform, Governor Edmund F. Noel, of Mississippi, the pink of Southern chivalry and courtesy, urbanely presides over the meeting. To him steps up briskly quite another type, Francis E. McGovern, of Wisconsin, the head of the sanest of all the progressive States; he is, as one might expect, an attractive, businesslike-looking man, concise and condensed in statement, and yet atmospheric and suggestive. Near by, one sees Herbert S. Hadley, Governor of Missouri, who, like the Governor of Wisconsin, might round out a Republican Presidential ticket; the Missourian is also an effective speaker, and a man of much personal presence and command. Over there, by the window, through which gleams the sounding sea, sits long and lanky Lee Cruce, of Oklahoma, an interesting type from the former Indian Territory. Right in front sits the alert and witty Augustus E. Willson, "the Republican Governor of a Democratic State," as Governor Noel likes to say. Close by sit Governor, and soon-to-be Senator, Hoke Smith, of Georgia, and Governor John E. Shafroth, of Colorado,



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THE GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE AT SPRING LAKE, SEPTEMBER 13–16, 1911

Bottom Row, Left to Right—Norris, Montana; Hay, Washington; Kitchin, North Carolina; Cruce, Oklahoma; Noel, Mississippi; Harmon, Ohio; Wilson, New Jersey; Tener, Pennsylvania; Pothier, Rhode Island; Glasscock, West Virginia.

Second Row, Left to Right—O'Neal, Alabama; Carey, Wyoming; Gilchrist, Florida; Plaisted, Maine; Aldrich, Nebraska; Willson, Kentucky; Hadley, Missouri; Crothers, Maryland; Mann, Virginia; Smith, Georgia; Shafroth, Colorado.

Third Row, Left to Right—Spry, Utah; McGovern, Wisconsin; Foss, Massachusetts; Burke, North Dakota; Hawley, Idaho; Stubbs, Kansas; Vessey, South Dakota.

Last Row, Left to Right—Adjutant-General Sadler; William George Jordan; Ex-Governor Quimby, Vermont; Ex-Governor Fort, New Jersey.

both burly-looking men, and certainly standing for whatever of physical size the South and West can show. Now there come in two other equally interesting men, Robert Perkins Bass, the young Governor of New Hampshire, the "insurgent of the East," as a type of the new New England; and Marion E. Hay, Governor of Washington, a capital type of the very self-made and very up-to-date extreme West. In fact, nearly every Governor here seems to represent a distinct type. But of them all, popular interest centers in the two interestingly contrasted Presidential candidates here—Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, and Judson Harmon, of Ohio, both Democrats.

Comparing the two, Woodrow Wilson instantly and easily captures one's fancy. For he unites the grace of the South, his birthplace, to the sturdiness of the North, where his riper years have been spent. His schoolmaster air still clings to him. May it ever cling! For such an air is surely not inappropriate to the scholar in politics. And that in pre-eminent degree is what Woodrow Wilson stands for. Whatever superiority he has over most of the Governors, as derived from his vast fund of knowledge, indicates the man of reserved power; but his felicity of language and his exquisitely modulated voice show how well armed he is with the enviable expression of that power. Despite his superb record as Governor, that record is not so long as is Governor Harmon's; and, however much Woodrow Wilson charms and even convinces at the moment, his appeal to his hearers may not always be as lasting as is that of Judge Harmon, a man of longer experience as maker and interpreter of laws. Both as man and as politician, Mr. Harmon well realizes the phrase "silent strength." As a man he impresses not so much by what he says—terse, forcible, and apposite as that is—as by what he leaves unsaid. Where Woodrow Wilson fills out delicately and exactly the furthest reach of your fancy, Governor Harmon has doubtless neither the ability nor the desire to do so. As a politician, his record as Executive speaks for itself, as evidenced in his recent election by over a hundred thousand majority. Tall as is Governor Wilson, Judson Harmon has the face of a man in far more rugged health, one fresh from the fishing and other sports which he enjoys. Though he lacks the scholarly look of his New Jersey rival, his is not an unthoughtful face. It is the face of a very practical, hard-headed man of affairs who brings to bear upon every subject the keen, broad judicial-mindedness of one ripe with rich experience, and in whom every physical and mental sense is aboundingly alive.

As might have been expected, the Governors are pleased at the opportunity of meeting in a place that has the restful charm of attractive natural surroundings and individual distinction. From the War Department ex-Governor Fort, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, had obtained authorization for the firing of one of the huge disappearing breech-loading guns in the battery at Sandy Hook. The Governors, with their wives and daughters, traveled thither by special train, the route from the Highlands giving the guests an idea of Government railway ownership and operation, as the road is owned and operated by the United States. A target had been towed out eleven thousand yards away. The gun was made to rise on its carriage and was fired. The shot struck fifteen one-hundredths of a degree off—quite near enough to have hit a cruiser had she been where the target was. The shot was repeated several times, and then certain timid guests took the cotton out of their ears, and the sharpshooters among the Governors decided to have a turn at a target themselves. This was done later in the afternoon at the State Rifle Range at Sea Girt, which adjoins Spring Lake upon the south. Nobody hit the bull's eye, but several hit the target. There was a tie for first place among Governors Cruce, Hay, McGovern, and Vessey, the last named being from South Dakota.

Among the Governors, the father of the Conference is Augustus E. Willson, of Kentucky. In May, 1908, at the White House Conference of Governors called by President Roosevelt to advise him concerning the conservation of our natural resources, I saw Governor Willson mount the platform at the adjournment of one of the sessions and say: "Governors, wait a minute. There is something that ought to claim our attention." And then he unfolded the plan of the Governors' Conference, as we now know it. It had indeed already been called to his attention and to that of the other Governors by a timely pamphlet written by Mr. William George Jordan, recommending an organization of Governors to secure uniform legislation. More than thirty Govnors approved the plan. Mr. Jordan is, therefore, most appropriately, the Secretary of the Conference.

Hence, one outgrowth of the Roosevelt conference was the Governors' Conference of January, 1909, at Washington, to consider those questions wherein the Federal Government could not act because of Constitutional limitation. Among such subjects are the questions of marriage and divorce, the rights of married women, insurance, extradition, child labor, capital punishment, direct primaries, prison reform, convict labor, contracts, conveyancing, taxation, the initiative, referendum, and recall, election reforms, and intra-State questions concerning corporations and trusts.

The third of the Governors' Conferences, and the first of the conferences entirely independent of Federal influence, took place a year ago at Frankfort, Kentucky. It was appropriate that it should occur at this capital, as the Governor of Kentucky was the practical initiator of the system. The subjects above mentioned, and others, were discussed at the Frankfort Conference, and the feeling was aroused as never before of the necessity of "team play"—to use the apt phrase of President Taft in his address to the Governors of various States on the trip down the Mississippi in 1909. "The lack of uniformity in some of our laws is distressing, and yet we cannot amend the legislation of the United States in order to correct the evil that grows out of it. We must, by team play, by team action, through the Legislatures of the States, accomplish that reform."

Such a reform can become effective through the application of the personal bond. As Governor Harmon said to me a few moments ago: "When I get a suggestion from a Governor of another State concerning legislation, I am a great deal more apt to be interested in that suggestion if I know the man. I have always been in favor of these conferences, because they develop personal acquaintanceship, friendliness, and understanding." That is exactly what has been developed in the conferences which have so far taken place, but it is especially marked here at Spring Lake. Right in the midst of the formal proceedings of the Conference there have been sallies of wit and exchanges of "grinds" as between good friends. The meetings, therefore, have not been dry discussions; they have been full of "high lights." And there has also been plenty of vivacity of another sort; a pretty passage-at-arms occurred during the first day's discussion between Governor Emmet O'Neal, of Alabama, and Governor Wilson, of New Jersey.

Among the reforms proposed, that by Governor Wilson, at the second day's conference, was particularly notable. It was a system of employers' liability insurance conducted by the State for the benefit of workingmen. He thus described present conditions:

> In New Jersey indemnity companies have raised their rates, in some instances, a thousand per cent, on account of our recent liability legislation. These gentlemen are singularly unwise, but that is not the worst of it. They show clearly an intention of raising the rates still higher. There must, therefore, be a State system of insurance. It is all very well, without State insurance, to enact a general law with regard to the compensation to be paid to injured employees, but what of the small employers' corporations? If they cannot afford to pay this compensation, then the security offered by the law is of no avail to workingmen. Therefore we have not protected all classes of our workingmen until we have seen that all claims of this sort have been paid.

To-day the subject of intra-State commerce was considered. It was easy to see that the general feeling of the Conference was an insistence on State sovereignty so long as it was possible for the State to do anything at all, and a resistance to Federal authority until the limits of State power had been clearly shown. This led to a historic moment in the development of the Conference. Hitherto it has limited itself to a discussion of economic questions and to an interchange of opinions concerning the best methods of administration. To-day its temper changed. Governor Hadley, of Missouri, read an able paper in which he unfavorably criticised the decision of Justice Sanborn, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, enjoining the Minnesota Railway Commission from regulating certain rates on the ground that intra-State commerce may unfavorably affect inter-State commerce. This paper was followed by a longer and more violent one from the rather more radical Governor Aldrich, of Nebraska. But the climax came when Governor Harmon, of Ohio, took the lead in a movement towards a direct representation of the protesting Governors to the United States Supreme Court. Now, of these three men, Judge Harmon has been regarded as the most conservative. His suggestion had, therefore, the greater weight. He was made chairman of a committee, of which the other two Governors are members, to appear before the Supreme Court as the authorized representative of the individual States to protest against any decision that curtails the rights of the States to fix railway rates and otherwise to control public utility corporations within their respective boundaries. The appointment of this committee, however, was not accomplished without protests from certain Governors, notably Kitchin, of North Carolina, and Gilchrist, of Florida. The latter—the only bachelor among the Governors, by the way—inquired in his drawling and yet attractive Southern accent, "Do you think that the Supreme Court will let itself be bulldozed by these three gentlemen if they thought one way and the Supreme Court thought another?" The Court may possibly think "another way," however, for it will take into consideration the fact that regulation of inter-State commerce by the Federal Inter-State Commerce Commission is more or less at the mercy of regulation by various State commissions.

Two features were not on the programme. One is the discussion of the Presidential campaign next year. The Republicans are about equally divided between Taft and La Follette; the Democrats about equally divided between Wilson and Harmon. A few little booms for certain Governors here offer matter for amusing or sarcastic reference. The other feature of the Conference was the presence of the Suffragists. At a previous Conference they had obtained three minutes to present their cause; here they obtained thirty.

Taking it all in all, the Spring Lake Conference is the most important yet held, in range of subjects discussed, in radical action on one of those subjects, in friendliness of feeling, and in the conviction that the Conference stands for a new principle of advisory representation, a sort of Elder Statesmen idea; that it is not to be a sporadic, incidental thing, but that it will be held every year or two, and will be an increasingly important agency in bringing about greater uniformity both of policy and of law among the States.

And now, as one takes a last look at the array of faces in this room, three facts suggest themselves. The first is that these are not commonplace men who have come together at random; as a body they impress you with the idea that they have worked up from the ranks until they have convinced their fellow-citizens that they are worthy of the highest honor in the gift of the individual State. The second fact is that here party lines are practically obliterated. Occasionally, indeed, they are brought to mind by some such jocose remark as Governor Noel's, this morning, when he said of Governor Hadley's paper, "That's good Democratic doctrine." Every one felt with Governor Wilson to-night, "I do not stop to think whether the Governor who is talking to me is a Democrat or a Republican. For we are all drawn together here without partisan thought to promote the people's good." The third fact is that here we have an inspiring example of the concentration of the strength of all the States on the problems of each. While certain sections of the country need special legislation, and while certain laws of the States must always differ, there is left, in other subjects of legislation, an immense field for co-operation among the Governors. To quote the Governor of New Jersey once more: "We are bent on a common purpose even though we seek that purpose by diverse routes. We seek unity amid diversity. Unity has been triumphing and lines of divergence are softened." This, indeed, has been the spirit of the Governors' Conference now soon to close.

Elbert F. Baldwin.

Spring Lake, New Jersey, September 14, 1911.

# A Forecast for California and the Pacific Coast

## By Benjamin Ide Wheeler

President of the University of California

CALIFORNIA has had a long time to wait for full admission into the world. It lies far off under the sunset, a blessed island pent up between twelve hundred miles of mountains and arid lands on the one side and five thousand miles of barren sea on the other. The narrow Pacific Coast strip of North America, in which California holds a central position, has been hitherto about the most isolated part of the usable world. Chile is much more accessible to ships from Europe. Ships which continue their voyage to San Francisco have not only to cover seventy degrees of latitude northward, but must traverse westward the equivalent of the width of the United States; for Valparaiso is in the longitude of New York, not that of San Francisco. Practical proof that California's isolation, for whatever reasons, was actual, is found in the fact that the white man was so slow in finding it despite its charms. Two hundred years after the settlement of Boston it was still a mythical land, and as late as 1845 its population included less than seven hundred "Americans." It had not even a Columbia River, as Oregon had, to furnish an entrance path; its Sierras walled it off utterly from the continent.

Though it burst into a population of a quarter million with the gold-seekers' rush of 1849 and 1850, its isolation reasserted itself in the following years with a steadily diminishing rate of increase in population —54 per cent, 1870–80; 40 per cent, 1880–90; 22 per cent, 1890–1900. In 1900 it had less than a million and a half, only nine to the square mile. Its people bore the evident marks of settling down into distinct ways and interests of their own. The familiar law of colonial stagnation was asserting itself among them, the same that conditioned the sag among the American colonies at the end of the seventeenth century. The ties to the old homes in the East were becoming slackened; fresh blood was coming in slowly; life in the new home was becoming more self-sufficient; the press, following the popular interest, became more absorbed in the local and provincial; California was acquiring a character, and a very interesting one, which God grant it may never quite lose—but it was acquiring it at the cost of becoming provincial. It had entered the Union in 1850, but forthwith proceeded with unerring footsteps to march straight out into a social union of its own and with itself. It could not help it—it was an area so vast, and its life was so separate, and so separately conditioned by sun and soil, by the tasks of the day, and by the temper and minds of men.

But be this as it may, California and California life in the last decades of the century were evidently settling down into a certain half-stagnation. The first impulses had spent their force; new activities did not develop; new resources did not, for the moment, appear; fuel-oil and water power, which are now awakening the industries, had not then come into play; wheat-raising still dominated agriculture, with declining product; irrigation, which has turned miles of desert into garden, was yet only in crude beginnings. A torpor lay upon the land. It might almost seem that life was slowly reverting to the "lotos-land society" of the dreamy old Spanish days. But with the close of the decade there came a sudden awakening.

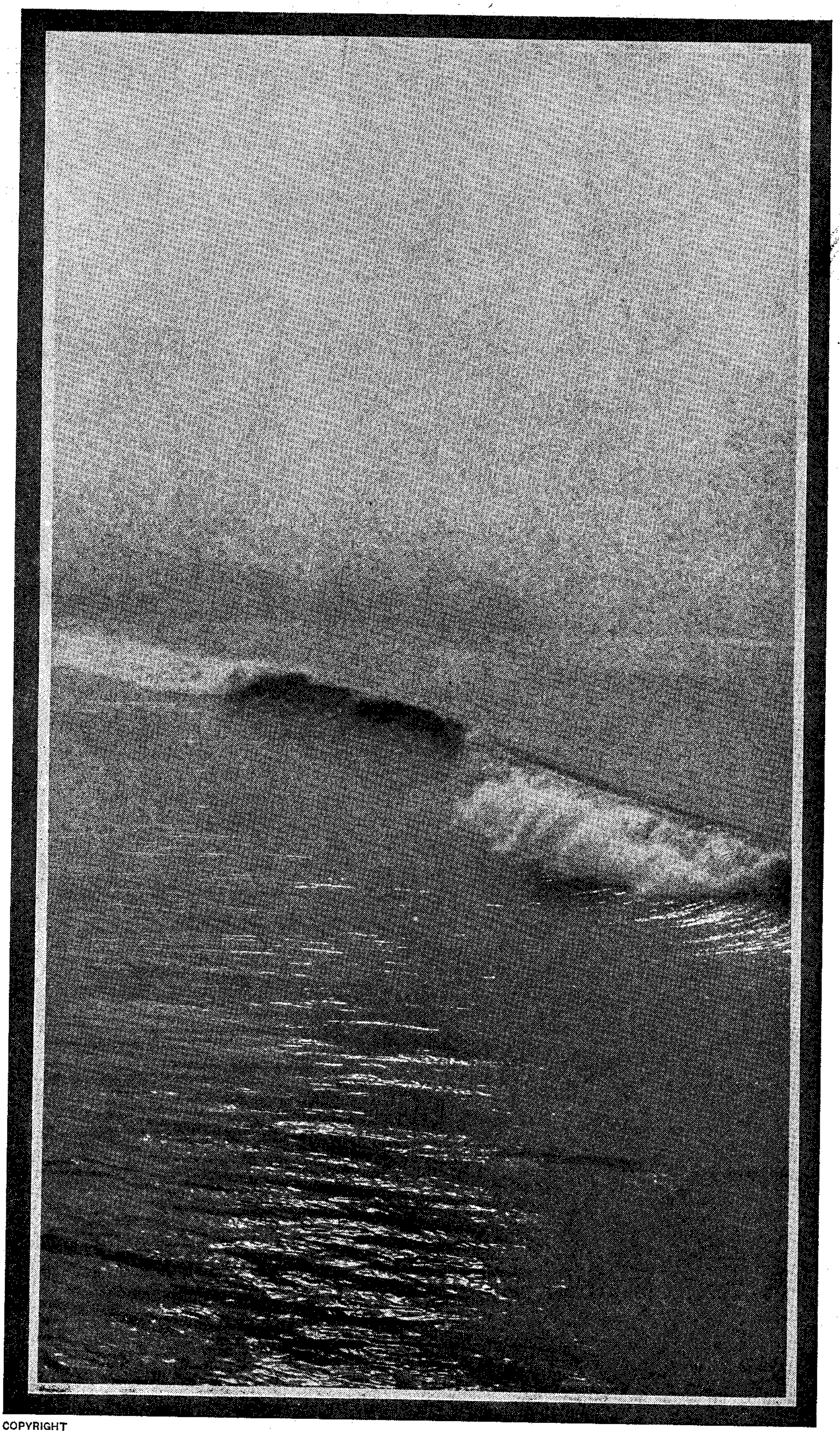
Foremost among the causes was the opening of relations with the Philippines. The quickening of life in the Pacific called attention to a new factor involved in the position of the State. California had begun with the gold quest in the mountains; then it descended into the plain for agriculture and fruit-raising; last of all it discovered the ocean spreading before its doors. But the last shall be first.

All through the ages of man on the globe the Pacific had been a waste and neglected area. In our geographies the globe maps always begin and end within it; the Pacific is as good as never in the middle of the map. It is so with the days; they end somewhere in the Pacific, and then begin all over again before they land in Asia.

The Old World, as occupied by civilized man, stretched westward from China across Asia and Europe to the shores of the Atlantic. Sharp athwart it north and south ran a frontier which divided the historic life of man in twain. It follows the Indus, or the western boundary of India, and passes over the "roof of the world," the Hindu Kush Mountains and the Pamir highlands, into Turkestan. This frontier, which sharply sunders the social history of man on the globe and makes of one world two world-halves, was the result of Alexander's conquests. These conquests united the fundamental materials of the western world, but neglected the eastern world. When he halted his victorious march at the Hyphasis, and turned back to the West, he left the East of India and China to go their own way, and the materials of their thought and habits never came through the hopper into the world-grist. If he had pushed on, there might have been no East or West. As it is, the historic life of that West to which we belong combines materials representing all the lands and peoples from Persia to Ireland; but when we study history we pay no heed to India and China, though they are half the world in numbers, and mightily more than half in human experience.

So the Old East and the Old West stood all the long years back to back at the "roof of the world," and it was not until the West had pushed on westward half-way around the world, and, after tramping the western continent, had thoroughly wetted its feet in the waters of the Pacific, that it came to stand face to face with the East. Columbus was the forerunner, for he sought India, not America. America was a hindrance and a barrier to his quest, not the fulfillment. For four hundred years it held him and his successors back from their goal. Slowly the prairie schooners and the railways have been trying to break it down, but two or three years from now the Canal will have accomplished it with a slash.

The first settlers along the Atlantic coast, however, were seeking, not India, but fortune and refuge in an annex of Europe. Their faces remained set toward Europe, and even when they occupied the interior they backed into the country, eyes to the east. Even when they reached the farther coast, it was still the contents of the land, not the meaning of the sea, which interested them. America still looked eastward; California was the farthest *hinterland*. With the year 1898 there suddenly awoke in the minds of the people the consciousness of the western sea and its meaning for the Nation. Under the old arrangement of the world the Occident sought the Orient by going eastward, first by the old caravan routes, then by the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea, then by the route around the Cape of Good Hope, then by the Suez Canal. America was an annex of Europe bordering on the Atlantic, and California was its farthest back-country. Under a new arrangement, for which the events of 1898



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THE PACIFIC

Photograph by F. P. Clatworthy

and 1914 will bear typical significance, the two world-halves, long back to back at the frontier of India, will be face to face on the Pacific; the eastward quest of the Orient will yield to the final fulfillment of Columbus's westerly desire; America will more and more turn its face westward, where its position on the Pacific inevitably appoints its future tasks and destiny; and California, the *hinterland*, will gradually assume its place as the outpost of the Occident and the porch of the Nation. The largest questions affecting the commerce, the peace, and the social conditions of the world for the coming years concern the assimilation of the thought and the utilization of the industrial force of that Eastern half which the West has left thus far mostly out of account.

There is no doubt that it is the ocean which has waked California up, and that 1898 is the year of the awakening. In a crude way the growth of population shows it. For the decade 1900–10 the growth was 60 per cent, against 22 per cent in the preceding decade. And yet this preceding decade enjoys the advantage of counting in two of the vigorous years; the rate of the decade 1888–98 could scarcely have been 10 per cent. In the ten years from 1900 to 1910, when California jumped forward nine places in the list of States, the density of population had shifted from 9 to 15 per square mile. In terms of the habitable area the density had more than doubled in the one decade. This is something radical. And yet it occurred in that decade which has to carry the heavy burden of the San Francisco disaster.

California, as things were before 1898, stood at the end of a *cul de sac*, a fine, decorative end—but the road went no farther. People came out from the East, few, very few, and mostly in winter; swung around the circle, and mostly went back. To-day San Francisco is a station on a main highway around the globe. One who patiently frequents the lobbies of the Palace, the St. Francis, and the Fairmont will sooner or later see most of the consequential ones of the earth pass by in review.

California was always recognized as a charming place of habitation, but the trouble was that, with continued residence, one came to feel himself outside the main currents. The things which stirred California society did not stir any other parts of the world. The real interests of the larger world did not often reach out to California; if they did, they arrived well twisted, crossed, and colored. The Republicans of California in 1896 thought they were for silver, and did not hear to the contrary until the train bearing their delegation to the convention had nearly reached Omaha. The daily journals of San Francisco, whose selection of news represents a remarkable survival of the old provincial status, offer in their columns an extraordinary proportion of purely local and almost exclusively unimportant matter. On the other hand, it is painfully noticeable to a Californian visiting New York that the New York papers contain no news from California except now and then an earthquake, a murder, or the birth of a two-headed calf. Inasmuch as we do not believe earthquakes to exist, esteeming them to be the products of a diseased imagination, inasmuch as we never know the people involved in the murder, and inasmuch as we think California capable of going to three heads, if going at all, we get little satisfaction out of what these New Yorkers try to do for us. But this also is a rudimentary survival out of a vanished condition. The East and the Far West are blending just now with astonishing rapidity. The large proportion of fresh blood brought in from the East in the last thirteen years is making itself most potently felt in every activity. The population of the State is undoubtedly as much as 2,600,000 to-day; thirteen years ago it was not more than 1,300,000; it has at least doubled, therefore. The new population consists largely of home-makers. The rural districts have absorbed at least half a million of it. The rich lands of the San Joaquin Valley teem with utterly new villages. In every direction one sees clumps of fresh-shingled houses.

But it is in Southern California that the new blood is felt most keenly. Los Angeles is a new city. Its present central business section and its chief residential sections are almost entirely creations of these years. The whole population of Southern California is new, brought together from many places and not yet shaken down into a type; but in it all the breezy, co-operative public spirit of the Central West predominates and manifests itself in good homes, schools, churches, and all kinds of public works. Central and Northern California, as being older and of slower growth, retain more of the old California spirit and type. Southern California is grafting the newer spirit of the Central West upon it. The blend will be good.

The old type was generous, liberal, gracious, hospitable, and highly individualistic, a splendid product of a glorious sense of elbow-room. It bore within it strong reminiscences of the pioneer days, keen to defend the staked-out claim, ready to the fight and the feud, fearless to risk and initiate, accustomed to the single-handed struggle, and reliant on the strength of an own right arm and an own bold will. But with it all went an almost sentimental tenderness toward children and toward the weak and unfortunate, a knightly courtesy toward women, and a strange love of beauty in nature and in art. Formal reverence, however, was quite omitted from the compound. Greatness, station, and rank carried no immunities. The higher the head the brighter shone the mark. The hitting of a high head served mostly to vindicate the hitter's own claim to stature. The old Californians were no hero-worshipers. Society was very frankly human. Human instincts and frailties were not much concealed, either by the individual possessing them or in his public estimates of his neighbor, particularly if that neighbor were a little higher up the ladder. There was less evidence of boosting up than of pulling down in the interest of a better level. Herein has lain all through the history of the State a chief difficulty in bringing about a unity of effort for civic betterment. Hewing down Agag utterly and all his companions was usually deemed the most interesting and important beginning of a great civic endeavor, so that the strength for the endeavor was generally spent on hewing down. Public men issued forth from disinterested undertakings with more bruises than thanks, so that a canny self-interest commended itself to the wise and prudent rather better than public service. Old California was singularly unthankful towards its public servants. Nothing, therefore, bears more hope for the future of the Commonwealth than the passing of this spirit with the emergence of the new era. The only solicitude now may be lest the expunging of this fault might carry with it the fine trait of virile personal initiative in which it inhered.

This California, which is just bursting forth into a new life, is richer in resources and opportunities than any gold-seekers ever dreamed. Despite all the great stories that have been told of its riches and its charms, great stories that have given so many Californians in the outer world the repute of braggarts and florid deceivers, really the half has never been told. The reports sent out in recent years by the so-called Promotion Committee read to one who knows the facts like most modest assertions. One must presume the authors did not quite dare to say any more. California is really still an undiscovered land for most of the world, as it certainly is an unoccupied land. Otherwise the fairest land provided for the residence of men would have more than fifteen residents to the square mile, and farms of ten thousand acres, any ten of which would support a thrifty family, would not be so common as they are. The average acreage of a California farm is 318 against an average in the Nation at large of 137, and the consideration of higher fertility and adaptability of climate emphasizes this discrepancy.

It must be doubted whether many Americans, even, to say nothing of the rest of the world, realize how vast a domain passes under this single familiar name, California. The ten States, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Ohio, could be set down within its borders, and if it were transferred to the same latitude on the Atlantic coast and laid down there, it would stretch about from Boston to Charleston, South Carolina. The State had in 1910 a population of 2,377,549. The area is 158,297 square miles. If now we should cancel half of this, as being mountain and desert, and then give the remainder a population of like density to that of Rhode Island, a density which

California is far better able to support from every point of view than Rhode Island, the State would be found to have forty million inhabitants. Japan coupled with Formosa is considerably smaller than California, but it supports a population far beyond fifty millions. Italy, with two-thirds of the area of California, has about thirty-five millions. Such discrepancies cannot long maintain themselves in the face of modern transportation and distribution of intelligence. The opening of the Canal will create entirely new conditions regarding immigration. As it is now, the immigrant who first toiled down from his inland home to take the steamer at Trieste, and then endured the long voyage and ran the gauntlet at Castle Garden, is not likely to contemplate favorably a six days' railway journey which will plunge him still further into the unknown and separate him still further from his home, and, what is worst of all, involve him in an enormously increased expense. When, however, he can enter, at Trieste, Naples, or Hamburg, a ship which, feeding him all the way, will bring him direct to a dock in San Francisco at a moderate increase of fare (say ten or eleven dollars) over the rate to New York ($38.50), the main current of immigration is, for a time at least, certain to be diverted to California.[1] Under the present system of difficulties, with the complications of transfer to a train and provision for the trip, to say nothing of expense for fare and food and of all sorts of discomforts, it is really a wonder that as many have got through the ordeal as have. California has been certainly a long way—and a hard way—off. Once, however, it has been made accessible, the lure of its open fields, its call for labor, and its Riviera charms are sure to make themselves effective.

There was a time when California might easily have been occupied by a predominating Oriental population. The demand for labor to develop the new country was intense. The European source of supply was distant, and walled off by the fourfold barrier of desert, mountain, plain, and ocean. The labor supply was, furthermore, likely to be entrapped in some of the Eastern catch-basins before it could get through to the West. Meantime the richest labor supply of the world was just across the Pacific, in the coast cities of China and Japan. California has needed Oriental labor, and needs it to-day more sorely than ever, but its scanty white population forbade the risk. Now it is evident that the substitute is to come from southern and southeastern Europe. If ever there has been a danger of the Orientalizing of the Pacific coast, as is very probable, that danger seems now, at least for the near future, to be removed.

At any rate, a proper labor supply will enormously quicken the industrial life of the State. It is needed for agriculture and fruit culture, and, coupled with the newly found oil supply and the newly appreciated water power and its electrical transmission, it will set in motion the wheels of manufactures which have thus far been the State's sorest lack. Living is commonly reported to be dearer in California than in the East. This is not true, except for domestic service and for manufactured goods, which have mostly to be brought from the East. Food is distinctly cheaper than in the cities of the North Atlantic coast. People live more freely, devote more attention and probably more money to the joy of life, but they choose to do it, when they have the means, as they mostly someway seem to have, and in this sense living may be more expensive. The abundant life is more the manner of the land than the patient thrift of old New England. Grinding poverty is seldom in evidence. The masses of the people bear in their dress as well as in the skin of their faces the marks of prosperity and well-being. The per capita wealth of California is $2,800, as against $1,125 for the United States, $751 for Germany, $1,145 for Great Britain, $1,228 for France.

The chief sources of this widespread, almost universal prosperity are found in the mineral resources of the hills, but much more in the richness of the soil and the benignity of the climate, which admit of the production of every plant and fruit of the temperate zones, and in nearly every case to a somewhat greater advantage than anywhere else. Even rice is of late being cultivated in the Sacramento Valley, with a yield of twenty to twenty-five sacks to the acre, as against an average yield of fifteen sacks in the great rice-producing sections of the world.

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[1] The present immigrant rate from Hamburg to San Francisco via New York is $103.25, of which $38.50 goes to the steamer and $64.75 to the railway across the continent. The fare by Galveston, the cheapest route, is $76.50, of which $41.50 goes for the railway trip from Galveston to California. The railways maintain for certain brief periods a special "colonist" rate of $48 from New York to California and $26.45 from Galveston to California, but the ocean rate is unvarying. The through fare by the Canal will presumably be about $50.

And yet the yield of the land is only a beginning of what it will be when a dense population with more hands and the application of more immediate personal interest constrains to intensive farming under the guidance of scientific methods.

But there will shortly be added to the resources just mentioned: (1) The provision of a new and larger market for the products of the soil by the opening of the Canal and by the filling up of the neighboring mountain States and of British Columbia and Alaska. (2) The development of commerce on the Pacific, yet in its infancy. (3) The conversion of the water power into electrical force to be transmitted where it can be used for manufactures. In the falling waters of the Sierras, derived from the snows wrung out of the sea-winds, there is said to be "now running to waste enough latent energy to drive every engine in the world, if converted into electrical force." Here is a source of power that cannot be exhausted as can oil wells and coal mines.

When now all these means of wealth shall be developed—and it will not be long—California can promise to maintain a population of twenty million souls in an abundance equal to that which blesses its people to-day.

That this is no vague dream may be inferred from one single instance of fact. Professor Samuel Fortier, of the United States Department of Agriculture, states that there are about one million three hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of rich valley land now "under ditch," *i. e.*, ready for irrigation, but which are not irrigated on account of the lack of settlers. These acres alone would furnish home and support for sixty thousand farmers' families.

The old idea that the California valleys were a desert in summer gave over to the slender earning power of winter wheat vast tracts of land which now, under the magic of an irrigation which makes the rains descend at will, can be divided into gardens and orchards where one acre is as good as five were once. Three irrigation projects, under the direction of the United States Reclamation Service, known as the Klamath, Yuma, and Orland projects, are just bringing 85,000 acres under scientific irrigation. Six irrigation districts organized under State law are now in partial operation, and will, when complete, supply water to 561,743 acres. The total number of acres now "under ditch" in the State approaches four million—five times the area of Rhode Island. The greatest water project of them all, however, as concerns making a place for men to dwell in, is the Owens River undertaking of Los Angeles, whereby a river descending on the eastern side of the Sierras and flowing northward has been turned about and sent down in pipes to refresh the whole Southland.

The profitable industry of lemon and orange raising seems capable of being extended far beyond the southern area to which until recently it was supposed perforce to be limited. It is creeping steadily now along the foothills which invest the great central valleys, where it finds freedom from killing frosts and a much earlier ripening period. There are now some thirteen million citrus trees in the State, which sent out to the East last year, besides all that went by sea to the coast market, some forty-five thousand car-loads of oranges and lemons. A thriving orange orchard frequently earns a net income on a capitalized value of five or six thousand dollars per acre. A good orange tree is likely to earn five dollars net per year, besides being good to look at all the time.

And then there are the rich products of dried fruits, canned fruits, asparagus; wine, of which last year ten million gallons were shipped to all manner of places, including France; dairy products last year to the value of twenty-nine millions; forty-seven millions of cereal crops, thirty-six millions of hay, twenty-seven millions of vegetables, beans, potatoes, and the like; five millions of hops; beet sugar constituting thirty per cent of the entire output of the country; the cotton crop of 12,000 acres representing a new and promising industry; a billion feet of timber; nine hundred thousand gallons of pure olive oil, and a million gallons of olives; five millions of exported fish products, five millions of cement; petroleum to the extent of twenty-seven per cent of the product of the United States, leading all the States; over twenty millions of gold, and more or less of every one of fifty different mineral substances yielded by the versatile soil. It is estimated that products of every sort in 1910—home consumption being disregarded—reached a total value of $495,000,000. The significance of these figures in aiding a forecast of the future lies in the fact that the industries to which they refer are, by reason of scanty population, deficient labor, and distance of market, as yet only in their beginning.

One of the chiefest resources of California is its climate. Not only does it have a fundamental value for crops and plants and fruits as to their variety, quality, quantity, and ease of production, but it is supremely good for animals—both live stock and the human animals. The human animal revels and flourishes in it. It makes the great outdoors available all the time in luscious abundance to ordinary men. It cancels the perpetual struggle of life against weather. It is an economic factor, and cancels the waste time spent in shivering and in wiping perspiration. It gives the opportunity of full days and full years of effective living. Old age will be prolonged five years or more by coming here, through the lessening of strain and the avoidance of crises, and it will be prolonged in the higher enjoyment of life. Youth will grow up into fresher health and strength through the inevitable practice of outdoor life. There are many kinds of climate within the State, mountain air and seashore air. Every valley has its own peculiar blend, but all contain the standard ingredients of sunshine and air, and all are good.

It is a good place to work in, but it is also the natural playground of the Nation. Its mountain streams are the fisherman's delight; game abounds, and ducks from everywhere assemble in the marshes at the appointed season to be shot; golf and tennis have open season all the year; there are no finer seashore resorts in any land than Del Monte, Santa Barbara, Coronado, and the beaches of Los Angeles, and nothing finer in any mountains than Lake Tahoe; the Yosemite Valley is the most gracefully charming of the great wonders of the land, and mountain-climbing in the high Sierras is a high and unique sport with rules and regulations all its own. In all there is amazing elbow-room, but in the Sierras most of all. California of all the places in the world was evidently made especially for human beings to live in, but, strange enough, they found it last of all.

As the land was made for men, it constitutes no wonder that the people who dwell in it, unerringly as unconsciously, turn with their chief life interests toward humanism. Their instinctive fondness for music, the drama, color, and all beauty, as well as their preference for literature, philosophy, art, and history among the higher pursuits, testifies to the bent which the land has given them. All their doings, in society and politics, in clash and concord, abound in freedom of the spirit, sparkle and snap with the human and the personal.

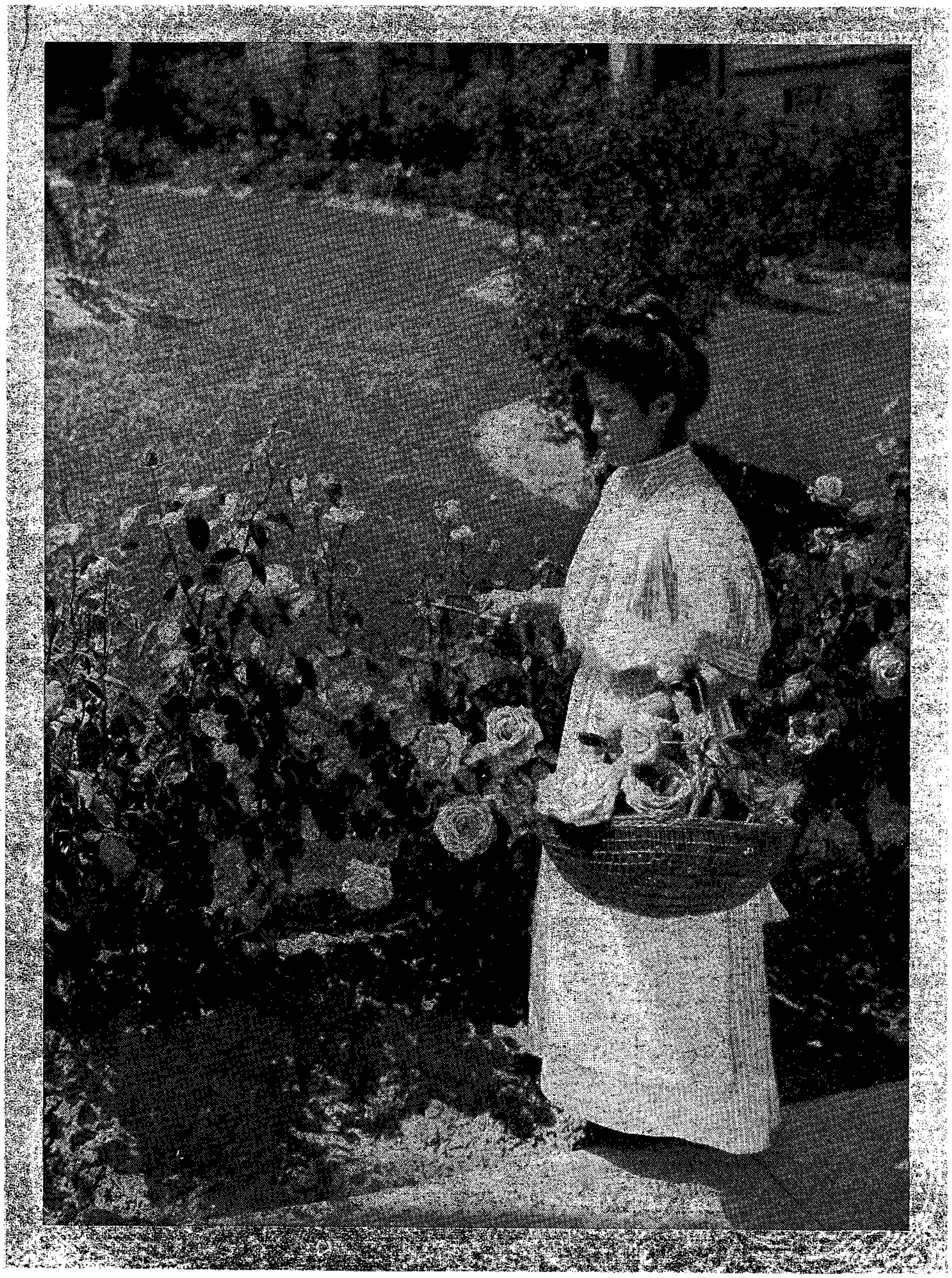
Their peculiar zeal in building schools and universities speaks in substance for their desire to make their children free, and to give the human which is in them freest and fullest scope.

The society which they are building from the resources of the fairest land of the West, with human materials gathered from all the bloods and experiences of Europe, will be set at the forefront of the Occident to face the awakening East for the final meeting of the world-halves. This is the mission of California.

# *A City of Roses*

### *Four Photographs of Portland, Oregon*

### *By J. Horace McFarland*



A CITY WHERE EVERY RESIDENT CUTS A BASKET OF ROSES EACH MORNING AND STILL THERE ARE PLENTY LEFT FOR ALL TO ENJOY

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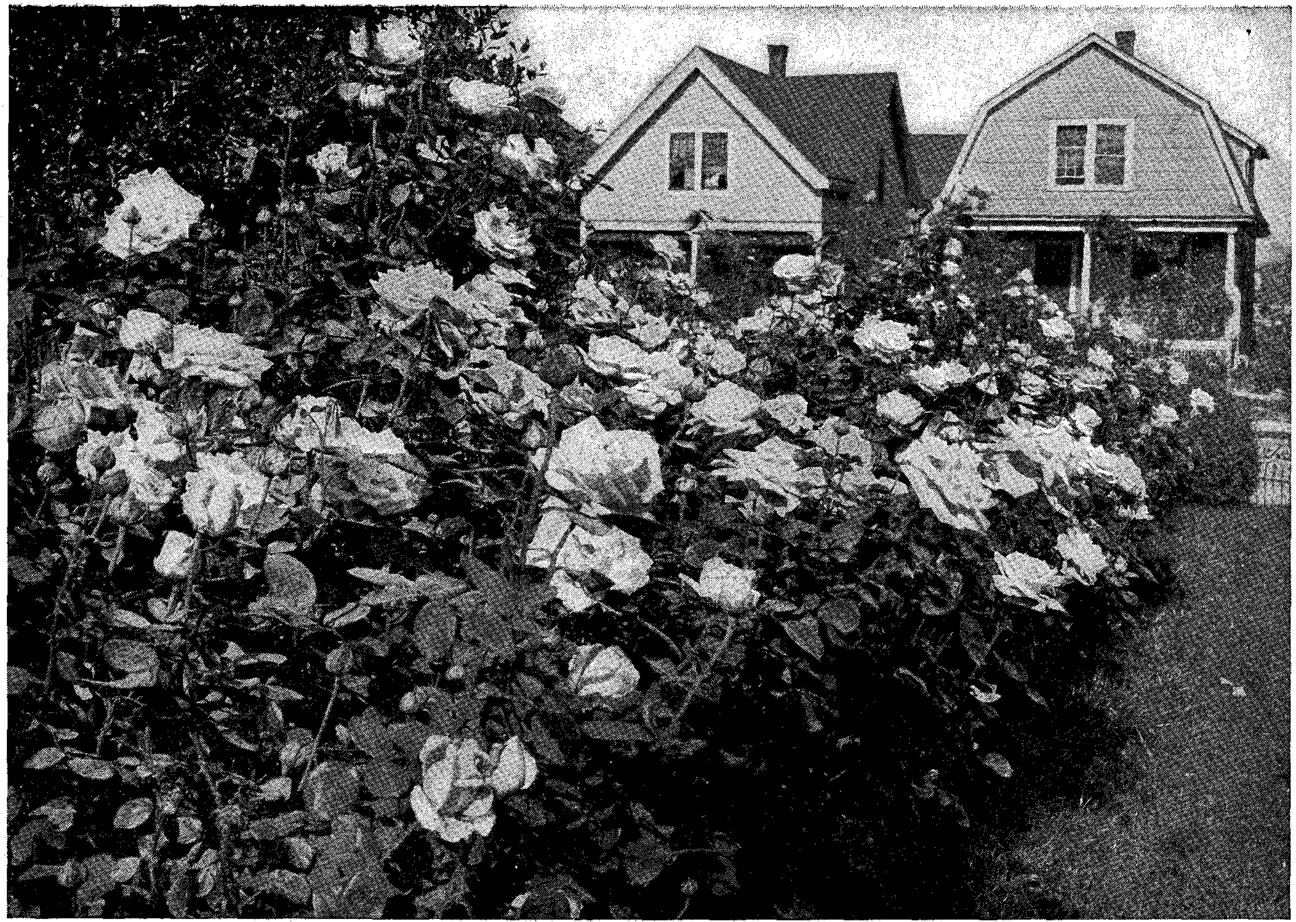


A "CAROLINE TESTOUT" HEDGE—WHAT CALIFORNIA PRIVET IS TO SOME OF THE EASTERN SUMMER PLACES THIS WONDERFUL ROSE IS TO PORTLAND

WHAT A CONTRAST TO THE WHITEWASHED DIVISION FENCES—OR EVEN THE FANCY IRON FENCES—OF MANY CITIES

# The Land of Silent Men

## By Charles Howard Shinn

### With Drawings by J. N. Marchand

THESE things happened about nine years ago, in a land where brave and silent men, and others no less brave but splendidly outspoken—speech being a most useful human weapon in times of growth—were laying deep the foundations of American Forestry. That none of them supposed for one second that they were doing anything remarkable was mightily to their advantage then and thereafter.

In truth, there was no forestry anywhere. There was only a light in the eastern skies before which darkness had grown a little pale. The pioneers of forestry all over America were still walking by the stars of an unspoken hope. Instead of real forests, controlled by foresters, for the daily use of the people, we had as yet only Forest Reserves managed by stumbling and ignorant officialism.

The great San Joaquin Forest Reserve of California extended eastward from the foothills of Tulare, Fresno, and Madera clear across the "High Sierra" to the borders of the valley ranches of Inyo County. It was about as large as the entire State of New Jersey, and larger than six States like Rhode Island. Seven men that summer were doing the best they could to take care of it, prevent trespass, and "get things started right," as one of them was heard to say. Five of these were continually moving over the vast area west of the snow peaks, and two were on what was commonly spoken of as "the Inyo side."

To the five rangers of the west "our side" was the great forest-clad ridge that rose eastward from the foothills to the main crest of the Sierra. Every one of them knew and loved this wild region, but to be sent across the passes of Mammoth, Piute, or Kearsarge to Inyo would have seemed banishment and perdition. They were sure that Inyo was alien and out of touch with everything. It hardly appeared to be, in reality, a vital part of the San Joaquin Forest. At most it was merely a remote and forlorn sub-province, ruled by some unknown desert ranger whose orders from Washington drifted slowly across from Fresno once or twice a year. Orders came slowly enough in pioneer days to even the rangers of the pine forests, but it was much worse with the Inyo men.

Nevertheless, the men of the desert edges had also caught the spirit of the coming forest. They, too, were trying to "get things started right," and they were proud to be a part of that lonely, toiling Inyo—that wonderful hollow between the mountains of California and Nevada, where millions of years ago, as the geologists tell us, Lake Labontan, great as Lake Superior, once glistened, rimmed about by many a red-lit Vesuvius.

Those Inyo rangers of the San Joaquin Forest Reserve of 1902 had especial troubles of their own to deal with—chiefly Basque sheep that came in mysteriously by way of the southern deserts, from far-off Kern, and calmly broke all regulations.

Once in those pioneer days a ranger from the west is said to have yielded to a sudden, unbelievable curiosity as he followed the old trail from Kings River Cañon east along Bubbs Creek and up to Kearsarge Pass. He actually kept on, against the orders of those times, which were that every ranger must stay on his range, unless he had to have "supplies." At last he climbed clear up to the summit of the Pass, and looked across into clear and marvelous desert distances. The vastness and beauty of it surprised him into further adventure; he rode on and on, down the steep trail towards Independence, until for the first time in all that early forest history an Inyo ranger and a Fresno ranger sat down together by a spring on a small rock-walled meadow and noted with keenest eyes the little differences of attire, of outfit, of speech, and expression. Their hearts really warmed to each other; what they said was:

"You Inyo rangers make a lot of noise about your Basco sheep fights. Trade off; try our fires a while, and find out what real work is.

"Huh! if you west-side rangers had kept them San Joaquin Bascos at home where they belong, then Old Useless wouldn't have been shot at last week."

"What's that? Who's Useless?"

"He's the other ranger on this side—a bully good old cowboy from White Mountain way, over there in Nevada. They don't make better men. An' he's down at Independence now, laid up a while, because of the scrimmage with some Basco sheep-herders up by Convict Lake. He druv five of them out of the Reserve with all their sheep. But some one took a shot at him from the brush next night; now he'll have a game leg for keeps. Hit his horse, and the horse fell over on him."

"Too bad, Inyo; tell him we won't forget that," said the west-side ranger. "Stand up to them. Guess this job is no picnic anywhere on old San Joaquin."

"You bet not! So long, Fresno. I'll drop over myself, some of these days."

Turning back towards Independence, the young Inyo ranger rode on, thinking about his work. Three or four days' travel it was from one end of his "beat" to the other; he was not often able to make the round in a week, and somehow the sheep-men always seemed to know where he was, no matter how quietly he went his ways. Watching eyes and listening ears, as he often thought, were everywhere, and always on the side of the Bascos.

A few days later the Inyo ranger was at the Lone Pine post-office. "Letter for you, Smith," said the storekeeper.

He took the official envelope, full of inclosures, and went outside in the sage-brush to open it. Caution had grown to be second nature with him. He read the letter twice, very slowly; he looked over the inclosures, and rode off, thinking about them.

"The Boss writes me from Fresno," he soliloquized, "that the Bascos are going to behave after this. . . . And their bank over in Kern wants money real quick, so the Boss says to let all the good Bascos cross right over next month, and save them the long drive south and west around by the desert, below the southern end of the Sierras.

"And he's sent permits for the worst bunch on earth. Sent me copies. Says they're reformed. Guess the Boss is fooled this time. All them big French sheep-men has money in bank, good an' ahead; their banks don't crowd them that way. It's a put-up game to feed right acrost on all the mountain meadows, and put the laugh on all the Inyo rangers. Yes, an' pile up on them Fresno rangers later."

Plain Ranger Smith, as direct and solid as his name, rode on and on, thinking about it. Once or twice he read the official letter again, till he knew it by heart.

*Ranger Charles M. Smith:*

Dear Sir—The unfortunate difficulties between the Government and the Basque sheep-owners are now ended. I am positively assured on the very best authority that, if they are allowed to drive across once more, so as to sell early and meet their pressing bank obligations, they will never trespass again, and will to a large extent go out of the sheep business after this season.

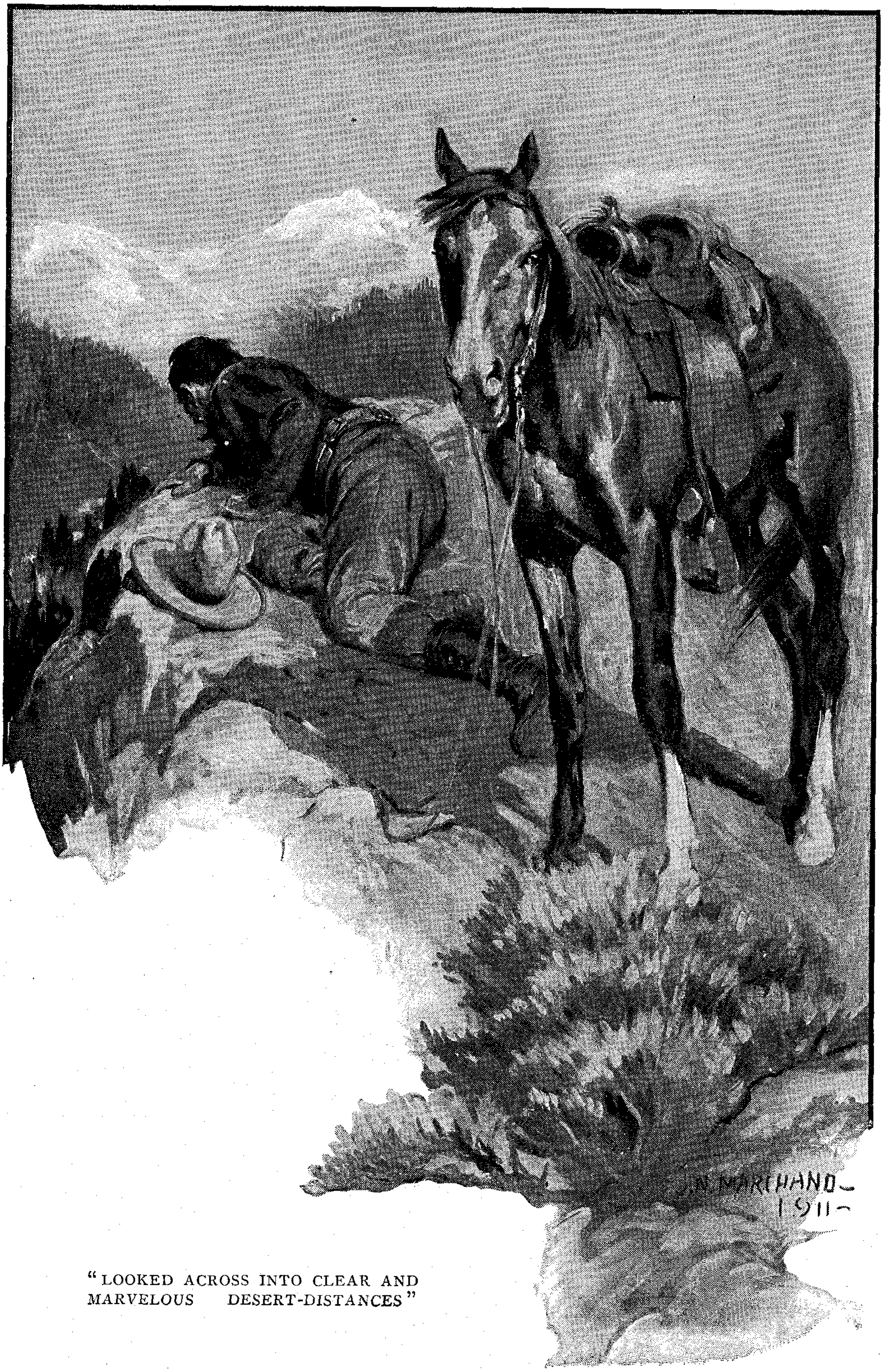
I have therefore issued crossing permits to twelve leading Basques, and I send copies to you. The date for entry is on the permits, and of course you will not let any one trespass before that time. If any sheep-men willfully allow their flocks to trespass, you will tell them that there will be a way found to cancel their crossing permits, and you will notify me to that end.

"The Boss means perfectly well," said the Inyo ranger at last. "He always does. But he's like a child in this game; there's men playing it just now. Mutton's going up fast; them sheep-men want their sheep near market. That's all. And they can start over September 15 and take all the time they need. That means that the Government just gives them a month's feed and puts a thousand dollars in each owner's pocket."

He slowly repeated from the official letter: "Ef—sheep-men—trespass—before—there will be a way found to cancel their permits. A—way—found—sure," he broke out joyfully; "sure there will be a way found, even ef Smith gets fired from this job.

"The main thing is to do right and keep the Government from bein' fooled. Wish I had time to go an' talk this over with Old Useless. It would tickle him a heap."

Meanwhile, fifty miles north, and close to the forest, by a mountain lake were the sheep of Arbie, the Basque. A little man riding a donkey and carrying a collie pup in his arms had just come in from Bishop with a letter. Arbie read it with deep satisfaction, and muttered approval of the


N. MARCHAND-
1911-

"LOOKED ACROSS INTO CLEAR AND MARVELOUS DESERT-DISTANCES" results of the hundred dollars paid to a Bakersfield lawyer to work this permit business through.

"Now we start Fish Creek to-morrow, six thousand sheep; feed dat out, come back outside forest an' meet dat fool ranger; get new start, more feed; go over Mammoth Pass and Jackass to Valley. Got Government dis time."

His herders grinned with full appreciation of the joke on Uncle Sam. If the old romance of Atlantis be resting on fact, and these little hairy men of strange speech and stranger traditions are really descended from the mountain shepherds of that ancient continent, then one can understand them better. They have learned for thousands of years the art of gypsy living; dog, sheep, goat, and burro have been especially theirs, and they have very quietly evaded every tax, every tariff, every disliked regulation of every successive government all these thousands of years.

Arbie sat by the fireside, secretly exulting, till, as his face relaxed, the cunning of Ulysses the Greek came visibly forth, so that his herders dimly felt and admired his prehistoric genius for devious triumphs.

For years unnumbered Arbie had done the thing to which he had set his heart, in old Spain, in Mexico, in Baja California, and now in the Sierras. Greatly had he prospered, but still he wore old rags, walked with his sheep, and camped with his herders. It was said that he knew these mountains better than any hunter, prospector, surveyor, or ranger could ever know them; that he could move a rock or log, or lift a screen of boughs, and work his sheep into nameless and hitherto unviolated mountain pastures high among the alpine lakes.

Among all the Basques, the names of Arbie, Astier, Soldenbere, and Bidegare stood first, for their sheep always came out in the best shape, and brought the most money. Among the dozen Basques who had crossing permits, these four seemed to the Inyo ranger the most impossible to trust out of sight. As he rode along the mountain base north, taking no trail, making no visible camp, his thoughts were very busy with all the sheep camps so conspicuously placed well outside the Reserve, but mainly with that "Arbie crowd," as he termed it.

"They all have guns, too," he said to himself. "Arbie carries a fine rifle, an' he can get a jack-rabbit on the jump. From three to seven men in each camp, well heeled these days, and anxious to get a chance to say they used gun and knife in self-defense."

He turned west from Little Round Valley, and for a while threaded the Mono Pass Trail; then he worked northwest, "through all sorts of rock an' brush," as he said to himself. He blindfolded his horse now and then, he took "slide rock chances;" he crept and crawled until he reached the high vantage-point that he desired. Fish Valley, the trails thereto, and all the Basque camps could be picked out far and fine.

Something was moving over there; a gray line slipping and winding down over a dark rock. Some one's band of sheep was coming into the Reserve, bound for the untrodden meadows of Fish Creek. There was a little meadow half-way down, and there they would camp. To-morrow they would go on to the larger pastures.

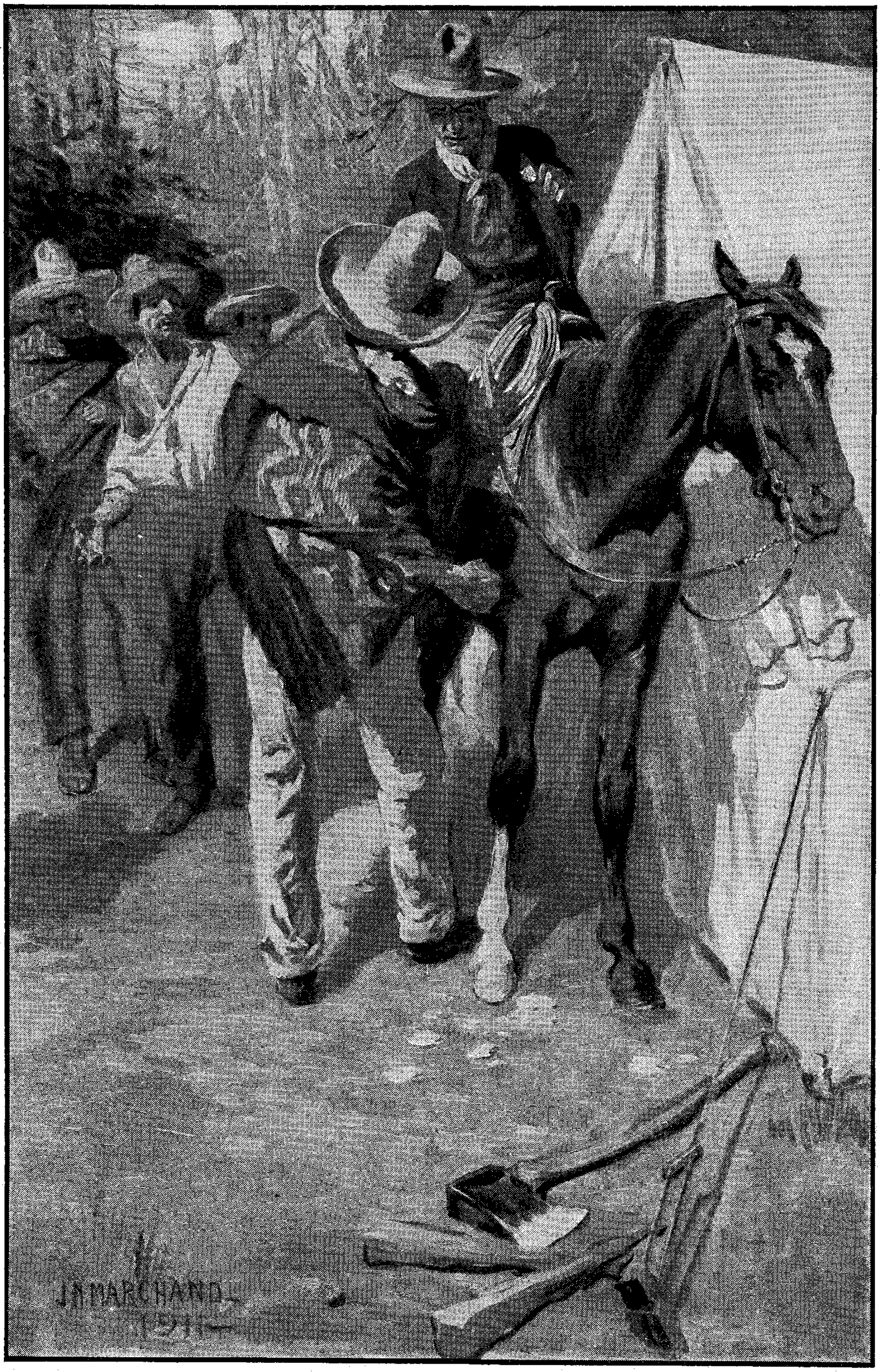
"Ef it's Arbie," thought the Inyo ranger, "he's got six thousand sheep. He'll stay in for a day or two, an' go on west, hopin' his permit 'll carry him through, or he'll feed it out and go back, and trust to my not finding his trail.

"It's an awful lot of nerve he has, and I suppose he thinks he can swindle any ranger."

Thus reflecting, he worked nearer and nearer all that day, built no camp-fire at night, and finally sized up the situation without being discovered.

"And," as he told Useless later, "it's down in the story books that it's nothin' to scout an' keep from lighting a fire. But my meat was raw bacon, and I couldn't make coffee, so I lived for two days on a handful of crackers. Them Bascos could have seen or smelt smoke from wherever I was."

"This is how it is," said the ranger from his outlook the next morning. "It's Arbie, and he's goin' back, 'cause the feed's poor and the coyotes plenty; he thinks I'll be along up by the main road, and he wants to talk good and flash that permit on me. I hate like sin to see him feeding his sheep down there, but I can't handle that permit if I close in on him now.


J.N. MARCHAND
1911

"ARBIE, CLENCHING HIS FIST, THRUST THE OTHER HAND BACK TO HIS BELT AND LAID HOLD OF THE HILT OF A WORN OLD SPANISH KNIFE"

"That official letter is all right, after all," he continued. "There will be—a way—found—to cancel your permit." He slipped back into the brush and worked his way out across ridges and gulches to a trail; he made a great circle southward and eastward until he reached an Inyo County road, and then turned north again.

And the last look he had taken over the Fish Creek country had shown him that the lesser bands of sheep, after feeding half way up the western rise from the valley, were slowly circling back to the main line of meadows below. In three days more, as he thought, Arbie would be outside of the Reserve again, somewhere below Mammoth.

It was with a feeling of simple and honest pride that he saw he had guessed correctly about Arbie's plans, and a more comfortable ranger never pushed through brush to a road. Once fairly on the way, he stopped, built a fire, fried some bacon, made coffee, and thought of what he could say to Arbie a few days later.

"That permit! Oh, that darned permit!" he murmured to himself.

The Inyo ranger looked after other forest matters for a couple of days. Then he swung north again, to look up Arbie. Before long he came to a settler's cabin, and halted there.

"Howdy, Mrs. Mary Wilson! Do a favor to a poor old ranger?"

She laughed, but looked kindly at the tall, brown-eyed young man of the desert edges. She, too, was Inyo-bred, and they had gone to school together.

He unstrapped his belt; he gave her pistol and cartridges. "There, Mrs. Wilson, I have to see some Bascos pretty soon. You keep that for me. I think I'll go without a gun this time. The little old nickel badge is good enough."

Then he rode off. But when she told her husband about it that night, he shook his head gravely. "That's no way for an Inyo boy to do. Them sheep-men's gettin' worse every year. I can't make my fences tight enough to keep their sheep out of my alfalfa as they work up to Mono Lake and back."

Another day passed, and Arbie, sitting in his camp outside the forest, saw a horseman coming north along the county road through Long Valley. "Some one from Bishop," he thought. A little later he saw that it was the Inyo ranger. The sheep, in three bands, were scattered over the wide plain, and all were a mile or two outside the Reserve line. The hour was just after dinner. The herders had come to camp, for there was nothing to trouble the sheep. A more peaceful pastoral scene never existed.

Arbie went forward to greet the Inyo ranger; cheerful, friendly, hospitable was every one. The Inyo ranger had to go right on north to Mono; was there anything he could do for Mr. Arbie?

Yes, there certainly was. Had the ranger received any mail in Bishop? No? Then maybe a Government letter referring to Mr. Arbie's sheep had not reached him.

"Me, Arbie, good man—good friend dis Government. Government man say t'ank you, send paper go home across mountains, feed sheep all way. Dat right? You make no row? I got paper."

The big Inyo ranger began to see a little daylight. He beamed lazily on the camp, and drew up a knee as he sat his horse.

"That sounds all right, Arbie," he conceded. "You needn't be worried none about my puttin' up a fight." He ran his eye down the line: one cook at the fire, three idle herders lounging on the ground in front of the tent—four men besides Arbie.

"Why, Arbie, I couldn't shoot anybody if I tried. Stopped carryin' a gun." He swung up his arms and showed his beltless waist. "We folks are all gettin' to be neighbors. Jest let me look at your paper, an' I'll hike along."

Arbie went into the tent and came out with an official envelope. He gave the permit it contained to the ranger and smiled in blissful content.

The Inyo ranger looked around him, slowly and yet keenly. Yes, rifle and pistols in the tent. All the men wore knives—and what was a ranger, anyhow?

It happened that a shrewd, careless spur touch made his horse whirl and press back across the tent-front. The ranger spoke low and very quietly.

"Arbie, I want you to read this, and I want to tell all of you about it. Ask your cook to come over here, too.

"Now, boys, it runs this way. 'Mr. Georg Arbie, of Three Pines, in Kern

County, being a supporter of the Government regulations, and being anxious to sell his sheep, and so prevent serious financial loss, is hereby given a transit permit from any point in Inyo County to any point in the San Joaquin Valley. This does not take effect till September 15.'

"Yes, it sounds all right, Arbie. Must have cost you a lot." He laughed quietly, and his eye ran serenely over the five men, who were watching him with tense eagerness, conscious that something was liable to happen.

He laughed again, as joyously as a boy. Then, dropping his foot back into the stirrup, letting go the reins, straightening up with a swift gesture, he fixed the look of Arbie; as eye met eye he tore the permit into fragments and flung it on the ground.

There came a gasp, and a strange foreign oath. Arbie, clenching his fist, thrust the other hand back to his belt and laid hold of the hilt of a worn old Spanish knife. The three herders leaped to their feet and, with the cook, pressed close to Arbie. The five men, shoulder to shoulder, glared at Smith and swore in prehistoric Basque—oaths that had lost no fervor since they echoed in the hills of Atlantis.

The Inyo ranger stretched out a quiet and sinewy arm, laying his hand very firmly on the shoulder of Arbie. "Listen to me. You can go for me later, if you like. I haven't got a gun, you know."

A cold look went over the face of Arbie, and the ranger felt its meaning, but he went on steadily, looking deep into the eyes of the Basque, and still smiling:

"You are in trouble, Arbie. Listen while I tell you. That paper said you kept the Government rules. That's what your lawyer swore to, I suppose, when he went to Fresno. But he didn't fool the Government quite as much as you supposed.

"Hear this, Arbie. You broke the rules this very week! You fed six thousand sheep in Fish Creek Cañon. That kills your crossin' permit. See?"

Out of the tail of his eye the ranger saw the gaze of the cook travel sidewise toward the tent, and he knew the game was not yet won. It was easy to shove in past his horse and get a gun. Four other men with knives against him, too; easy and safe enough to do him up if they chose.

"Arbie, that permit is no good now. West-side rangers know all about it. Take your medicine."

Then he smiled again, and swiftly his right hand slipped up the shoulder of Arbie to his neck, resting there, while his left hand slid along his own coat, lifting the worn and battered old badge into the sight of the five men.

"Arbie," said the Inyo ranger, "you don't know us yet. We swear to stay with that badge. Now, if you like, tell the cook to shove into your tent, get a gun and shoot me. But I will sure kill you with my hands, and they will put us in the dirt the same day. They'll hang the cook, and sheep trespassing will end forever right here in old Inyo."

Silence fell for one long breath. All that was mere surface and convention fell away; it was man to man, face to face, soul to soul. Then suddenly Arbie cried, flinging out his hands: "What I do, den? Where I go? How I feed my sheep? I lose lot money."

The other four squatted on the ground again; tension ceased utterly. Smith saw only dull, fishlike eyes, except in the agonized countenance of Arbie.

The Inyo ranger sat there lost in thought for a second, looking west upon the mighty Sierras, whose timber he had never seen, but which just the same he was protecting. He looked down the wide valley where sometimes twenty thousand sheep had fed. His thoughts moved along the southern deserts by many an alkali spring, through Walker's Pass, to the Kern country again. He felt sorry for Arbie.

"How long you come this country, anyhow?"

"Mos' fifteen year," said the Basque.

"Must have made money, lots of it," remarked the ranger. "Some one told me you had ranches and eight thousand in the bank. Better stop now."

"Li'l' mon'," said Arbie. "You lemme go cross, I fix it all." He stopped, warned by the look on the face of the Inyo ranger.

"None of that, Arbie. Now tell your men go pick up the sheep. Take them off east, 'way over to the White Mountains. Keep ten miles outside this Reserve. Gather them in pretty pronto. Move to-night."

Mute rebellion flickered on the five

Basque faces—flickered, hesitated, and perished. Arbie spoke to them. Dejectedly they called the dogs and began to trail out toward the wandering flocks.

Long the Inyo ranger sat in silence on his great blue horse watching the sheep coming in, watching the men load the pack-burros. He had won out, but still the problem held him.

"I wonder whether this is really the best way," he said to himself. "I wonder, too, whether there is any man higher up in the Government who sees the thing exactly as it is." Then that hidden force which had drawn this man into the work, teaching him to see, as through a glass darkly, the visions of future forests, took hold of his imagination, but he could not give it speech.

"I believe it will work out," said the Inyo ranger.

"And now I can handle Soldenbere, and the rest of the Basco bunch," he continued. "There ain't to be no more such crossin' permits. Ef—sheep-men trespass, there—will—be—a—way—found—a way found."

The Inyo ranger sent in his report later. It was much harder work for him to write it than to tackle a regiment of sheep-men. The clerks who read it, none of whom had ridden range or had any conception of a ranger's real work, were hot with indignation. "Those orders were plain," said one. "If Smith found a fellow trespassing before September 15, he was to report it; then we would have reported it back to Washington, and proper steps could have been taken to prevent a recurrence of the trespass. But Smith merely reports that he canceled the crossing permits of Arbie and three more Basques for trespass, and that the others 'concluded not to use theirs.' Smith ought to be dismissed."

It was decided to reprimand Smith severely, but this was couched in such official language that it made little or no impression upon the Inyo ranger, who, as Useless said, "remained much the same old peanut."

Perhaps a remark once made by Arbie was more to the point. He sat with his lawyer down in Bakersfield, telling the tale of his misfortunes.

"Arbie," said the lawyer, "that ranger fooled you bad. He had no right to tell you to keep ten miles outside the Reserve—no, nor one inch. You could have fed down the line all the way to Walker's Pass."

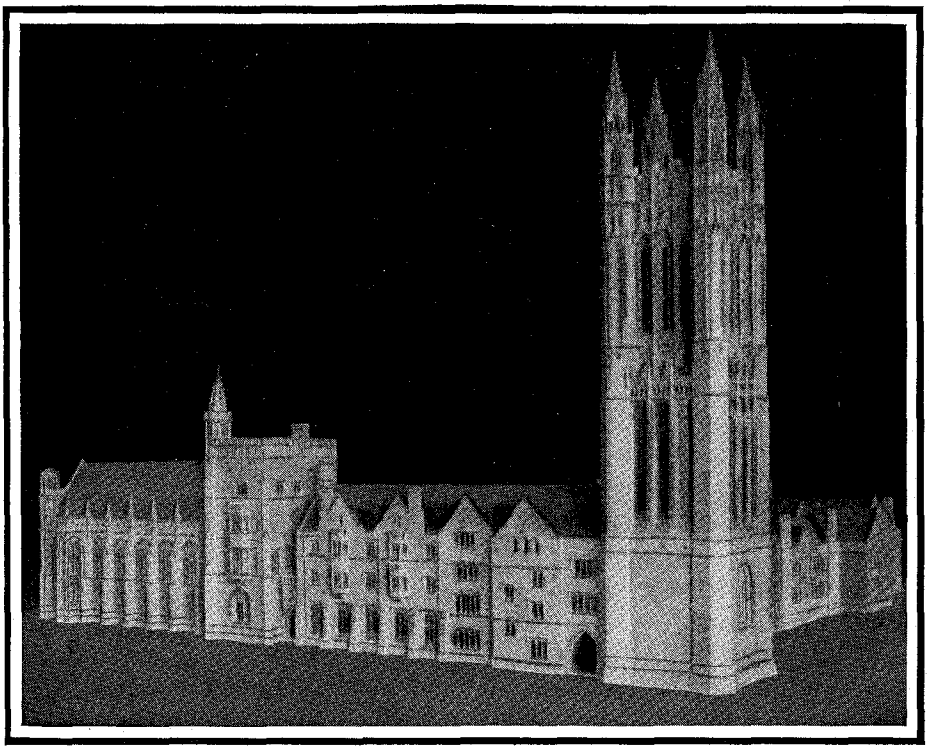
The sheep-man surveyed his lawyer a moment, his shrewd eyes twinkling. "You not see how dat ranger look at me. You not hear what he say. All ver' quiet. You ban dere, you min' him jes same. I like hire dat kin' man take care my sheep."

# The Cleveland Memorial

THE subscriptions to the Memorial Tower to Grover Cleveland at Princeton now considerably exceed a hundred thousand dollars. In no other case have subscriptions for a memorial to a President been obtained so quickly.

The tower will be a memorial to a great President, and its erection is also a notable event in the world of art. It has been said that the tower's design would closely resemble that of Magdalen Tower at Oxford, but it does not. There is no ecclesiastical or collegiate tower which could be considered as the prototype of the Cleveland Tower; the latter was conceived as an original proposition, and no reference was made to older work. Aside from the fact that this course would have commended itself, under any circumstances, to Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the eminent architect, is the further fact that the tower for Holder Hall at Princeton, recently completed, bears some slight resemblance to Magdalen, and it was imperative that the Cleveland Tower should be fundamentally different. Its proportions are much more massive and powerful than Magdalen's. The bell deck has three openings on each side instead of two, the corner turrets are hexagonal and not octagonal, and the style is, so far as it has any archæological antecedents, Decorated Gothic, rather than the extremely late Perpendicular of Magdalen.

So much for comparison with the



THE NEW CLEVELAND MEMORIAL TOWER AT PRINCETON

Oxford tower. As to the dimensions and proportions of the Cleveland Tower, the bulk is thirty-five feet square, but the hexagonal turrets increase this to over forty feet. The tower is to be one hundred and seventy feet high.

The massive solidity of the lower floor is to be broken by a central window light with delicately carved tracery. The interior of this story will consist of a lofty vaulted room, which doubtless in time will contain a bronze statue of Mr. Cleveland.

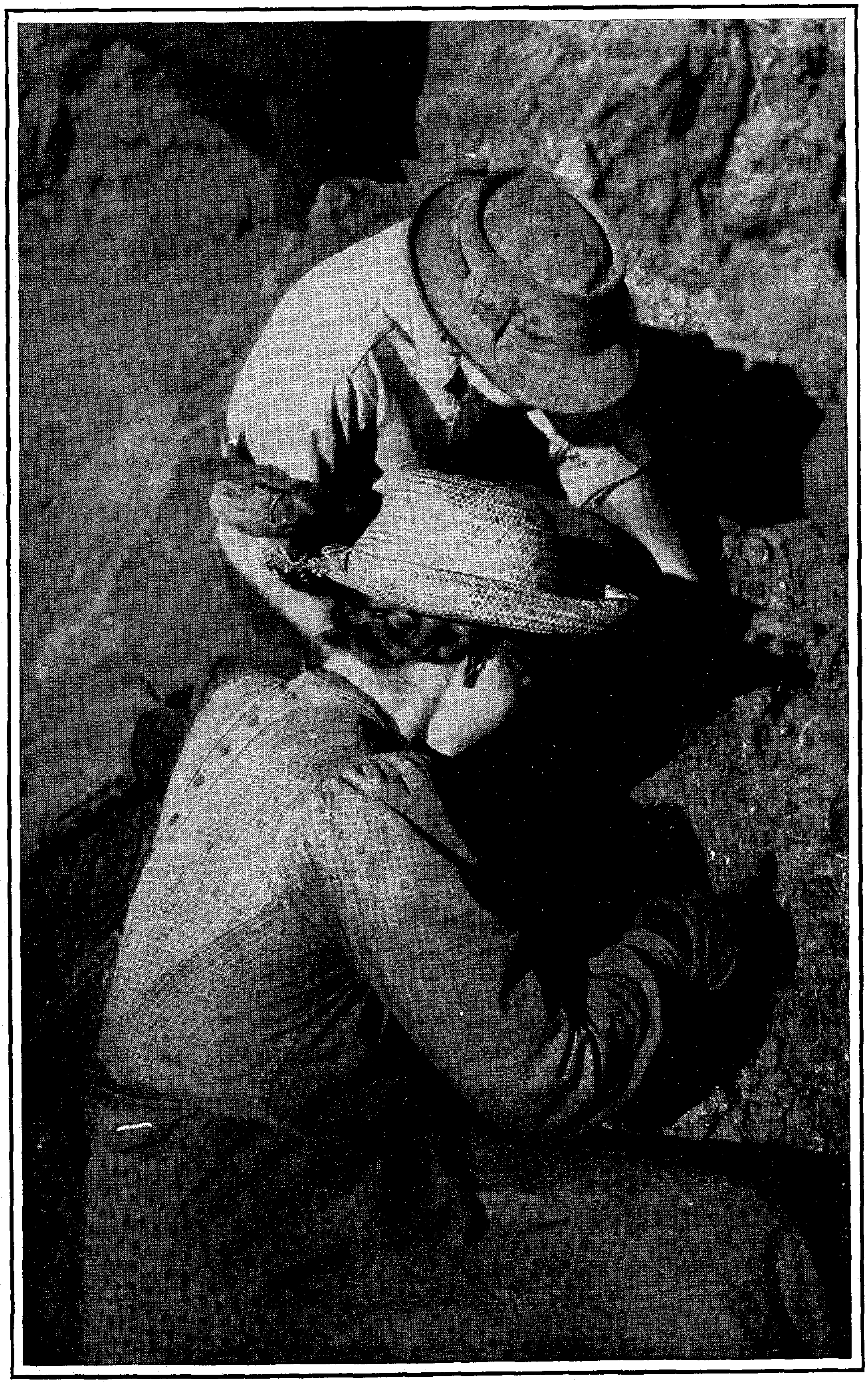
The exterior of the second story is to be mostly a series of traceried panels; a central window will appear on each side. The interior of the second story is to be used as a library and museum to contain personal and official relics of Grover Cleveland and of his epoch.

The third story will disclose elaborate windows opening on each side, while at the corners the turrets are to rise and terminate in four towering pinnacles. This third story is to be the belfry floor, and will be made ready for the installation of a great carillon or chime of bells.

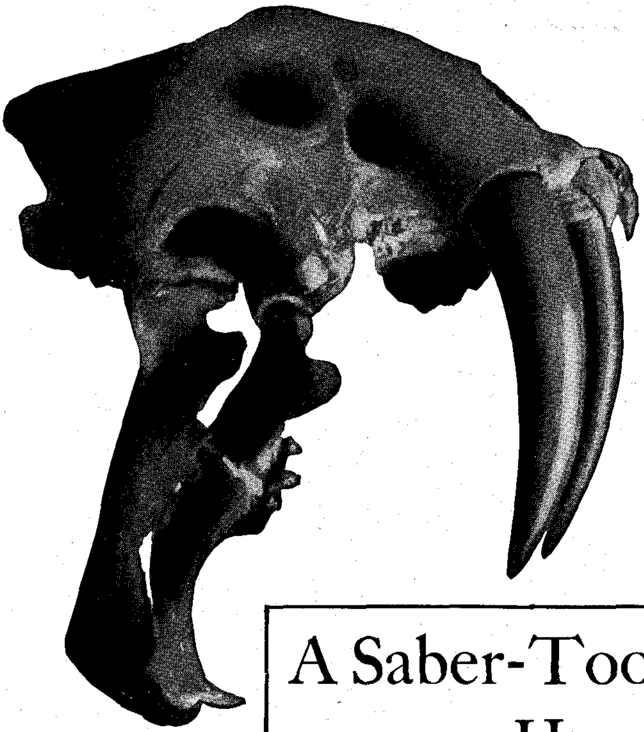
The material of the tower is to be of native New Jersey stone found at Princeton, the same as that used with good effect in the new Holder Hall. The trim is to be of a whiter material, a silvery gray Indiana limestone, to be employed in the tower in ever-increasing measure as that building mounts skyward.

The location of the tower, adjoining the Graduate Buildings, will form not only their chief distinction but will be the chief distinction of Princeton itself. It will also be the most prominent and stately object to catch the eye of the millions of railway travelers who yearly journey by the Pennsylvania route between New York City and Philadelphia, as they view Princeton on its hill some miles distant.

Thus the erection of the Cleveland Tower should further emphasize the architectural charm of what has been called the most attractive large college town in this country, should raise the standard of architecture yet a notch higher, and should fitly commemorate the services to his country of an efficient Executive.



A TIGER HUNT IN THE ASPHALTUM



# A Saber-Tooth Tiger Hunt

### By Charles Frederick Holder

IN 1886 I rode on horseback one day from the Pacific to what is now the town of Santa Monica, about ten miles inland, and came upon a singular deposit of tar or asphaltum, and a small lake surrounded by tules, or rushes; bubbles of gas were constantly rising from the water.

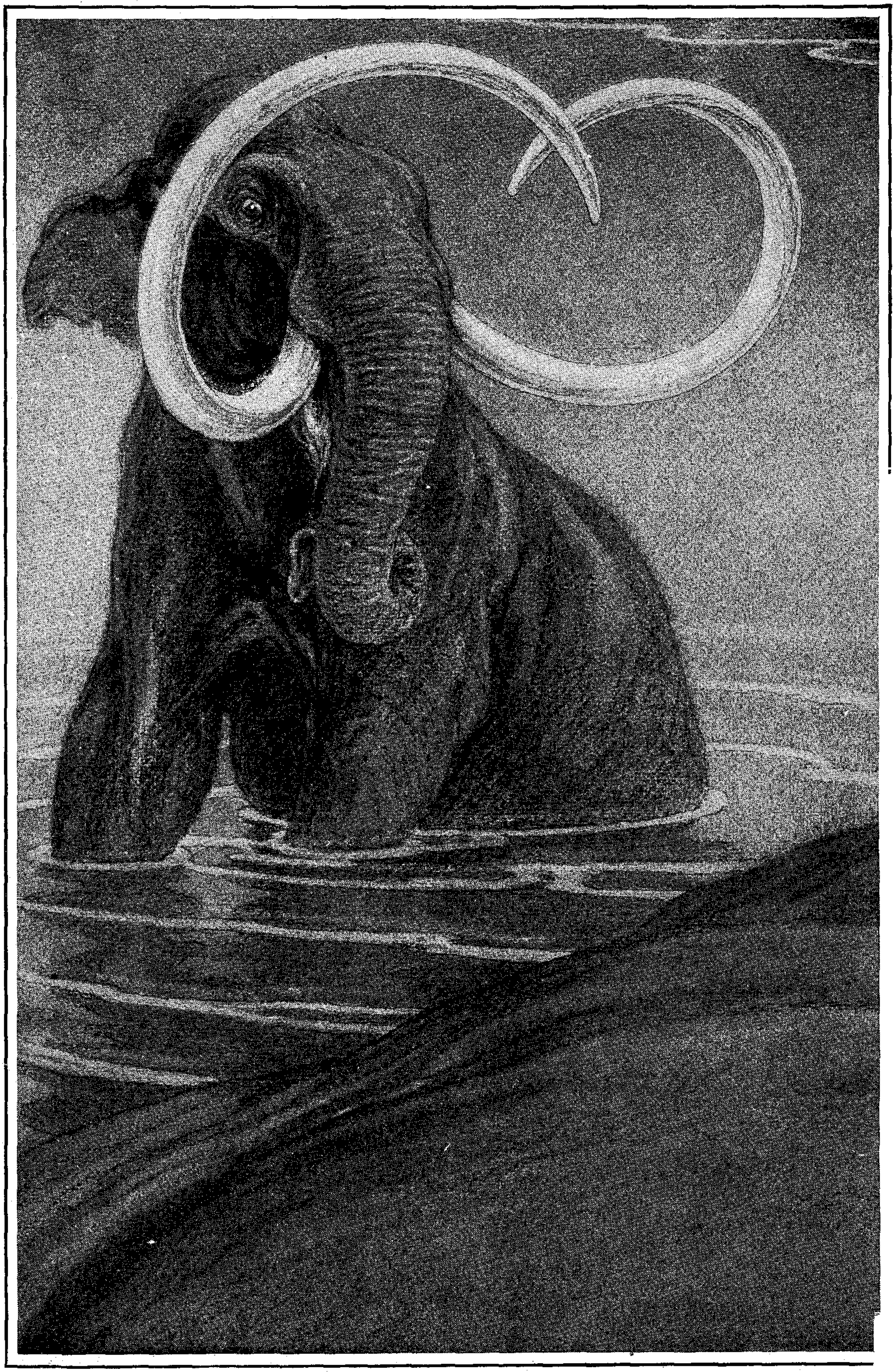
The entire region at that time was a cattle range, and had a small acreage value. I met a vaquero, who volunteered the information that the place was a nuisance, as young calves, lambs, and colts were sometimes caught in it. I fancy the place could have been bought for a small sum; to-day it is the heart of a great oil-field which has produced millions, and, what is more interesting, the site of one of the most extraordinary deposits of prehistoric animals the world has ever seen.

I had collected fossils in nearly all the great geological horizons, was familiar with them in a pseudo-scientific way, had handled one of the greatest and most valuable fossil collections in the world, yet I stood on this deposit, which represented fortunes, and did not suspect it.

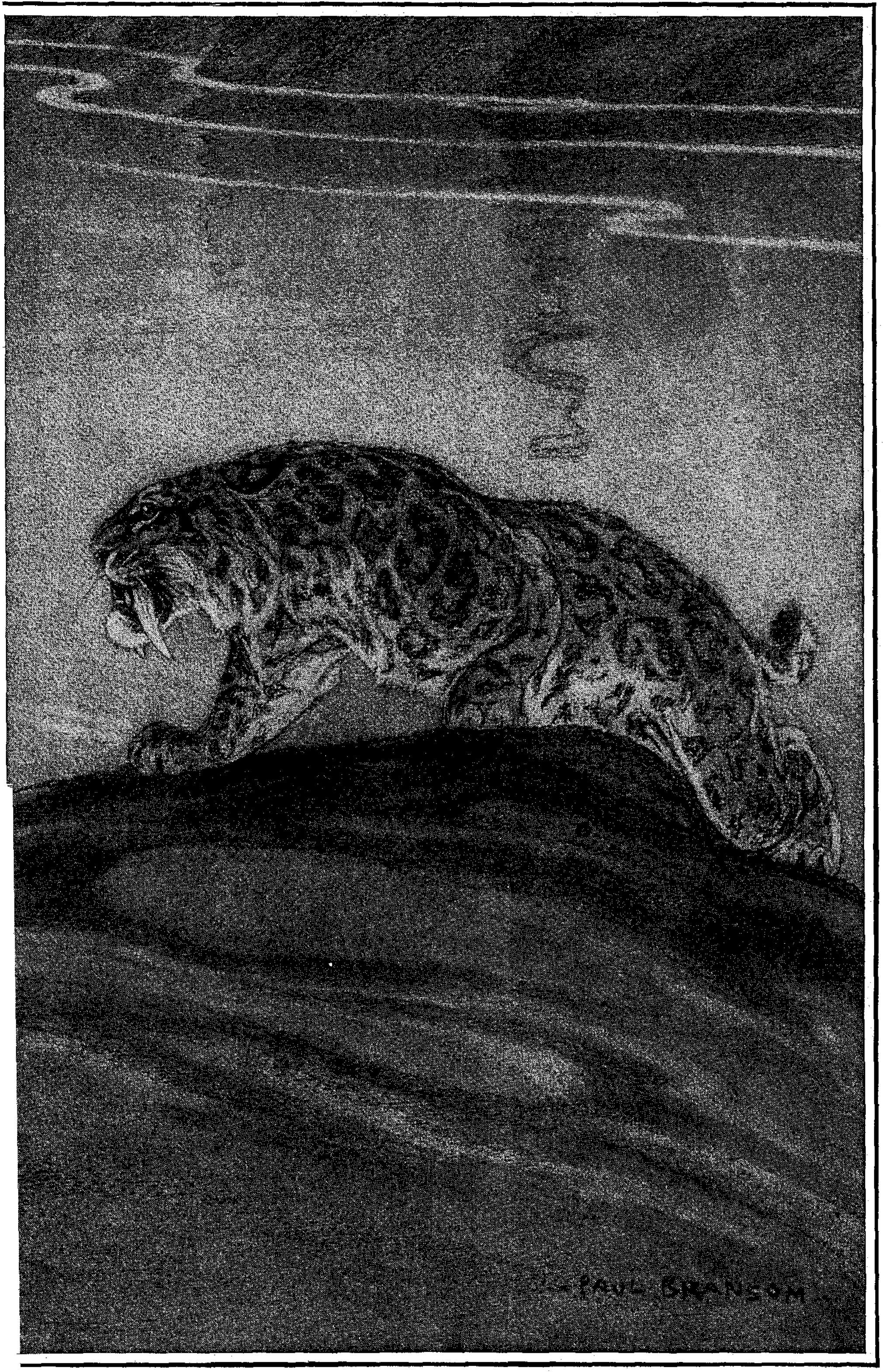
In following years the owners of the ranch endeavored to sell the asphalt or tar that came oozing up—a tar volcano—but customers complained that it was so filled with bones that its value was impaired.

For years the owners of the ranch sold "brea," and in time produced an excavation about one hundred feet wide, three hundred feet long, and from ten to sixty feet deep. This filled with water that seeped in, and, mixed with oil and asphaltum, formed a thick, black, iridescent pool that is one of the most marvelous traps in the world. For years no one suspected its nature, until one day an Eastern palæontologist accidentally saw a curious tooth in a Los Angeles office and asked where it came from. The observer was sufficiently interested to trace it up, and found that the trail led to the "tar lake" on the Hancock ranch.

The tooth was a long, sharp canine of



MASTODON AND SABER-TOOTH


PAUL BRANSOM

MILLION YEARS AGO

the saber-tooth tiger, a splendid carnivore that lived in the Quaternary Age. At once it was discovered that bones valued at thousands of dollars had been mined and thrown away for years. What was considered a fault in the asphalt was of inconceivable value. And the bones had been ground and smashed up by the picks of ignorant Chinese or Mexican laborers for a decade!

It is one of the mysteries how these bones could so long have remained concealed, but when the fact became known that a deposit of the rare saber-tooth tigers had been unearthed, the scientific world turned in this direction, and thirty-odd years after my first visit I went on a tiger hunt to this locality, first with Mr. John Muir, and a second time with Mr. Andrew Carnegie. In 1886 I saw nothing but the greasy water and bubbling gas; there was nothing to suggest a mausoleum, a mine of treasure. But as I stepped out of the motor car one day in 1910 there was a decided change: the edge, or shore, of the tar lake had been cut away for some distance, and on it were twenty or more young men and women, smeared from head to foot with asphaltum, working as fast as possible, and all, not on a tiger hunt alone, but bagging tigers, camels, peacocks, elephants, eagles, lions as big as the African variety, mastodons, wolves, buffalo, oxen, horses, giant ground sloths, condors, vultures, and many more. Think of these wild animals in California—fierce lions identical with the present African lion, tigers that could cut the present tiger in pieces with one jerk, elephants roaming ten miles from Los Angeles, and a giant sloth that towered many feet in the air, a colossal, impressive beast!

In riding over this region to-day, reclaimed from waste land in thirty years, practically in full sight and gunshot of a city of 350,000 inhabitants, over a plain being rapidly built up and covered with beautiful homes, it is almost inconceivable that such things could be; yet as these lines are being written the tiger hunt is still on, and the museums of the world are becoming enriched through the liberality of the owner, Mrs. Ross.

The old ranch, through its oil, has become a bonanza, better and surer than a gold mine; but its owner has permitted the representatives of several colleges to excavate gratis, and, as a result, over five tons of rare bones have been taken out in a very small space. It is believed that a palæontological museum will be built in Los Angeles for the purpose and the remainder of the field carefully excavated in the cause of science, all of which will give Los Angeles the finest museum of the kind in the world.

The Hancock ranch—"Brea Lake," as it is called—is within the city limits of Los Angeles, about four miles from the city proper, and is one of the wonders of the world. No such find has ever been made before, as here is a nature's trap of the Pleistocene times, a period which may have dated back a million or more years. Yet it stands to-day practically as it did in the Quaternary Age, when all these animals roamed California. Africa and Asia were doubtless connected with America, and the camel, elephant, and lion roamed at will. As one stands on the side of the pit, not more than two or three hundred feet around, he can in imagination see the scenes enacted in the past.

At some time the earth's crust must have cracked upward here, and the vast deposit of asphaltum and oil which underlies the region oozes up through the break in the strata and permits the escape of gas, so that all over the area near the ranch house one comes upon mimic and miniature tar or asphaltum volcanoes or craters. A great bubble of asphaltum or tar will be seen rising. This will burst, and the matter forced up slowly runs away, like lava. I counted scores of these in a small area; the pit includes dozens, and, filled with water, shows them by the gas bubbles breaking on the surface.

One of these seemed to be a well or crater of pure tar, and by thrusting a scantling down into it and prying on it slowly a great mass of pure "tar" could be lifted up, which might be compared to lava; in fact, recently I stood at the base of Vesuvius on a lava flow which had stopped about five miles from the mountain, and the analogy between it and these mimic flows of the Brea Lake was most interesting. I found these brea craters everywhere, many in size from a hat to several feet across, and from one

THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN SECURED TONS OF BONES

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SLOTH OR MASTODON the oil and asphaltum were running away, forming a miniature stream.

On one I found a meadow-lark which had been caught in the treacherous folds. At once the secret of this wonderful trap was understood, and the scene of possibly a million years ago vividly pictured.

As the asphaltum oozes up with the consistence of thick molasses, it forms a level surface as black as ink. Now two things happen. In summer dust blows over it and conceals its dangers, in winter rain falls on it and collects. The meadow-lark, in flying about, saw the pool and walked into it to drink. At once the sticky mixture held it. In its struggle it fell over, its wings were held; as its wings beat the bird was caught again, and in ten minutes it was bound, wings, tail, and legs. It now gradually sank into the asphaltum and disappeared.

I saw on my various visits the remains of a ground-squirrel, of a skunk, and four or five birds, and it was easy to imagine how a large animal could be entombed, only assuming that the trap, or crater, was large enough.

Stepping backward anywhere from three hundred thousand to a million or more years, we find ourselves in the Pleistocene Period of California. The region hereabouts must have looked very much as it does to-day, a great undulating plain, and at this particular spot, the ranch of Mr. Hancock, there was an unusually large crater of asphaltum, possibly a group of such craters, as the bones are traced some distance to the west, and doubtless will be found over a wider area when further investigation is made.

Assume that we were concealed in some bush or tree in the neighborhood watching the wild animals of the time. Along comes a gigantic sloth, feeding, then a herd of elephants. One of the latter is in advance, browsing on the verdure which surrounds the pit. Suddenly it sees the water, which forms a thin scum over the asphaltum, and wades in. At first it does not notice the tenacious hold the asphaltum has taken, and sinks knee-deep as it sends the water over its back. Then it lifts a ponderous leg, or attempts to, and a panic which seizes all animals from man down when caught in a quicksand seizes it. It flounders, lifting its feet, or trying to, then slips and falls upon its side.

We can easily picture its struggles, its trumpeting, its herculean efforts to regain its feet, all of which are of no avail. During this struggle one of the predaceous animals of the region, a saber-toothed tiger, is prowling about in the jungle. It is larger than the tiger of to-day and has two enormous tusks, eight inches in length and sharp on the edge, the latter being serrated. Its teeth are so long and poniard-like that one wonders how they could be used, but the looker-on presently has an illustration. Attracted by the sharp, whistling cries of the terror-stricken elephant, the tiger creeps through the brush and sees the victim. It crouches, trembling, for a moment, lashing its tail, then launches itself on to the struggling beast.

As it lands it raises its head, strikes down with vicious power, burying the two dagger-like teeth in the side of the mastodon, then, with a tremendous downward wrench, cuts through the hide, and literally disembowels the animal in two long, savage cuts. The mastodon struggles violently, and the tiger possibly slips from its hold into the water, and is caught by the asphaltum. Its savage thirst for blood is forgotten, fear seizes it as it wallows in the tenacious mass, and it is fatally involved.

In an hour perhaps the giant elephant is out of sight, and over it lies the dead tiger. In the hot sun the body soon attracts birds of prey. Condors come from the hills, alight on it, and in their fight for supremacy some are crowded into the "water," are caught, and, struggling, are soon trapped in the sticky mass. Small animals come at night—wolves and others. They, too, are caught. And so the never-ending tragedy went on here, not an hour passing but some insect was caught, not a day but some bird fell a victim, and doubtless the entombment of a large animal was a common occurrence, the actors ever changing.

One day an ox waded in, and was attached; the day following a huge sloth rolled in the sticky mass; the next day a horse or an antelope or a camel became involved. The struggles attracted a band of lions, all of which, in their fierce lust for blood and prey, became involved, and went down to their death on top of the camel, which, in turn, sank into the body of a sloth, surrounded by the countless bones of birds of all kinds and descriptions living at the time, from humming-birds to ducks and condors.

Every living thing was game for this giant hopper, or trap, and the quantity of bones taken from a very limited space is more than remarkable. But animal upon animal was piled in, one on top of the other, until the entire ground here became in time an almost solid mass of bones in some places.

In certain sections observed by me the bones were so thick that it was difficult to find a place on which the point of a finger could be placed without touching a bone. The children of the schools of Los Angeles spent their holidays working in the asphaltum. They displayed great enthusiasm, and secured tons of bones and many perfect skeletons of the animals enumerated, which will take years to mount and classify. The bones are finely preserved, as the oil has permeated every pore.

As I stood on the bank watching these collectors a shout would be heard, and Professor Gilbert would hasten down, examine the uncovered bone, and perhaps announce a new sloth or a mastodon. The way these giants were piled in one upon another baffles description. The actual facts seemed like a dream. The bones of a giant sloth were found; near this was a mastodon, and on it two saber-tooth tigers. Every boy or girl was continually discovering some fresh specimen, and so successful a tiger hunt, or one so valuable, was never known.

On my second visit our party included Mr. Andrew Carnegie and President Scherer, of Throop Polytechnic. The attendant showed us what had been an old stable of the ranch, packed and filled with the extraordinary skeletons of the tigers and other animals. Here were huge heads of giant sloths, rows of splendid saber teeth of the tigers, skulls of lions—in fact, a collection without equal in any museum of the world, yet a bagatelle compared to what has been taken out, and what will be taken out in the future.

# INCENSE

### BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

Think not that incense smoke has had its day.
My friends, the incense time has but begun.
Creed upon creed, cult upon cult, shall bloom,
Shrine after shrine grow gray beneath the sun.

And mountain boulders in our aged West
Shall guard the graves of hermits truth-endowed;
And there the scholar from the Chinese hills
Shall do deep honor, with his wise head bowed.

And on our old, old plains some muddy stream,
Dark as the Ganges, shall, like that strange tide—
Whispering mystery to half the earth—
Gather the praying millions to its side,

And flow past halls with statues in white stone
To saints unborn to-day, whose lives of grace
Shall make one shining, universal church
Where all faiths kneel, as brothers, in one place.

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OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

" We have got our establishment away up on stilts. It must come down, but in bringing it down I believe in using a jackscrew rather than an ax"

# Where Underwood Stands

## An Interview with the Democratic Leader of the House, by The Outlook's Special Representative

## Oscar King Davis

THERE are points about a jackscrew which might cause a distinguished public man to object to being likened to it. Then, again, there are points which would make the comparison distinctly favorable to the statesman. Something depends upon the angle of observation.

Generally speaking, a jackscrew is not highly ornamental. It is almost always heavy, and usually well smeared with black grease. These are things that no man would care to have said about him. But a jackscrew is also extremely useful. It performs work ordinarily very difficult, if not impossible, otherwise. It typifies the concentration of force, the application of great power in small compass. Moreover, it is silent and uncomplaining, accomplishing prodigious tasks without noise or protest. It is a patient and obliging implement, ready to serve low or high alike, and requiring only intelligent co-operation for the achievement of success. These are merits which any statesman ought to be proud to possess.

I do not know whether the Hon. Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, and leader of the Democratic party in the House, would choose to be compared with a jackscrew or not. But he himself suggested the comparison.

"We have been living under a false system for fifty years," said Mr. Underwood, when I asked him to talk with me about National questions and politics. "We have got our establishment away up on stilts. It must come down again; but in bringing it down I believe in using a jackscrew rather than an ax."

Very few persons suspected Mr. Underwood of possessing so many of the admirable qualities of a successful jackscrew when he was chosen last winter to be the leader of the Democrats in the first House under their control for sixteen years. All his colleagues, and many others, knew, of course, that on the unflattering side there was no aptness at all in such a comparison. He is one of the best-dressed and best-looking—from the masculine point of view—men in Congress; always immaculate; one of those men whose clothes always fit perfectly and who know by instinct what to wear and how to wear it. He is a fine, upstanding man, who looks under forty and is forty-nine. But it was the possession of the unsuspected qualities that enabled him to surprise his party and the country by the skill which has made his leadership markedly successful.

There were a few men, naturally, who from close association with Mr. Underwood had learned to know what he was. But he had been a member of the House for sixteen years, coming in the year his party lost control there, and had never got under the spotlight.

He had served under the leadership of Bailey, Richardson, Williams, and Clark, and it was not until the last few years that anybody except the Democratic leaders had begun to think of him as anything more than a loyal and modest toiler in the ranks.

All that time, however, Mr. Underwood had been working as hard as any thoroughgoing jackscrew, and in first-class jackscrew fashion. He concentrated all his power and applied it directly to the immediate problem. He worked smoothly and silently, without friction and without clamor. Representing a district that, except in the Populist days, never made any trouble about continuing him in service, he came back to Washington term after term, and kept on devoting himself assiduously to the chief legislative problems as he saw them, certain that in the end the political pendulum would swing back and bring him the opportunity to put his training and experience to use. Consequently, when the elections of last year did finally put the Democrats in control in the House, Underwood was ready.

As soon as it was assured that the Democrats would have a majority in the present House, there was widespread interest throughout the country in what they would do. During their years in the minority they had lost a good deal of their reputation for cohesion and efficiency. Effective leadership was almost impossible with them. They would not follow, and were so badly disorganized at one time that John Sharp Williams, the distinguished Mississippian who attempted the discouraging task of leading them, disgustedly exclaimed in the House that it was no wonder the cartoonists chose a donkey for the Democratic emblem.

On their return to power there was unconcealed anxiety among prominent members of the party all through the country as to the result, while the Republicans openly predicted a continuance of the old disorganization and disregard of leadership. So distinguished a Democrat as Speaker Champ Clark openly voiced his apprehension in a speech in which he declared that his party was merely on trial now.

That was the feeling when the Democrats of the new House met in Washington, late in January, for the caucus that was to determine the organization and leadership under which they were to meet their trial. Mr. Underwood had served for years on the Democratic side of the Ways and Means Committee, next in rank to Champ Clark. With the selection of Mr. Clark for the Speakership it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Underwood would be moved up to the Chairmanship of that Committee. The Democrats had made their campaign and won their victory on the tariff issue. The result of the election made it certain that as soon as the House was organized revision of some schedules, if not of the whole tariff, would be attempted. Mr. Underwood had made the tariff his special study for years, and was prepared to undertake this work, which is always handled by the Ways and Means Committee.

In the old days in the House, under the Cannon régime, the Chairmanship of Ways and Means carried with it the floor leadership of the majority. But the Speaker was the real head of his party, and appointed all the committees. The readjustment of the powers of the Speaker, which began in the last Congress, culminated at the Democratic caucus in January in the determination to shift the assignment of committee places from the Speaker to the Ways and Means Committee. Nominally the committees were to be elected by the House, but in fact the election was merely a confirmation of the work of the Ways and Means Committee. The practical result was to put the Chairman of Ways and Means into the party headship, which theretofore had belonged to the Speaker. It put upon Mr. Underwood a larger responsibility than devolved upon any other Democrat in the House, not excluding even Mr. Clark.

Almost immediately that responsibility developed a situation which put Mr. Underwood's leadership to the test and had a material bearing upon the subsequent disagreement between him and William J. Bryan which recently reached the stage of open rupture, when Underwood, in the House, publicly denounced as false a criticism of him by Mr. Bryan.

The Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee were in session, making up the general committee list. Mr. Bryan had come to Washington, eager to make his influence felt in the organization of the House. He wanted to have his say about the selection of men and the formation of a programme. Ollie James, of Kentucky, a proved friend of the Nebraska statesman, was a member of the Ways and Means Committee. The meeting of which this is written had not progressed far when Mr. James submitted a motion that the Committee invite Mr. Bryan to sit with it during the consideration of the general committee lists.

Right there Mr. Underwood made his first move as the real leader of the House Democrats. It would never do, he declared, to have Mr. Bryan attend any meeting of the Ways and Means Committee, especially while the other committee assignments were under consideration. If such a thing were done, it would be impossible to keep it secret, and even though not a single one of Mr. Bryan's recommendations was followed, the word would go out that Bryan had dictated the Committee assignments and that it was a Bryan organization of the House that had been effected.

Mr. Underwood had been a "good Bryan man." Three times he had supported the Nebraskan for the Presidency. He had no quarrel with Bryan. But he saw the unwisdom of permitting the new House organization to be tagged with the label of any man or faction. It was to be the organization of the party, not of any individual. The motion of Mr. James was not carried, and Mr. Bryan waited in vain for the invitation to join the Ways and Means Committee.

With the committee list agreed upon by his colleagues on Ways and Means, Mr. Underwood took a step which again demonstrated his possession of one of the chief qualities of a successful jackscrew and a successful leader—patience. He submitted the list to a caucus called for that purpose. In the January caucus Mr. Underwood had given the first proof of this quality. He had insisted that every man who desired to speak should have the fullest opportunity to do so. In the caucus on the committee list he took the same stand. And he has repeated it at every subsequent caucus. Others of the old leaders, including Speaker Clark, have grown weary of prolonged discussion, but never Mr. Underwood.

"Let 'em talk," he always says. "Let 'em have it all out here. Then there will be no kick afterward."

It takes time and patience, but it has been uniformly successful. There have been numerous caucuses. Every move Mr. Underwood has made, every bill he has brought forward, he first submitted to a caucus for unlimited and unhampered debate. If the discussion was not concluded at one sitting, the caucus adjourned for another. Not until the last man had had his say was the vote taken that was to bind them all to united action in the House. Every time that vote has been either unanimous or nearly so, and invariably it has approved Mr. Underwood.

The special session of Congress called by President Taft to act on the Canadian Reciprocity Agreement met before Mr. Underwood had completed his plans for the organization of the House. But he did not permit himself to be hurried. The House simply marked time until he was ready to proceed. Then it began to do business under his direction with precision and despatch. It was promptly demonstrated to the country that the Democratic House was not a mob, but a finely organized and efficient legislative machine, thoroughly responsive to its leadership. And each successive move made showed more and more clearly that Underwood was the leader.

There was never a jar or a creak of the machinery. It was the régime of patience and smoothness and efficiency. Under the Cannon rule the "organization"—the machine—rode down all opposition by the sheer force of its dominant will. If any man protested, the steam roller smashed him flat in a jiffy, and it was a steam roller with long teeth, that left its victims scarred and maimed behind it.

Underwood, always patient, always suave, always gentle, met those who were inclined to disagree with him and reasoned it out to the end. No matter who the man is, or how brief his service in Congress, the rawest of the "freshmen" can always get an interview with Underwood and the fullest opportunity to state his case and have it considered. Somehow he finds time for everybody and everything. Local bills, district troubles, political obstacles, anything that bothers any of his supporters, can be carried to Underwood with the certainty that he will listen to all the story and do the best he can to help. He has devoted sixteen years to unremitting study of the business of the House of Representatives and how best to accomplish it, and the result of his study and experience is at the disposal of the greenest of the new members, always with the utmost cheerfulness.

When he has a measure to bring forward, he first discusses it with his immediate friends and associates on the Ways and Means Committee. When they have agreed to support it, he proposes it before a caucus. He never has to hammer and drive to get it through. He explains it fully, speaking in his slow, soft drawl, touched only here and there with the accent of the South. If there is any hammering to be done, his friends do it for him, and in the end the result is always the same—the caucus has approved and the measure is no longer his, but that of the solid Democratic strength in the House.

Inevitably the success of his leadership has brought the suggestion that he is of Presidential size, and the Alabama delegation in the House has already determined to present his name to the Democratic National Convention next year. There is no doubt that the delegates from his State at that Convention will be solidly for him. Underwood knows, of course, what is going on, and of course is pleased. But it has not ruffled a hair of his head. He is never ruffled, never flurried; always calm, always good-humored. He has not made a move to further the efforts of his friends with regard to the nomination.

"No man is ever a candidate for the Presidency," he says. "But of course no man would refuse a nomination."

Then he turns, with the ever-present smile, to talk of the tariff. That is the chief National question that he has studied, and it holds his chief interest. He practiced law for ten years in Birmingham before coming to Congress, and in his early service in the House was on the Judiciary Committee. To some extent he has given attention to others of the great questions of the day, but they have all been subordinated, in his study, to the tariff.

"I think the big question of the year is the tariff," he said, in answer to my query as to what the Democratic party ought to do at the next session. "It is the question of the development of the industries and the commerce of the Nation."

That sounded singularly like the talk of some of the high protectionists in the House whom Underwood has fought ever since he has been there, and it made me wonder what was coming next.

"Up to within a comparatively few years," he went on, "while the great West was settling up and developing, the question was not the same as now. Then we had a market at home which absorbed the products of our factories. We had no surplus to dispose of, and we did not need to look abroad for a market for our manufactures.

"But now that situation has changed. The West has settled up, and with its settlement there has been an industrial development that has outstripped the increase in demand. Now there is an almost unbroken line of smoke-stacks from New England to the Golden Gate. Our domestic markets are no longer able to consume the products of our factories. We are producing a great surplus, and we must find markets for it in other countries.

"Now, we cannot trade with other people unless we permit them to trade with us. For fifty years we have been living under a false system. We have got our establishment away up on stilts. It must come down, but in bringing it down I believe in using a jackscrew rather than an ax."

"What about the difference between the domestic and foreign costs of production?" I asked.

"I believe in a tariff for revenue only," he replied, with decided emphasis on "revenue only." "That is, we should have the lowest rates that will raise the revenues which the exigencies of the Government require. The differential between domestic and foreign costs of production is the dividing line between the Democratic and the Republican theories of the tariff. It is the maximum of Democratic rates and the minimum of Republican rates.

"Just as soon as you come below the difference between domestic and foreign costs you make a competitive tariff. Just as soon as you go above it you make a protective tariff. A protective tariff is never a revenue tariff, because as soon as you make it protective you begin to dam back imports and competition."

So there is the line to which Mr. Underwood will devote his chief activities during the regular session of Congress next winter. He will not be deterred by the failure to secure tariff legislation at the special session just ended. Next winter the Republicans will be driven, under the pledge of President Taft in his Message vetoing the Wool Bill, to make an effort of their own for revision of certain schedules. Mr. Underwood will try again to put through his bills, and to secure, through what Republican assistance he can compel, such measure of rate reduction as he can.

This will be the chief issue of the Presidential campaign next year, so far as he can make it so, and undoubtedly he will have his party in the House solidly behind him, as heretofore.

There are other questions of National importance which interest the Democratic leader, but none in such degree as the tariff.

"We have the worst and most indefensible currency and banking system among civilized nations," he replied to my question as to his views on that subject.

Then he added that, with the work of the Monetary Commission still incomplete, and its report not yet even roughly prepared, there could be no well-digested consideration of that matter for some time.

"But there must be an investigation of the so-called money trust," he declared. "I think that our Committee on Banking and Currency, or possibly a select committee, should be authorized to go into that matter thoroughly. The question of the concentration of money and of credit is of vital importance to the whole country, and we ought to have all the facts about it."

"How about amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, Federal control of corporations, further inter-State commerce legislation, and all that?" I asked.

"I have not studied those questions much recently," Mr. Underwood replied, frankly. "My time has been given chiefly to the tariff. But the Supreme Court is wrestling with those problems just now, and until we see how they are worked out under the decisions in the Oil and Tobacco Cases I think we can afford to wait. When the Court has worked out these problems, then, if further legislation is necessary, we can act."

So it is clear that we shall have another season with the tariff next winter, and when this human jackscrew gets into operation, then something is very likely to be moved.

# THE INVENTOR[1]

## BY IVAN SWIFT

A sad man lived in the years of dark
And numbered the pains of dearth.
He prayed of the gods a sign and spark
To lift the burden and light the ark
For the sons of his weary earth.

He took for his tithe the tangled thorn
That falls to our foretime dreams—
The hate of the loved and the loaner's scorn,
For the sake of the millions yet unborn,
And the goal of the right that seems.

His kinsmen saw but the waste of dower
And warned of the wretched gain.
The forge and book and the midnight hour,
That knew the man in the secret tower,
Could marvel the mortal brain.

From a drop of rain and a quoin of steel,
A coal and a grain of sand,
He fashioned a lamp for a kingdom's weal,
And laid man's work on the arc of a wheel
And watered a wasted land.

A pleader came with a pewter plate,
A frock, and a false renown.
He gave a toy and a writ of state
To feed the pride of a dreamer's mate—
And took for his own a crown.

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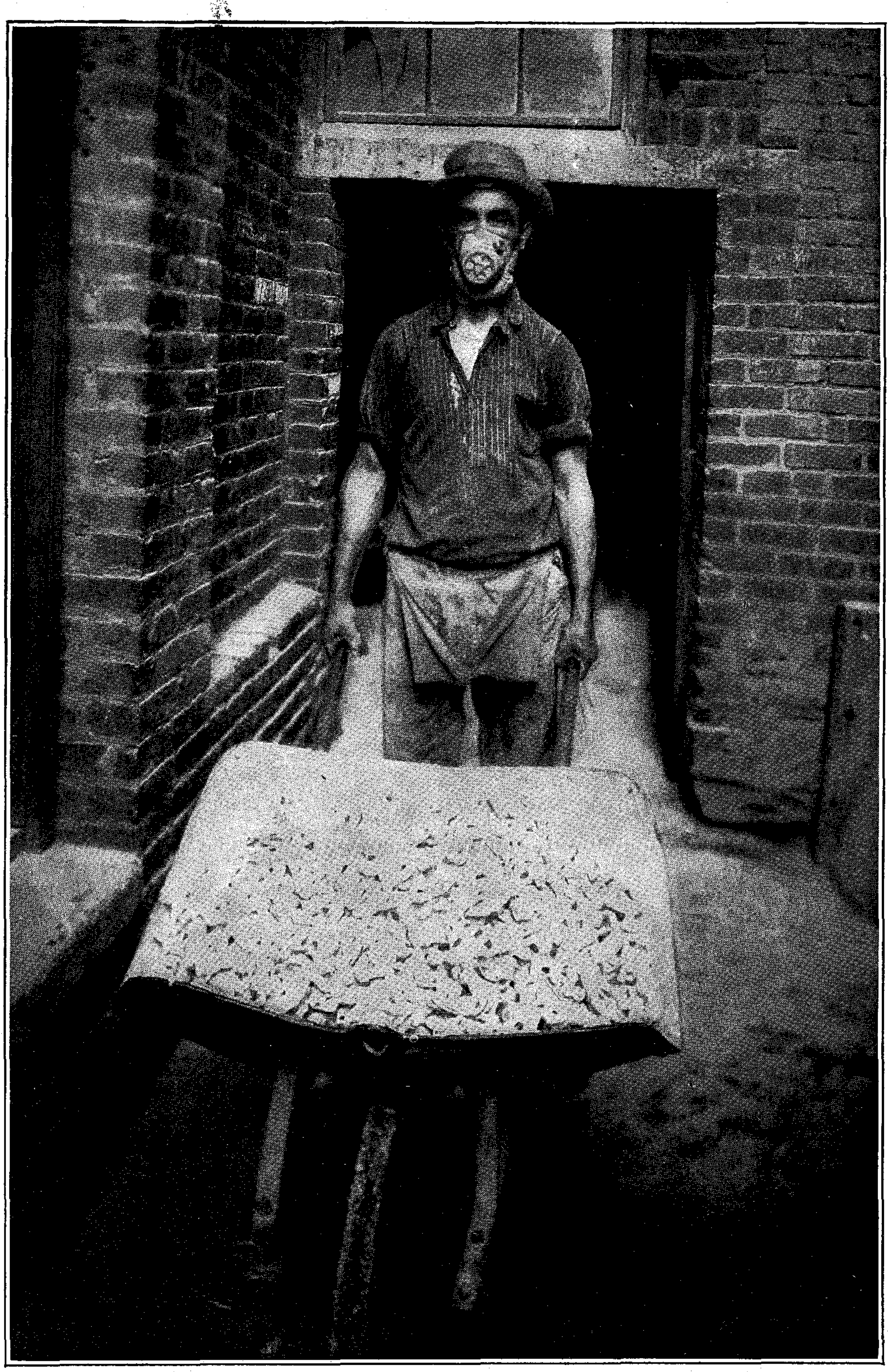
[1] A prominent patent attorney testifies that his big reward comes from established corporations as retainers for discouraging, defeating on technicality, or purchasing cheaply inventions likely to become competitive.



A WHITE LEAD WORKER

Lead poisoning is one of the worst diseases of industry. The mask here shown contains a moist sponge which prevents much of the poison from reaching the worker's lungs

# The Work That Kills

## By Earl Mayo

THE most important economic movement under way in America to-day is the movement for the conservation of the human resources of the country. It has its humanitarian as well as its commercial side, but the latter may be emphasized here for the reason that its true importance is little appreciated even by those who recognize the claim of the former. It is a many-sided movement, and its ultimate possibilities have not yet begun to be appreciated. One of its manifestations is the effort participated in by many separate agencies to prevent the needless waste of child lives. This has been described in a previous number of The Outlook.[1] Another phase is the effort to do away with preventable diseases, such as tuberculosis and typhoid. In the specific field of industry serious attention is just beginning to be directed to the problem of preventing the unnecessary injuries and illnesses incurred by industrial workers. Along with this naturally goes the proposal to distribute the cost of such accidents and sicknesses as do occur more equitably between employer, employee, and general society, instead of leaving its whole incidence to the individual worker. A beginning has been made in this direction, so far as certain classes of accidents are concerned, in the workmen's compensation legislation adopted by various States during the past year.

Accidents, however, are responsible for only a part of the morbidity and mortality arising from industrial processes. Sickness likewise imposes a serious toll upon industrial efficiency. Part of this sickness is inevitable, irrespective of the occupation followed by the persons afflicted. Another and very considerable part of it, however, is due to unsanitary conditions surrounding or arising from certain branches of industry. Of the latter a large percentage, estimated by the best authorities in the country at one-quarter of the total, is unquestionably preventable. If it is equitable to divide the cost of industrial accidents among employers, employees, and the general body of citizens represented in the State, the same considerations apply in equal measure to those diseases which have their root in conditions of employment. In those European countries which are regarded as the most advanced in their treatment of this subject this principle is recognized, and the diseases as well as the accidents of industry are provided for through workmen's compensation acts, through compulsory insurance under the regulation of the State, or through direct State aid.

In the United States, while the subject of industrial accidents is beginning to be seriously studied, the problems presented by the diseases of occupation have received practically no attention. There are two reasons for this. One is that conditions of employment are so much more unsettled on this side of the Atlantic than in European countries, with continual shifting from one occupation to another, that the effects of long-continued employment in trades inimical to health are less noticeable. The other reason is that no statistics are available in this country by which it is possible to measure the extent or cost of either the morbidity or mortality occasioned by the conditions of industry. While it has long been recognized that certain trades contribute an excessive number of cases to various general diseases, and that others give rise directly to specific ailments, the data required for a correct understanding of the extent of the problem or of the necessity for remedial measures is lacking.

Some time ago a prominent statistician attempted to form an estimate of the cost to the United States of the accidents and diseases incurred by workers in industry. He found that there was almost a total lack of statistics upon this subject, and that it was quite impossible to form any conclusion based upon reports gathered in this country. The best he could do was to adopt the statistics of accident and morbidity collected in Germany, which is well in advance of other nations in this respect, and to utilize these in forming an estimate of the extent and cost of occupational accidents and diseases in the United States.

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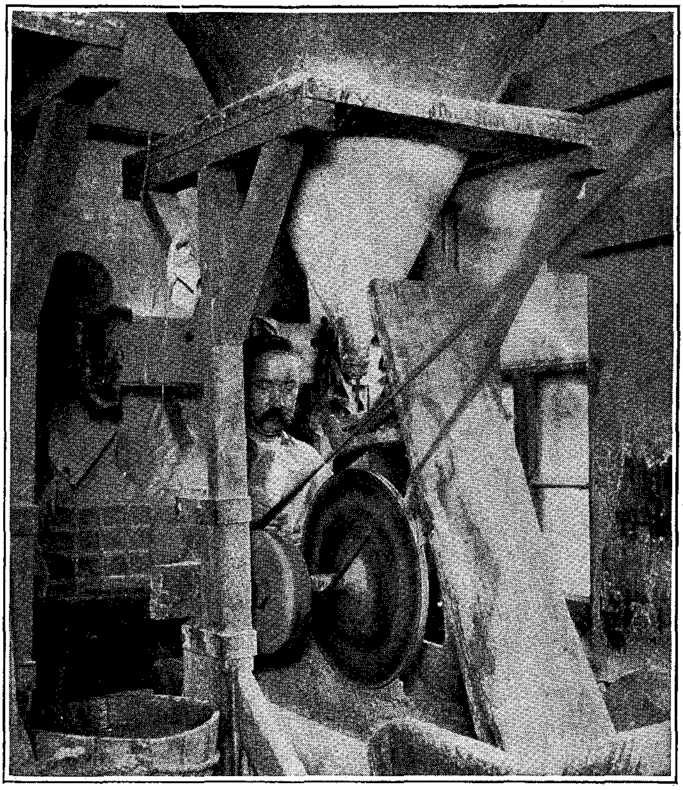
[1] "The Conservation of the Child," April 22, 1911



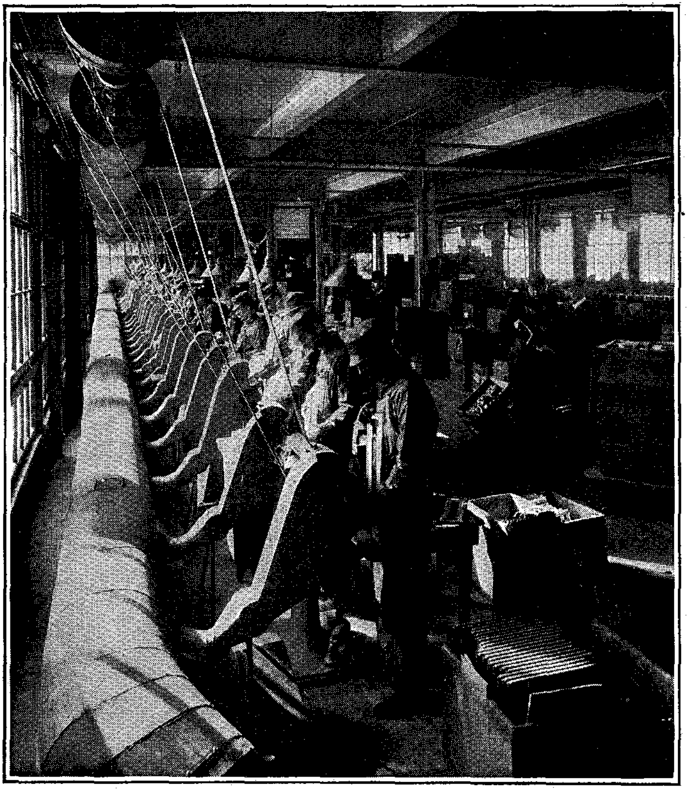
THE GRINDER UNPROTECTED

The old style of grinding-wheel, which has nothing to protect the worker from the flying dust

If the facts of German experience are applied to the American industrial population of approximately 35,000,000, we find that the loss of employment through sickness and injuries amounts to nearly 300,000,000 days annually. This represents in loss of wages to the workers not less than $450,000,000, in the cost of medical care $300,000,000 or more, and in a loss to employers from the absence of regular workmen of probably $150,000,000 additional. The mortality from accidents and disease amounts to not less than ten in one thousand, or a loss annually of 350,000 lives, with an economic value of $875,000,000. Not all of this waste is preventable, but experience in those countries and industries in which investigations have been made indicates that at least twenty-five per cent of it is preventable. If this estimate is correct—and it is likely to err on the side of conservatism rather than the opposite—it gives a sum of over $400,000,000 as the amount that could be saved annually by the full application of adequate safeguards against accidents and disease in connection with industrial occupations—certainly a stake worth striving for.

As this estimate is drawn from German records, it reflects only in a general way the situation in the United States. As a matter of fact, both the mortality and morbidity attendant on the course of industry in this country probably is greater than in Germany, where the study of the prevention of accidents and protection from disease has been carried on very much longer and more exactly than it has in the United States.

An essential to the remedying of any state of waste or loss is a correct understanding of the conditions contributing to that state. To this end the first necessity in the United States is the enactment of laws by the various States providing for the prompt reporting of all diseases arising from conditions attendant upon occupation as well as of accidents occurring in the course of occupation. At the present time a systematic effort to secure the adoption of laws requiring the reporting of such diseases by all physicians is being made by the American Association for Labor Legislation. Of almost equal importance with the adoption of such legislation is uniformity in the enactments of the different Legislatures in order that



THE GRINDER PROTECTED

The new method, in which the wheel is inclosed in a hood and attached to a pipe which carries off the dust

accurate statistical compilations may be made for entire industries. A uniform measure has been called to the attention of the lawmaking bodies of all the States and has been adopted by several. The law provides a small fee for the reporting of each case, and a penalty for failure to do so. This measure for the compulsory reporting of occupational diseases has been adopted within the past year by California, Michigan, Wisconsin, New York, and Connecticut, and a similar law has been enacted in Illinois.

Another provision which should be coupled with the compulsory reporting of cases of industrial morbidity is one requiring that in death certificates the secondary or underlying cause of death shall be specified as well as the immediate cause. Thus, in a case of death from tuberculosis arising from employment in a trade exposing the worker to the constant inhalation of irritating dust, that fact should be embodied in the report. These requirements, together with more complete statistics in the census reports of the ages as well as the number and sex of those employed in various trades, and a more complete subdivision of trades into their separate branches, would make it possible to arrive at a definite understanding of the true extent of the human waste for which the conditions attending certain industrial occupations are responsible. The collection and compilation of such exact information would be the surest means of bringing about an intelligent attempt to remedy conditions injurious to the health of industrial workers.

The morbidity and mortality that arise from the conditions of occupation may be separated into two broad classes, one including those specific diseases confined to a particular industry or group of industries, and the other consisting of general diseases to which certain trades contribute in undue proportion. While there are no comprehensive statistics covering either of these classes in this country, a number of fragmentary studies that have been made in both these fields have developed facts of considerable value, which serve at least to testify to the importance of authoritative investigations covering the entire subject.

One occupational disease which has been the subject of special investigation, and to which public attention has been particularly directed within recent months, is phosphorus poisoning in the match industry. The agitation for the removal of the danger to workers from the use of poisonous phosphorus has assumed international scope, and has received legislative attention over a period of several years in a number of countries. The situation in this industry is particularly instructive as to the possibilities of disease prevention through the application of study and inventive ability to the problems of dangerous trades. The remedy in this case is found in prohibiting the use of the poisonous substance in match manufacture and the adoption of a harmless substitute in its place.

In the manufacture of phosphorus matches the processes that involve risk to the workers are the dipping of the sticks in white phosphorus to form the heads and the subsequent handling. For a great many years there have been frequent cases in the match industry of poisoning from the phosphorus, which usually attacks the teeth and bones of the jaw. Among physicians it is known as phosphorus necrosis, but the workers themselves have given it the significant and striking name of "phossy jaw." The first manifestation of phossy jaw usually is the rapid decay and falling out of the teeth—the phosphorus getting into the mouth and into cavities or imperfections in the teeth. The jaw-bones and the tissues surrounding them decay. Abscesses form, suppuration takes place, and the decaying flesh and bones produce an extremely disagreeable odor that makes the disease particularly horrible both to the victim and to those surrounding him. The only way to stay the progress of the disease is by the removal of parts or the whole of the affected bone. In many instances an entire jaw has had to be removed, leaving the affected person frightfully disfigured and seriously handicapped in the effort to gain a livelihood.

It is difficult to determine the actual extent of this disease in the United States. With no comprehensive system of reporting cases of phosphorus poisoning and with the deaths due to it often attributed to other causes, there is no means of ascertaining its exact frequency. A detailed investigation made in 1910 by Dr. John B. Andrews, under the direction of the Bureau of Labor, discovered eighty-two cases in three factories, and developed the fact that sixty-five per cent of the operatives in all branches of the work were exposed to the danger of poisoning. Many of the cases never come to the attention of physicians even, for the reason that many of the workers drop out of the industry and change their occupation at the first signs of the dreaded poisoning. Considering these facts and the relatively small number of workers employed in this match industry, it is evident that the chance of phosphorus poisoning is very considerable among all those workers in match factories who are brought into direct contact with the poison, and that it is far from being the purely fanciful danger that it is sometimes represented to be by those interested in the trade.

Many efforts have been made by different States and countries to minimize the danger to workers in this industry by imposing restrictive regulations on the use of phosphorus in match manufacture. The amount of phosphorus that could be used in making the paste has been limited, frequent dental and medical inspection has been required, and regulations have been adopted requiring the posting of notices warning employees of the danger in handling phosphorus. None of these measures provided an absolute safeguard, but fortunately invention has discovered a remedy that regulation could not supply, by furnishing a harmless substitute commercially practicable for use instead of the dangerous white or yellow phosphorus. This is the substance known as sesquisulphide of phosphorus, which is one of the phosphorus salts and is harmless. The discovery of the sesquisulphide process was made in France as a direct result of efforts instituted by the Government. In France the manufacture of matches is a Government monopoly. Under the system of State compensation to workmen for injuries received in the course of employment, the Government found that a large proportion of its profits from this industry was absorbed in payments for disabilities resulting from phosphorus necrosis. Consequently scientists were appealed to to devise a process of manufacture unattended by such risks. The economic argument was heeded as soon as its importance was realized, where the humanitarian appeal might have gone unnoticed.

The sesquisulphide process increases the cost of manufacturing matches to an extent generally estimated at about five per cent, and this has operated to prevent its general adoption through the fact that those makers who used it were placed at a disadvantage in competing with others not employing it so long as its use was not compulsory.

In this connection it may be pointed out that the use of the sesquisulphide process is not the only alternative to the use of the poisonous phosphorus in match manufacture. The familiar safety match, which can be ignited only by striking on a prepared surface, usually a strip attached to the side of the box, contains no phosphorus, and its manufacture is attended by no risk of poisoning to the workers engaged in its making. Comparatively few such matches are made in America, although considerable quantities are imported. The advantage of the sesquisulphide match is that it can be struck on any rough surface, and at the same time its manufacture is unattended by danger of poisoning. The ordinary "parlor" and sulphur matches are the most familiar kinds in the making of which poisonous phosphorus is used.

In 1904 an international conference was called in Basel, Switzerland, to promote the abolition of poisonous phosphorus in match manufacture by international agreement. Since then nine European nations have taken action prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or importation of matches made with poisonous phosphorus. The particular disease long associated with this industry is rapidly disappearing from the important European countries, and in a few years more it probably will have disappeared entirely.

In the United States a peculiar state of affairs existed. The sesquisulphide process was controlled by a single large manufacturing concern. When the proposal to prohibit the use of poisonous phosphorus was first submitted to Congress, last year, it was pointed out that the adoption of this measure might throw the entire match business of the country into the hands of one concern. The company that controlled the improved process offered, as a step toward the bettering of conditions in the industry, to place its patent in the hands of trustees who should have power to extend its privileges to those manufacturers who were willing to do away with conditions threatening the health and lives of their employees. Objection was still made that the ownership of the patent would leave the proprietary company in a position of possible future advantage over its competitors. The company thereupon reassigned its patent to the Government, leaving all manufacturers free to employ it if they desired to do so.

This action on the part of an industrial corporation in voluntarily relinquishing a commercial advantage for the purpose of promoting the health and welfare of the workers in their industry was widely recognized and praised, but, in spite of it, the number of manufacturers who take even partial advantage of the opportunity is small, and conditions in the match industry, so far as most of the manufacturing establishments are concerned, have not improved appreciably. In point of fact, at the time this article was written men prominent in the match-manufacturing industry admitted that the poisonous phosphorus was still being used in every factory in the country. An Act of Congress definitely forbidding the use of poisonous phosphorus will be required to do away completely with this serious occupational disease.

A commission appointed under authority of the Illinois Legislature has been engaged recently in investigating lead poisoning in that State. It found a large number of trades in which lead is employed to an extent and in a manner to make poisoning from it probable, besides a number of others in which it was used to a minor degree. The greatest number of cases were found in the painting trades, as these employed the largest number of workers, but the most serious danger of poisoning apparently is met with in the industries of lead smelting and the manufacture of white lead.

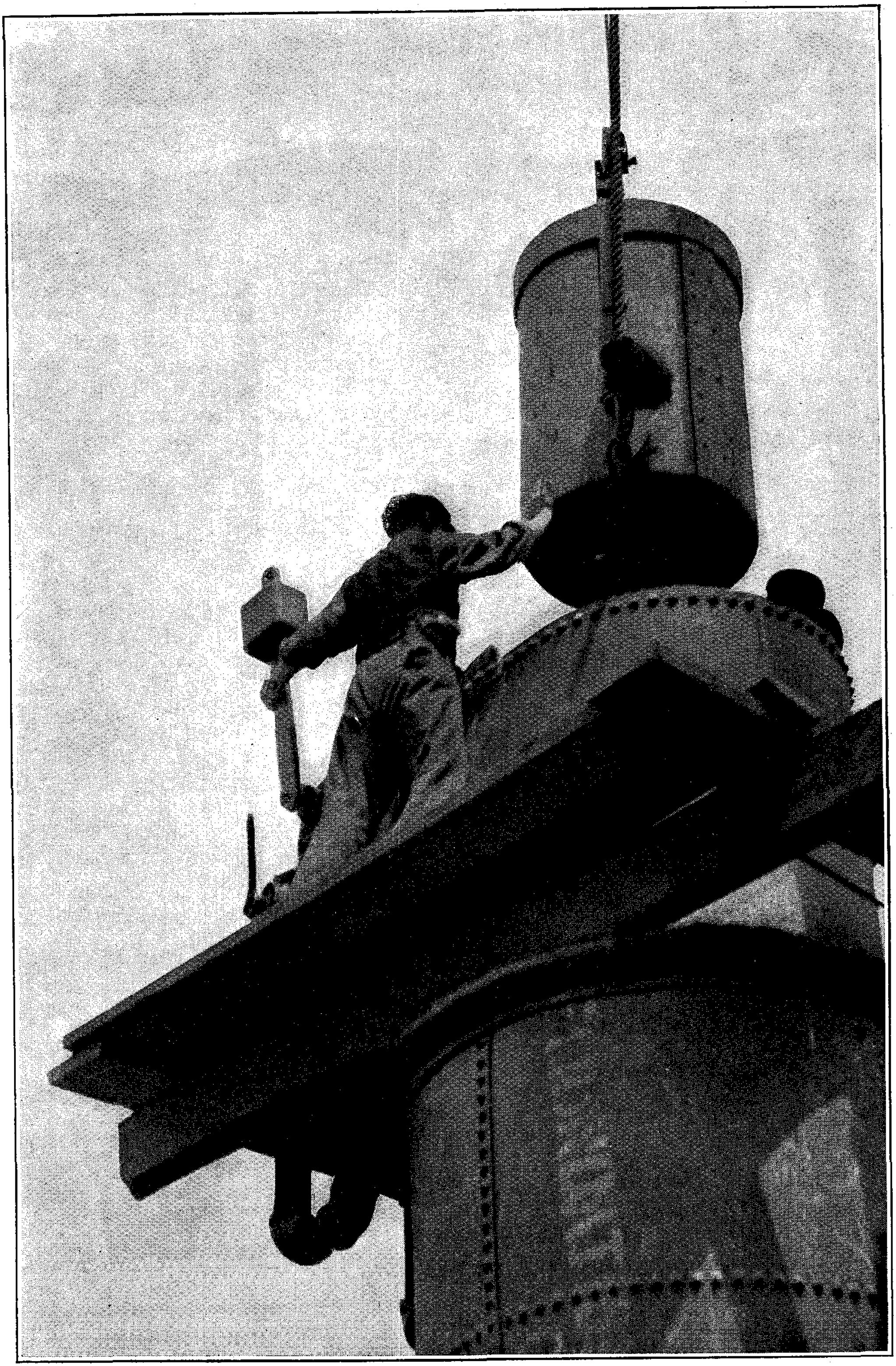
There are comparatively few deaths arising directly from lead poisoning. The process of absorbing the poison into the system is a gradual one. In most cases it is taken in through the mouth in the form of dust, or through neglect to cleanse the hands or to change the working garb on leaving the factory. In many establishments the lack of proper ventilation and of facilities for cleanliness on the part of employees is such as to give every encouragement to the disease. Another reason why lead poisoning is seldom an immediate cause of death is that its manifestations are so unpleasant to the laborer that he is compelled to change his occupation, and so he removes the cause of the trouble. It usually results in acute colic with severe pains, extreme nervousness followed in time by swelling of the joints and partial paralysis of the ankles, shoulders, or wrist. Painters' "wrist drop" is a familiar expression in the trade. One effect of the poison is to impair the operation of heart or kidneys so that diseases of these organs show an excessive mortality in the trades that make use of lead.

The usual result of lead poisoning is that the worker who becomes affected, or "leaded," as the men themselves say, drops out of the industry and changes his occupation, either temporarily or permanently. Among the higher-paid and better-organized trades the inducement to continue the regular employment is greater than in the unskilled branches, and consequently the number of serious cases is larger in these occupations. That much may be done by the efforts of individual employers to minimize this particular form of occupational disease is indicated by the records of two factories examined by the medical investigator of the Illinois Commission. Both of these factories were engaged in the production of white lead. In one of them practically no effort was made to safeguard the health of the workers, and, although only eighty hands were employed, between four and five hundred new men were taken on in the course of a year, nearly twenty per cent of the workers dropping out at each bi-weekly pay day. In the other factory, where much better provision was made for the care of the workers, only eighty men were added during the year, although the total number regularly employed was nearly twice as great as in the first establishment.

As it is obviously to the advantage of employers to have a regular and steady force of workmen, this consideration in itself provides a strong argument for the installation of devices to prevent dust, to remove fumes, to secure proper ventilation, and otherwise to provide adequate safeguards against poisoning. To these should be added the requirement of frequent medical inspection, so that cases of poisoning may be detected and treated in their incipiency. Of the fifty-six factories examined by the Illinois Commission, only one had regular medical inspection, although two others employed physicians to care for men who became sick. Regular medical examinations, such as are required by law in most European countries, undoubtedly are the most urgent requirement in those industries that expose workmen to the danger of lead poisoning.

A disease which is peculiarly a product of modern industrial conditions is that which afflicts workers engaged in tunneling, and in digging at great depths for the foundations of bridges or of some tall buildings. Work of this kind is carried on by sinking caissons or driving shields open at the end where the excavation is being made. In order to prevent an inrush of water or mud that would overwhelm the workers, it is necessary to maintain an air pressure inside the work-chamber equal to the pressure from outside. Working in an air pressure from two to five times that of the ordinary atmosphere, men are able to accomplish much more in a given length of time than they could under ordinary conditions, but they are able to sustain their efforts for only a much briefer length of time. If they pass from the high-pressure chamber direct to the ordinary air, the result is likely to be severe pains in the muscles and joints, and bleeding from the mouth, ears, and nose. In acute cases this is sometimes followed by unconsciousness, a partial paralysis of the lower limbs, and death. On account of the severe pains, which cause them to writhe in agony, the workers have given to the disease the name of "bends," by which it is commonly known. In the building of the Brooklyn Bridge there were more than one hundred cases of this disease, and at least three of these ended fatally. In almost every great construction work of this sort that has taken place since there have been numerous cases of this disease and occasional deaths from it.

It has been found, however, that if the worker's transition from high to ordinary pressure is made gradually, the danger of "bends" is very much lessened. Thus



SINKING A CAISSON

In the caisson the men are at work digging in an air-pressure from two to five times as great as the ordinary atmosphere. "Bends" is caused by the worker's sudden change from the high pressure to ordinary air in modern operations of this sort the workman goes from the chamber in which the work is performed into what is called an air-lock, an adjoining chamber in which the pressure is gradually reduced, until the men are able to emerge into the ordinary atmosphere without serious inconvenience.

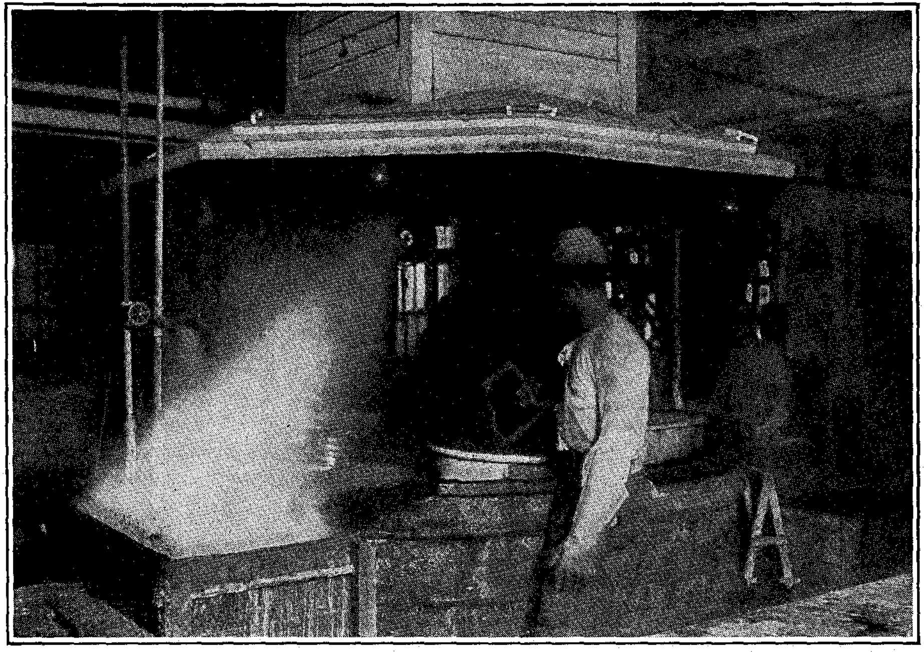
Observation and experiment have made it possible to determine with reasonable exactness the length of time which must be allowed for this decompression period, and also the length of time during which it is safe for a caisson worker to labor continuously. Both of these vary in direct ratio to the extent of the pressure. The accepted formula applying to this matter provides that where the pressure in the working-chamber is thirty pounds to the square inch, or twice that of the ordinary atmosphere, men may safely work in four-hour shifts, and on leaving work must spend from thirty minutes to one hour in the air-lock. In a pressure of five atmospheres, or seventy-five pounds to the square inch, however, one hour of continuous labor is all that is regarded as safe, and from one to two hours must be spent in the air-lock. By the observance of these precautions and the requirement of medical examination of men applying for this class of employment, the risk of caisson disease may be kept at the minimum.

A disease communicated from animals to man is anthrax, sometimes classified as wool-sorters' disease, from the fact that it is contracted in that industry. With Pasteur's discovery of a successful method of treating anthrax in animals by inoculation, however, it is possible to prevent this disease through its suppression among the animals themselves.

Among the industries in which workers are more or less exposed to serious dangers from various forms of poisons are the manufacture of certain chemicals, dyestuffs, and colors, some branches of the metal, glass, rubber, and leather-working trades, the operations of gas works, the manufacture of explosives, mining, smelting, hat-making, and various other specialized occupations. The United States Bureau of Labor publishes a list of thirty such "industrial poisons," compiled from a similar chart prepared at Jena in 1908. These include antimony, arsenic, chlorine, mercury, lead, phosphorus, picric acid, and prussic acid among those extensively used. In nearly all cases these poisons enter the system through the respiratory organs by the inhalation of gases or dust particles. Less frequently the poison enters through the skin or through the mucous membrane lining the mouth.

It is possible, in practically every case where industrial pursuits involve dealing with poisonous substances, to provide practical means of protecting employees, either by the use of special appliances or by the incorporation of hygienic features in the equipment of factories. Respirators will prevent workmen from breathing in noxious dust or fumes with which they may be brought into direct contact. Gloves and shields will protect the hands or other exposed portions of the body. Frequent ablutions of hands and faces, washing of the mouth, and change from working clothes on leaving the factory, provide additional protection. Thorough ventilation of work-rooms, providing changes of air, and the covering of receptacles now left exposed would remove the greater part of the danger in many factories. While the workers in establishments devoted to trades requiring the handling of dangerous substances are in some cases the victims of neglect or ignorance on the part of employers, the trouble even more frequently is that the workers themselves disregard ordinary precautions that they could easily take. Familiarity with the dangers of his trade too often breeds contempt in the mind of the worker. But society has the right to insist that both employer and employee shall give due heed to the requirements of safety. It likewise has the power, through the machinery of the State, to enforce the adoption of reasonable safeguards, and this power should be exercised in respect of all those occupations that involve special danger of disease or accident.

This result can be accomplished by requiring regular medical inspection of workers engaged in these industries, and by granting to State boards of health authority to require the installation of necessary safeguards and to prevent the



PROTECTING THE ACID WORKER

A hood which effectively carries away the fumes from the acid tank

employment in dangerous trades of minors or persons physically unfit.

While the specific diseases arising from the occupations previously mentioned and from others involving risk are responsible in the aggregate for a great amount of sickness, the extent of these maladies is far less than that of the general diseases to which certain trades are heavy contributors. It is a matter of common knowledge, for example, that the death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis is higher in the so-called dusty trades than in other lines of occupation. Statistics of the Registrar-General's office in England show that the death rate from tuberculosis among workers exposed to organic dust is higher at all ages, and particularly between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five, than it is among the industrial population as a whole. The death rate for these trades from all causes, on the other hand, is just about the average. The conclusion is fairly certain, therefore, that conditions in these trades render the workers especially liable to tuberculosis through the irritation of the lungs and respiratory passages by dust particles. The same condition holds true of those trades which involve the grinding and working of metals and minerals. The British statistics show that the mortality from tuberculosis is higher than the average in all these trades.

Dr. Thomas Oliver, the eminent British authority on diseases of occupation, found twenty-two industries in which the mortality from tuberculosis and diseases of the respiratory organs was more than double that among agricultural workers, the class selected as a basis for comparison. Among potters and cutlers the mortality from this cause was more than four times as great as among agriculturists. Among file-makers, glass-makers, and copper workers it was more than three times as great. Among iron, steel, zinc, brass, lead, and tin workers, stone quarriers, coopers, cotton, wool, and carpet operatives, it was more than twice as great. In all these cases the excessive mortality from tuberculosis undoubtedly was due to dust. It is noteworthy that the rate was highest among those most steadily exposed to metallic dust, which naturally has a greater capacity than other forms for irritating and cutting the surface of the lungs and respiratory passages. In many instances doubtless the dust particles may carry along with them the germs that give rise to tubercular affections. In no case, of course, can dust itself cause disease, but through the irritation which it causes it prepares a favorable field for the action of the direct agent of infection. It is obvious, therefore, that there is particular danger from the presence in establishments devoted to dusty trades of workers suffering from tuberculosis. In all such factories workers found to have tuberculosis should be transferred to other occupations, or else should be separated from the main body of employees and supplied with the means of preventing the spread of the infection to their fellow-laborers.

In a report on industrial hygiene prepared by Dr. George M. Kober for the United States Bureau of Labor the following statistics are quoted to show the prevalence of pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia among workers in dusty trades compared with the same diseases in non-dusty occupations:

CASES PER 100 WORKERS

| Class of employment. | Tuberculosis. | Pneumonia. |
|---|---|---|
| Workers in metallic dust | 28 | 17.4 |
| " mineral " | 25.2 | 5.9 |
| " mixed " | 22.6 | 6. |
| " animal " | 20.8 | 7.7 |
| " vegetable " | 13.3 | 9.4 |
| " non-dusty trades | 11.1 | 4.6 |

A similar state of affairs is shown by the mortality report of the United States Census to exist in this country, although the subdivision of occupations is not carried far enough for the formation of accurate conclusions. The returns cover entire trades, instead of differentiating those branches in which exposure to dust is particularly great. Thus, while leather workers, textile mill operatives, employees in the printing trades, tailors, and other classes of workers show a death rate from tuberculosis well above the average, this does not mean necessarily that all the operations in these trades are inimical to health on this particular score. In many cases the danger is confined to particular processes in which the workman is constantly exposed to the inhalation of dust. In some occupations the high mortality rate undoubtedly is due to the prevalence of generally unsanitary conditions rather than to any danger inherent in the industry itself.

The provision of more detailed information in regard to both the morbidity and mortality among industrial workers is of primary importance in indicating exactly where safeguards should be applied, and of what these should consist. To this end it is important that laws should be adopted by all the States requiring the reporting of all accidents and diseases, showing specifically the character of the employment in which the subject of the report is engaged. An improvement in the method of reporting by physicians is also to be sought, so that in giving the history of cases they will include exact information as to the character of employment. Beyond this, there should be regular medical inspection in all trades that may be classed as dangerous.

Intelligent employers are anxious to co-operate with officials and industrial experts in adopting safeguards that will protect the health, and thereby add to the efficiency, of their employees. There is room within the medical profession for a new field of specialization in industrial hygiene which will give a class of experts not only capable of dealing with the specific treatment of occupational diseases, but also equipped to act as consultants in the equipment of factories or of individual workers, so that the men themselves may be protected, and so that those who may be affected with such diseases as tuberculosis may not become a source of danger to their fellows. There are in existence, or can be devised, appliances that will protect the workers in most dangerous trades. The lungs may be protected from dust by respirators. The eyes and mouth may be shielded from flying particles by the erection of safety hoods over grinding, cutting, and polishing machinery. The hands, faces, and bodies of workers exposed to intense heat or to poisonous fumes may be shielded by specially constructed masks and gloves. Blowers and exhausts will carry off dust and fumes that would endanger the health of employees if allowed to collect in the workrooms. In these and many other ways the special problems arising in connection with occupations dangerous to health may be met and solved, once their importance is appreciated and the necessity of such action is brought home to the general public.

While intelligent self-interest will lead many employers to adopt safety devices as rapidly as these are perfected, it is not enough to rely upon this. Boards of health in the various States, or the National Government in the case of products entering extensively into inter-State commerce, should have the power to inspect establishments devoted to industries shown to be exceptionally dangerous, and should be empowered to require the installation of safety devices or to prohibit absolutely the employment of women, minors, or others physically unfit in trades that involve particular risk to health or lives. Massachusetts, which was the pioneer State of the country to adopt legislation on this subject, has blazed a path that other States should follow in dealing with this subject.

Under the Massachusetts law State inspectors of health examine and report on the sanitary conditions and hygienic equipment of schools and factories, and give particular attention to the health of minors engaged in industrial occupations. They make medical examinations to determine whether young persons are physically fit to engage in the lines of employment in which they are found, and have the power, through the State Board of Health, to declare certain trades dangerous, and thereby to exclude minors absolutely from such trades. The men appointed to these positions are practical hygienists in addition to possessing medical knowledge, and some of the most valuable results that they accomplish are achieved through suggestions that they make to employers for the better hygienic equipment of their factories, and through suggestions that they make to workers as to means which they may adopt for their own protection. Working in close touch with local health officers and being familiar with local conditions, they are able to secure exact information as to the diseases and dangers of industrial occupations, while the fact that they are under the authority of the State Board of Health and report to it enables that body to collect comprehensive data as to the condition of workers throughout the State.

Now that the problem of preventing industrial accidents in the United States and of distributing more equitably the cost of such accidents is being seriously attacked by a number of influential bodies, including the National Association of Manufacturers, it is likely that the related problem of dealing with the diseases arising directly or indirectly from occupation will begin to receive adequate attention here. If compensation to workers injured by accidents in the course of employment is recognized as just and desirable, compensation to those incapacitated by industrial diseases is no less so, and its administration should be governed by the same principles. In connection with the Workmen's Compensation Act adopted in England, six industrial diseases were included with accidents in the list for which compensation was allowed, and authority was given to extend this to include others. Under this authority compensation is now granted for twenty-seven separate diseases.

Before the subject of compensation for diseases arising from industrial pursuits can be treated or even intelligently considered in this country, however, it is necessary that measures be adopted for the compulsory reporting of cases of occupational diseases, and that statistics be collected showing both the morbidity and the mortality of dangerous trades for the different age periods of the workers. Differences in conditions of employment between America and Europe, in the intelligence of workers, in the frequency of change from one occupation to another, and in the relative extent of machine and hand labor, undoubtedly would give results in this country varying somewhat from those that have been found by those European nations that have studied this question. That the problem is an important one, however, and deserving of careful study and resultant action as a part of the great movement for National conservation, is beyond question.

# *Earth's Song*

*By*

## *James Oppenheim*

I remember the day when I slipped from the sun's heart, slipped
Circling and leaped in my girlhood of fire and tripped
Up the meadows of night, a flame singing. O nothing of sloth
Was mine, O nothing but growth, growth, growth—
Singing alone in my beauty, nor knowing why,
Growing alone in my youth—and what then was I?
A young girl hiding the buds of her hill-breasts in trees,
A young girl winding herself in a garment of seas,
A young girl sending her youth on the stars where they rove,
A young girl all a young girl—ripened for love!

Then the sun, the glorious, stooped: I was clasped in the skies:
Was my beauty not strange, not new? As a spirit that dies
I gave up my girlhood to him: I gave the gift common,
He rendered me back the divine: when I rose I was woman!
"Who is that that goes singing?" the stars called out to each other.
"Ah, that," cried one, "is the radiant Earth, the young Mother,
Humming to her unborn!" What music I plucked
From my heart till, pillowed on silence, a wee life sucked

At my breast, and I swooned in that love overwhelming, that bliss
Of the Mother who feels on her heart that miraculous kiss!

Leaped then my heart with my power: I longed for my own,
I longed to pour life out and mother it till it had grown
Greater than I—no tongues have my seas and my sands—
Oh, I yearned for the brains that could think out my gropings, the hands
To fashion my love into deeds, the lips to give speech
To the splendor I dwelt in; I longed to lift up and reach
Into thought, into words, into deeds, into millions of love;
Children I craved so rushed with my joy they would rove
Earth, living out my heart's life to its furthermost thrill:
O children and children that would all my being fulfill.

Still vaster my dreaming: children to seize on the powers
That shot me, and, weaving my surface with cities of towers
And charging their spirits with strength, be as valves for my soul
To o'erflow and fill space, till I through the heavens might roll
A planet disclosing to skies my glorious ones,
A world that should lead all the worlds, all the planets and suns,
Till inwoven we soar, we star-millions, caught in one mesh
Of a Brotherhood greater than we and adventures afresh.

Such my dreams, but the trackers of dreams are the spirits that fail—
They must test, they must try, and the gleam flies afar and grows pale.

Pitiful creatures I spawned in the unceasing sea,
In the unstirring hills; but yet ever more, more of me
I put in the sparks, and they grew: some life-splendor fresh,
Some makeshift of feet, some glimmer of feeling flesh,
And I aged with despairing ages, till strange children walked
On the radiant hills and in strange ways they talked,
My poor dim children! Then with my might of mights,
Caught in birth-throes, caught in a fire of the heights
Of creation, I strained through that life to my topmost span,
And, lo, on my breast lay my one sheer miracle—Man!

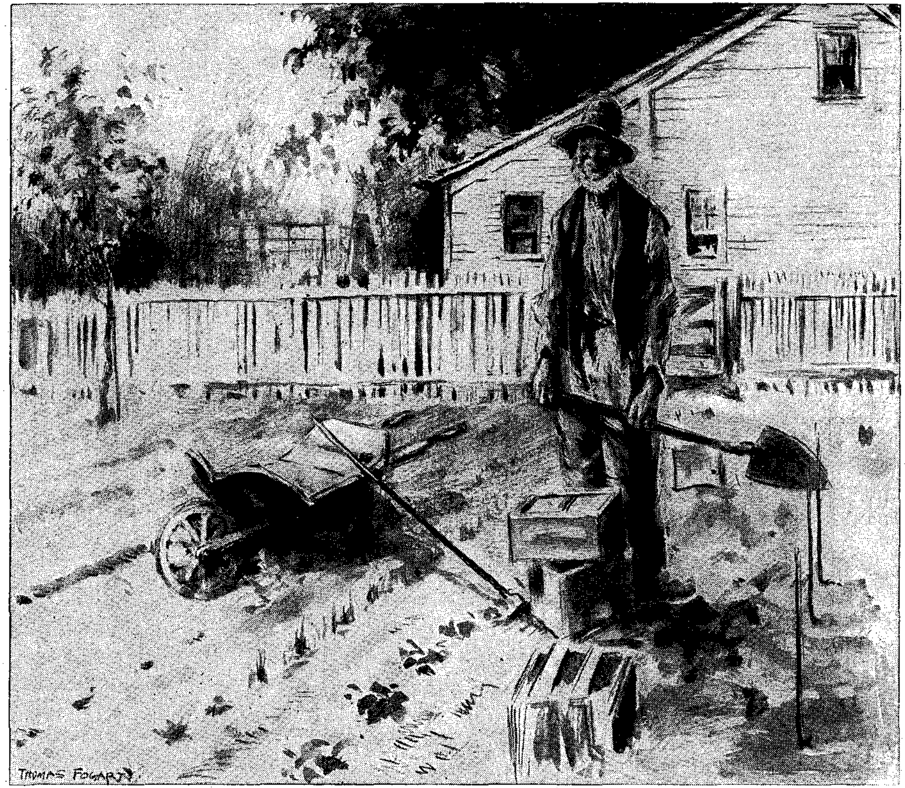
Man that could answer me back from the hush where I dwelt,
Man that could think in his brain all the passion I felt,
Man that could light all my peaks with his laughter and song,
Man that could love and could live and could dream and could long—
O my children, my own, I was paid for each pang, for each groan,
By the love that you rendered back, my own, oh, my own!

O Man, if you could but know what a glory you are!
Into you went the fire of the sun, my star,
Into you went the millions of ages of me,
Into you went the millions of ages to be;
And love and desire and dream and a daring brave,
From me rose in you as the sea leaps up in a wave.

Shall my mighty dream fail? Children, oh, children of me,
How long shall you shun your mother of mothers and be
Self-willed creatures that kill and find God in the skies?
O nearer is God: under your feet he lies:
Flesh of his flesh are you, and soul of his soul,

And you cannot escape him ; the long seas billow and roll,
The clouds break over the hills and the fields wave wheat,
But wherever you step it is I that am under your feet.
O children, children, what have I striven and could not !
I spread out my wings to gather you close, and ye would not !
Ah, few that came to me—yet you have lived in that few ;
It was I that arose in your Christ, it was I, I that grew
In your Darwin, your Dante ; it was I that pulsed in the air,
Wild-flavored, cool, sun-soaked, when your Whitman was there !
Turn away from all littleness, children ! Come now to me,
Fulfilling yourselves and your mother in all that may be !

O build you the great White City of love and of toil,
O set the young children to grow in the strength of my soil—
Health's radiance, joy's laughter, love's daring, and labor's good might,
They shall take from my breast to your towers, they shall drench them with light,
Till my surface is singing millions, till their hearts open wide
Are pipes for the rush of my glory to leap undenied,
Overflowing, and I am young with their youth, and higher
Soar with the flame of their joy in new girlhood of fire,
A girl, yet woman, all woman to draw on the skies
To undreamable grandeurs ! Sunrise, children, sunrise
Looks through your long night, laughing ! Sister and brother,
Children, 'tis I, whom you love, who loves you—your Mother !



"HULLO, BOYS! WON'T YER COME IN?"

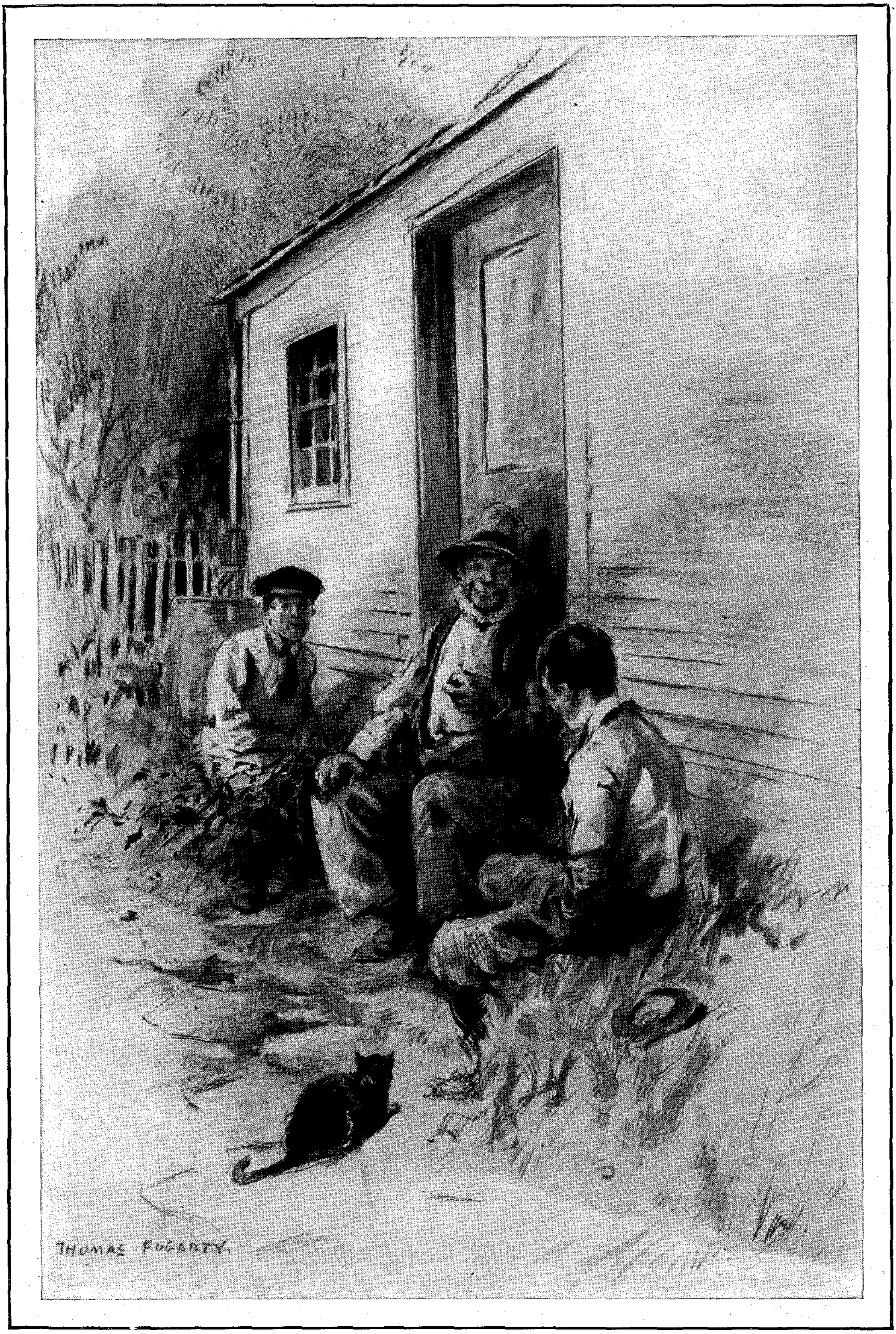
# West Injy Lane

## By Edmund L. Pearson

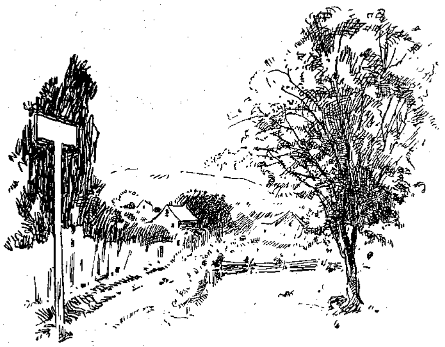
With Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

A SIGN-POST had been put up at one end of the lane, and it bore the words "Washington Avenue." It signalized the triumph of those who feared that any less high-sounding name would impair the value of their property. The struggle was long and bitter, and the supporters of the older title had been finally put to rout. If they had won, there would have been no sign-post at all. There was no need of any. Everybody called the thoroughfare West Injy Lane—even those who had pestered the authorities into giving it a more pretentions name.

There was never a Washington Avenue which looked so little like one. A pleasant old road, it had not greatly changed its appearance since the day when the man for whom it had been rechristened passed that way. It meandered along, innocent of sidewalks, and bordered, right and left, with grass. A pond at one end was musical all the spring—first with the high notes of the "peepers," then with the soprano trilling of the toads, and finally with the gruff performance of *basso profundo* bullfrogs. Cows and sheep nibbled the grass at the sides of the road or grazed in the meadows beyond


THOMAS FOGARTY.

ED AND I PERCHED ON A GRASS BANKING TO HEAR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SILAS WINKLEY



the stone walls. There were only five or six farm-houses throughout the mile and a half of the lane, and their barns stood open all summer, while the swallows flashed in and out. Solemn files of white ducks waddled down to the pond, where they spread devastation among the minnows and polliwogs, and then waddled contentedly back again, clapping their yellow bills as if smacking their lips. Their bills and feet gleamed beautifully in the sunlight.

It does not seem that any kind of weather but bright sunshine ever prevailed in West Injy Lane. Certainly Ed Mason and I did not see how it could be improved. At one end, near the pond, was the country grocery, where you could get weighed on the scales and buy jumbles (shaped like an elephant) at two for a cent. Near the other end was Haskell's Field—a hallowed spot, for it always contained one or two grass-covered rings, the relics of circuses past and the promise of circuses to come. Midway between the two, and in front of one of the houses, was a gigantic and half-ruined elm, already celebrated in legend and verse. Its romantic story never impressed us, except to make me wonder how it happened that when the young man had stuck a willow branch into the ground in front of his sweetheart's dwelling, an elm tree should have sprouted therefrom.

" 'Twasn't a willow," said Ed Mason, as we walked through the lane one morning; " 'twas a piece of elm."

" '*Twas* a willow," I retorted.

" How do you know ?"

" 'Cos Charley Carter told me."

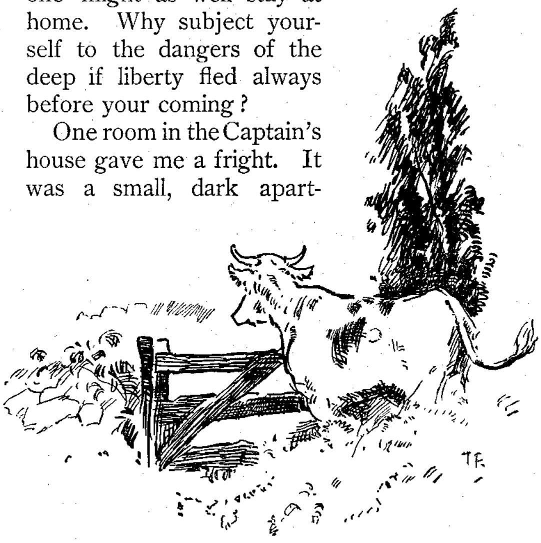
" He don't know anything 'bout it."

" Yes, he does, too ! Fred Noyes told him, and Peter Bailey told *him*, and Cap'n Bannister told *him*."

Ed was silent. The name of Captain Bannister was potent. He lived in a house on this very lane—a small, red-faced man with black hair. He had been a sailor, it was said, but he was a farmer now, so far as he had any occupation at all. He had no family and no servants, and he dwelt alone, with a fluctuating number of cats. His house was painted white—spotless and shining. It was without blinds, and so dazzling as to make you sneeze when you looked at it. The path up to his front door was lined, not with the usual whitewashed rocks, but with large white sea-shells from some foreign country. Back of these were double rows of cinnamon pinks, the Captain's joy and pride.

Once I had been taken by my elders to call on Captain Bannister. He showed us around his house—a museum of marine curiosities. But of all the stuffed albatrosses, all the spiny and prickly fishes, all the curious bits of coral and wooden ships somehow stuffed into glass bottles, none had seemed so interesting as a small box filled with what the Captain assured me was " tooth-powder from China." That the Chinese should know and use a pink substance so much like that with which I had to struggle every morning seemed to me nothing less than marvelous. The fact had another aspect as well—it robbed foreign travel of one of its charms. If one could wander so far, and still be pursued by enervating domestic customs, one might as well stay at home. Why subject yourself to the dangers of the deep if liberty fled always before your coming ?

One room in the Captain's house gave me a fright. It was a small, dark apart-



ment, a closet for size. In it the owner had chosen to place four or five lay figures in old-fashioned garments. They had dried pumpkins for heads and they sat in ghostly silence amid the gloom. There was a man with a pipe in his mouth sitting in front of an empty fireplace, an old woman, and two or three children. There was even a baby in a cradle, its yellow pumpkin-face looking out from a ruffled cap.

I did not linger there. Ever since that visit the silent family had haunted my dreams, and I more than half suspected that Captain Bannister would like to lock me up in the room with them. I did not know what advantage would accrue to him by such an action, but its possibility seemed very near.

Even on the bright morning that Ed Mason and I, walking through West Injy Lane, engaged in a discussion about the old tree—even then the Captain's house was to me an eerie place. There was no reason, aside from the pumpkin family, why it should be so. It glistened with all its usual brightness, and there was the owner himself puttering about in the little garden. Ed Mason walked up to the picket fence, bold as a lion, and addressed the Captain in an easy, conversational tone.

"Good-mornin', Cap'n Bannister!"

The sailor faced about.

"Hullo, boys! Won't yer come in? Yer needn't be afraid. I won't hurt yer."

This last was for my benefit. I had not shown as much readiness to enter the gate as had my companion.

"Come right in."

So I went in. The next remark of the old man did much to put everything on an easy footing.

"Do you boys like cherries?"

We did like cherries, and we said so.

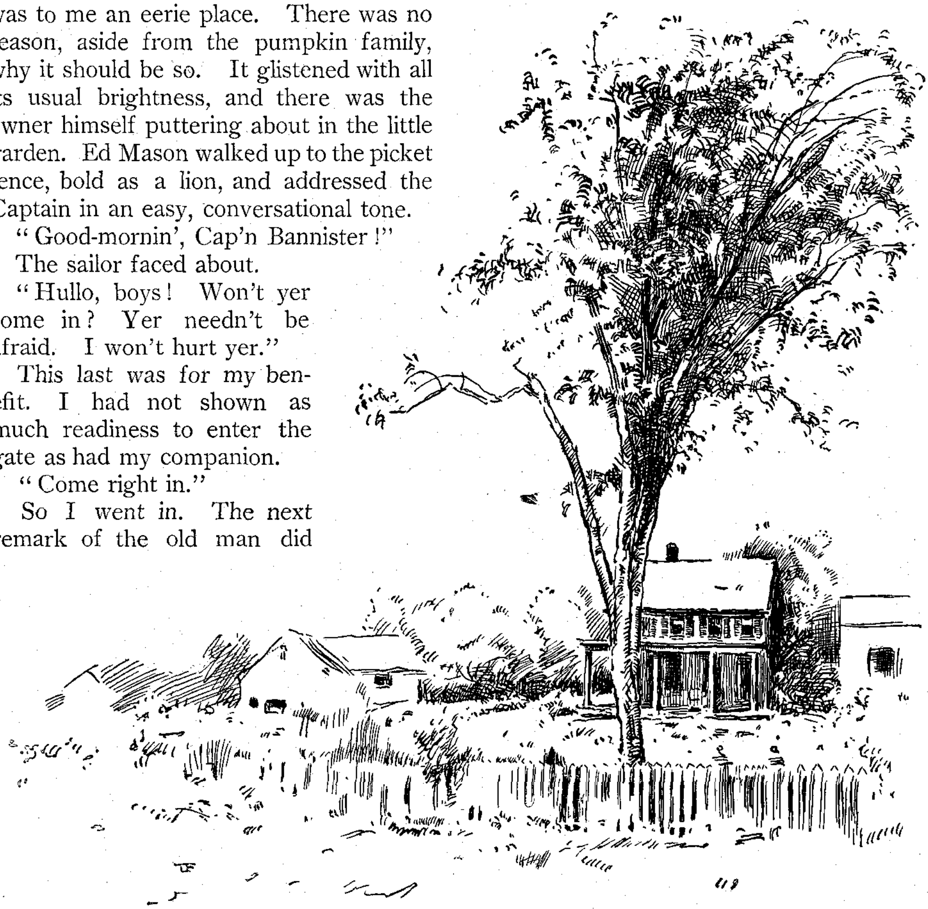
"Well, just wait till I pull up two or three of these here plantains, an' we'll go 'round to the side of the house an' see if the robins have got 'em all. There; now come on."

We followed him around the corner of the house. A black cat with a white breast came running to meet his master.

"Hullo, here's Nickerdemus! I told him to watch the cherries. Did yer keep the robins away, Nickerdemus?"

Nicodemus yawned and gave every sign of having been asleep, after the manner of his kind when there is no personal advantage in keeping awake.

The Captain put a ladder against the tree, climbed up, and began to drop cherries to us. Until then I had a faint



suspicion that he might be merely luring us on and on toward the room where sat the pumpkin family. But all such suspicions vanished now. You cannot think ill of a man who gives you cherries like those.

Ed Mason intended to find out about the old elm tree, and he broached the subject fearlessly.

"Cap'n, Sam says that *you* said they planted a piece of willow where the old elm came up."

"What's that? No; they didn't plant no willow. But all this about the young feller that came callin' on his girl, an' cut a stick to keep off the dogs, an' stuck the stick in the ground in front of her door, an' then went away an' forgot it, an' the tree grew outer that stick—all that's bosh. Don't yer believe it."

We promised not to believe it. The Captain came down the ladder with a handful of cherries, which he passed over to us. He stood, watching us eat them, and enlarged on the subject of the tree.

"I know all 'bout it, 'cos my second cousin Silas Winkley lived there, an' his great-gran'father planted that there tree jus' like any other tree. Silas's great-gran'father, ol' Deacon Plummer, wa'n't callin' on any girls there, 'cos he was up'ards of seventy when he planted the tree, an' had children an' gran'children of his own. These here poems is all cat's-foot-in-yer-pocket!"

We did not know exactly what that meant, but it seemed to cast some doubt on the truth of the legend, at any rate.

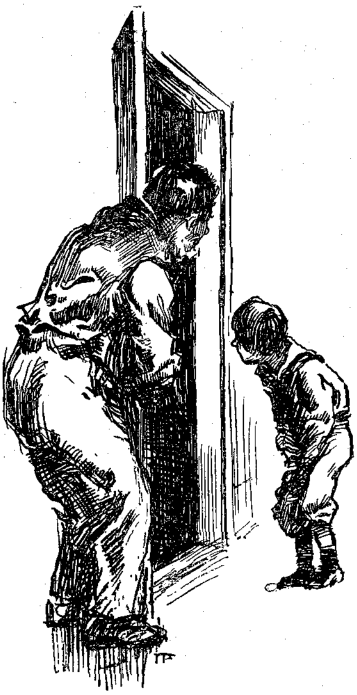
"Silas Winkley," ruminated the Captain, "thought he was a sailor. He went two or three v'y'ges with ol' Dick Cutter, an' fin'lly he got Melvin Bailey—father of *this* Melvin that's alive now—to give him command of a ship. I've heard my father tell 'bout it lots of times—he was second mate. She was the Nanny Karr—spelled it with a K they did then. Well, Silas took her down as fur as Martha's Vineyard all right—hee, hee, hee!"

Here Captain Bannister paused and chuckled for a few moments.

"Yes, siree, he got her down there without no difficulties—hee, hee, hee!—an' then he run her plumb onto the south side of the island. In a dead ca'm, mind yer, and on a night as clear as a whistle. The crew all went ashore—they could 'a' dropped off'n her bows onto land without wettin' their feet a'most—an' the next mornin' Silas went aboard ag'in to git his wife's knittin'-needles; his wife was along with him."

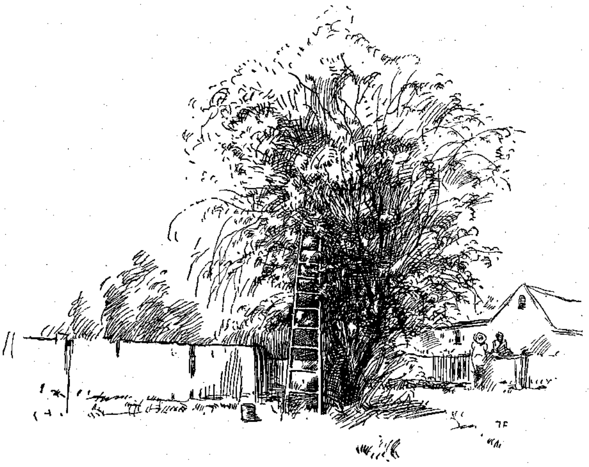
The Captain paused again to choke and wheeze.

"Well, in a day or two there come a high tide, an' they got whale-boats, an' hawsers, an' some fellers on the island, an' they got her off all right—she wa'n't noways hurt in the sand—an' they went on their way rej'icin'; 'cept Melvin Bailey, who had had a hunderd an' forty dollars of his forked out to the fellers with the whale-boats. However, he didn't know nothin' 'bout this till months arterwards. Silas set out ag'in; he was bound for Fayal—d'yer know where Fayal is?"



We were silent, till at last I suggested, "It's in Spain—I mean Portugal; isn't it?"

"Now look at that! I betcher when I was your age there wa'n't any boy in *this* town that didn't know Fayal. It's one o' the Azores, son, an' some ways this side of Spain or Portugal either. Well, Silas was bound for Fayal, but he had the most terrible luck you ever see. Fust, he run into a gale and got drove 'way south to the Capes. When he wrote back to Melvin Bailey 'bout this gale, he said that the seas



run tremenjus high, an' that the ship was put into great jeopardy. Well, Melvin wa'n't what yer call a very edjicated man, an' he got down his atlas an'—hee, hee, hee!—an' tried to find Great Jeopardy! Hee, hee, hee!"

I thought I was not appreciating the joke to its utmost, so I inquired politely: "Where *is* Great Jeopardy, Cap'n?"

"It ain't *nowhere*, son. That's just the p'int of the hull thing—there ain't no such place! 'Jeopardy' means danger, an' all Silas meant was that, owin' to the gale, the ship was put into danger—hee, hee, hee! I s'pose Melvin thought 'twas one of them islands like the Lesser Antilles or some of *them*."

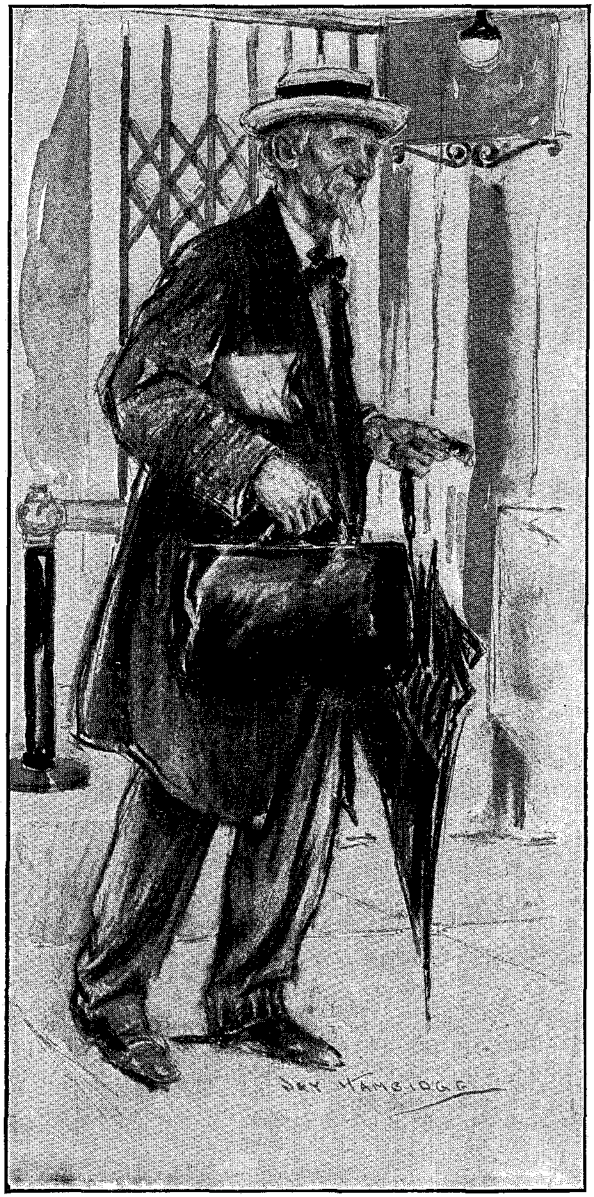
This time Ed Mason and I could join in Captain Bannister's mirth. The Captain, still chuckling, led the way across the yard and sat down on the stone doorstep, warm in the noon sunshine. Ed and I perched on a grass banking beside him to hear the further adventures of Silas Winkley.

"Well, Silas he kep' havin' bad luck. His fust mate, Andy Spauldin', was took down sick pretty soon with yaller janders, an' that left Silas an' my father to navigate the ship. It was my father's fust v'y'ge as an officer, an' I guess he wa'n't no great shakes navigatin'—though he was 'most as good as Silas was, at that. In 'bout two weeks they made what Silas thought was Fayal. Silas sailed into harbor as proud as Nebberkernezzar, when one of the men come up an' says, says he, 'That ain't Fayal, Cap'n,' but Silas told him to shut his mouth, he guessed he knew where he was, without no Joppa clam-digger tellin' him his business. Yer see, Silas, he was born over to Ipswich, an' terrible proud of it—I dunno why. But after he'd come to anchor, an' he'd got on his shore clothes, he got into the boat an' went ashore. It didn't take him long to find out that the feller was right: it wa'n't Fayal, it wa'n't even one of the Azores; he hadn't made no east'ard at all—hee, hee, hee! Hee, hee, hee! It was—hee, hee, hee!—"

The Captain's laughing was so prolonged this time, he was so doubled up with excruciating merriment, as to cause us some anxiety. He coughed and strangled, and his usually red face became deep purple. Finally he managed to control himself enough to gasp faintly:

"It was one of the West Injies! Yessir, Silas had sailed pretty nigh due south after the gale was over, an' here he was on one of the West Injy islands. I dunno what one; my father said Silas wouldn't never tell 'em, though *he* reckoned it might 'a' been Cubia. Joe Noyes was in the crew, an' he said it was farther to the east'ard than Cubia, but it was one of the West Injies all right. The story got out, of course, when the Nanny got back here, an' when Silas come down to live on this lane with his mother's folks—for Melvin Bailey didn't ask him to command no more ships—why then they began to call this lane West Injy Lane. That wa'n't its name—'twas Plummer's Lane—but folks has called it West Injy Lane ever since; 'cept these cotty-dummers that want it called Washin'ton Avenue. Yessir, that's the way it happened."

And then the Captain added, somewhat irrelevantly: "So, you see, I know all 'bout that tree, an' yer don't want to believe any of them poets!"



PROFESSOR HENDERSON

# A Visible Return

By
Elsie Singmaster

With Drawings by
Jay Hambidge

THE step with which Professor Henderson crossed the waiting-room of the great station was almost a skip. Only twice in his sixty-five years had he ever been so excited as he was at this moment. The first time was at sight of the Pyramids; the second was at a great meeting of scientists, who had applauded him, little Professor Henderson, at the conclusion of his paper on "The Ancient Egyptians."

Both those happy days were—could it be possible?—thirty years ago. And now, in his old age, another honor had come to him. From his little New England college he had been invited to a Southern college to deliver a lecture.

He did not know why they had invited him; he wondered, in his modest way, how his fame could possibly have spread so far. He had revised his lecture, toiled over it, given it a new name. Great discoveries had been made since his marvelous half-year in Egypt, and Professor Henderson was not one to ignore them.

There was a crowd that morning at the station where he changed trains. He had forgotten that Philadelphia was so large a city; he remembered, with an absent-minded smile, that other cities were apt to make fun of Philadelphia. Once or twice the throng stopped his way, but he pushed bravely through. It would not do to miss this train. He looked around vaguely when the crowd cheered. Perhaps some local celebrity was arriving or going away. After he had selected a seat in the train the cheering seemed to grow nearer, but he did not look out.

The car was crowded, and in crowded cars Professor Henderson was never the last to offer a share of his seat. A tall young man with a flushed face came down the aisle, a great new suit-case in his hand. At him Professor Henderson smiled pleasantly. He liked young persons; he was always sorry that so few elected his courses in Egyptology and Assyriology. He did not realize until the young man sat down what a very large young man he was. He thoughtfully kept one broad shoulder and one leg pretty well out into the aisle; even so, he took up more than half the space. He opened a voluminous newspaper; Professor Henderson, who liked to see what young men read, and who looked at little but the editorials himself, sighed now when he saw the young man turn at once to the athletic news.

The young man read the first column and the second and the third, and so on till the end, then he read the first column again. Its headlines announced that the "elephants" had lost their "southpaw," Dick Appleby, who was going home to Gloverstown to weigh out salt and sugar in his father's store. It was a great loss for the "elephants," but Dick, the paper said, was wise; he was going out of the game with fresh laurels. He would not hang round until he became a seldom-used substitute; warned by neuritis in his arm, he was going to quit at once and for good. Philadelphia would give its idol a send-off, and there was no doubt that the adoring "fans" of Gloverstown would welcome him home. The paper made Dick Appleby out to be rather a good sort.

Professor Henderson read also, in the "Zeitschrift für Assyriologie," until, seeing that the young man had folded his newspaper and put it into his pocket, he felt it his duty and pleasure to be sociable.

"Are you a college student?" he asked.

The young man said that he was not.

"Did you ever hear of Gloverstown, Maryland?"

The young man looked at him with more interest. "Oh, yes."

"I am going to lecture there to-night," announced Professor Henderson, happily. "I am a college professor."

"There is a college in Gloverstown," said the young man.

"Yes," answered Professor Henderson. "Perhaps you know something about it?"

"A little," said the young man.

Professor Henderson turned to look at him. He was so big and well and hearty, it was a pleasure to touch elbows with him.

"Do you take any part in politics?" he inquired.

"No," responded the young man.

"Perhaps you are interested in athletics. I believe that most young men are. I believe they have been from the time of the ancient Egyptians. But ancient Egypt couldn't produce such fine types as we have in America to-day, I am sure. I have worked a good deal with the ancient Egyptians. My name"—it seemed immediately to Professor Henderson that he had boasted—"my name is Henderson."

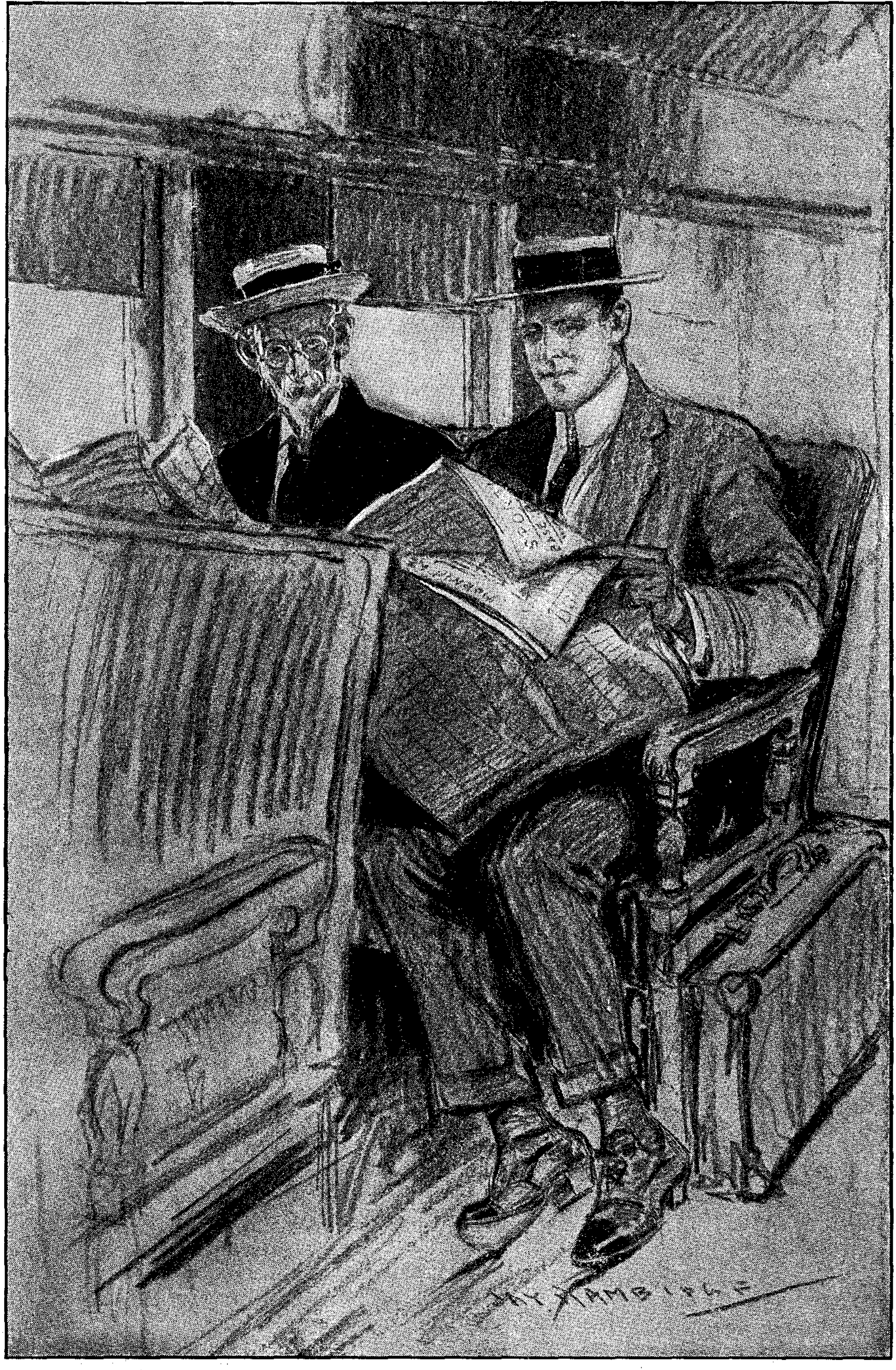
The young man looked at him with amusement.

"I am sure that every one has heard of you," he answered, politely.

Then, as if to hide his face, he stopped and opened his bright new suit-case. Before Professor Henderson could turn his eyes away he saw that it was filled with worn, soiled brown clothes, baseballs, and a bat or two. He had been right about the young man's interest in athletics. But even if he had seen the "Appleby" scrawled upon the precious souvenirs, he would have been none the wiser about his traveling companion. The young man's last remark had been in the nature of a compliment; he would have to answer it. He settled back happily.

"I don't know how they happened to ask me, I'm sure. One works along for years and years, and doesn't expect any visible returns; one is grateful for being able to increase by ever so little the sum of human knowledge. But the returns come—they come! Once"—Professor Henderson breathed more rapidly, his cheeks flushed—"once at a great archæological meeting I was loudly applauded. Some of the members even cheered. We are queer, we human beings; a little praise pays us for the labor of years. That was thirty years ago. I hope that some day you may have the satisfaction of knowing that men approve of what you have done. A little hand-clapping goes a long way."

The young man turned to stare at him.


JAY HAMBIDGE

"HE OPENED A VOLUMINOUS NEWSPAPER"

Perhaps he remembered shouts and cheers, perhaps already he longed for them.

"How long ago did you say that was?" he asked.

"It was thirty years ago. But I can remember it as though it were this morning. I shall never have such an experience again. When I am discouraged, I remind myself of it, and I am myself again. If you ever get discouraged, you must remember that some day your turn will come."

The young man put his arm over the back of the seat.

"You said you worked among the Egyptians. What did you mean?"

Professor Henderson answered with enthusiasm.

"I meant that I have studied about them. I have visited the Pyramids. You can't have any idea how wonderful they are. You see—" Professor Henderson selected quickly from the store of his knowledge the facts most likely to interest the young man. He spoke rapidly, he gesticulated, he drew plans of pyramids on the broad margins of the "Zeitschrift für Assyriologie;" a half-hour went by, an hour; time did not exist until the conductor called, "Next station, Gloverstown!" This was a delightful young man.

Now, suddenly, Professor Henderson began to tremble. This occasion would not be as great as those which had given variety and interest to his young manhood, but it would be interesting and exciting. At home, in New England, they had grown accustomed to both him and the Pyramids; to these people he was a stranger, to them he brought a new message. He was excited and happy.

He stooped quickly for his little black bag, quite forgetting the pleasant young man at his side. Then suddenly he straightened up, forgetting also the little black bag. The train had stopped, he could see the college tower high above the trees, he saw on the station platform a great crowd, he heard shouts and cheers, and felt suddenly frightened and weak. He seized the tall young man by his great arm.

"Do you hear them?" he asked, hoarsely. "Did they know that I was coming on this train? Are they shouting for me?"

The young man was bewildered. The shouts had brought to his face also a bright and excited glow.

"For you?" he repeated.

"It frightens me," said Professor Henderson. "It frightens me. My other ovation was different. This is overwhelming."

"Oh, you needn't be frightened!" The young man's voice was high and tremulous. He looked as though he could hardly restrain a shout of mighty laughter.

"I didn't expect it," faltered Professor Henderson. "I was wrong to say academic life has few visible returns. I—I—"

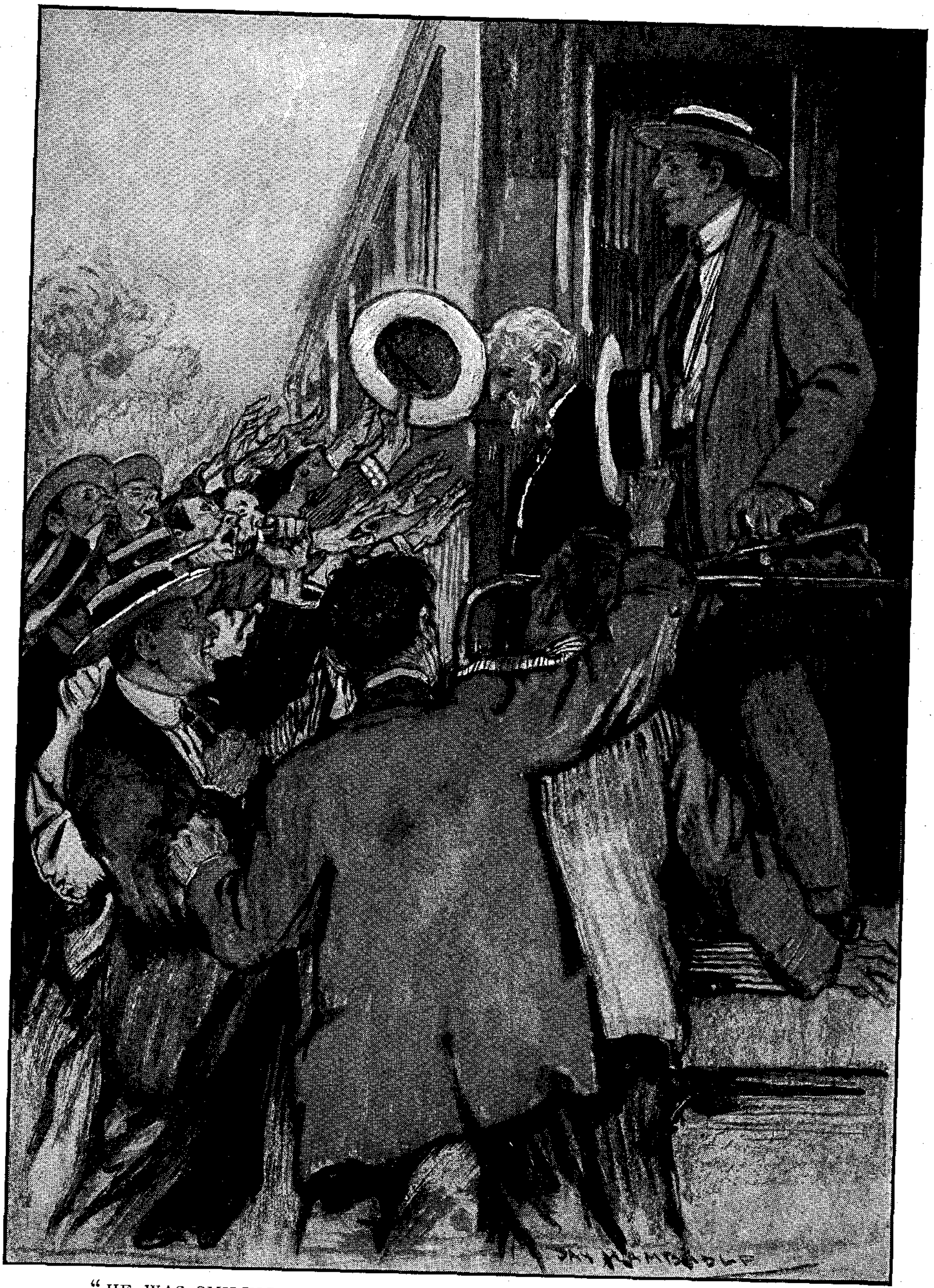
Professor Henderson did not finish his sentence. He hastened down the aisle; already he was on the step, already his hat was off and he was smiling at the staring crowd and bowing happily. The young man picked up the amazingly light and shabby little satchel and followed after him.

Already the crowd was laughing; once or twice there was an ominous sound which might grow into a hiss. In the background the president of the college struggled vainly to get closer to his learned guest. Even his own students, every one of whom was there, were too interested and excited to listen or to heed.

Then, as the crowd caught sight of its famous man, a mightier shout arose. And again Professor Henderson bowed, and again began the cruel laughter. They thought he was some strange madman; there was a loud "Get him out of the way! Hustle him!"

As though in answer, a mighty arm went out across the little man's shoulder, and the young man began to talk. They could hear nothing of what he said—their vociferous cheers were too loud for that; they saw only that he claimed the little man as his friend, and that was enough. A score of hands reached for the little black bag, another score for the great yellow suit-case; in a moment the two celebrities were placed side by side in Gloverstown's only barouche. The little man was Appleby's manager, or perhaps his secretary or his valet—such was Gloverstown's exalted opinion of its famous "southpaw."

It was only when the mighty left hand



"HE WAS SMILING AT THE STARING CROWD AND BOWING HAPPILY"

beckoned to the college president and then opened the door of the carriage for him that any one suspected the truth; it was only when the carriage turned in at the college gate that any one really understood.

At the door of the president's house the young man got out first and handed down his elders. Professor Henderson's face was still flushed, his eyes still shone.

"I never guessed that you were the Reception Committee," he said heartily. "I suppose I shall see you at the lecture."

The young man said that he should

certainly be there. Even his big hand ached from the pressure the president of the college gave it. Then, seeing that the college boys were racing rapidly up the street, he grinned appreciatively to the president and stepped into the barouche.

Professor Henderson delivered his lecture that evening with a spirit which kept almost every one attentive from beginning to end. If one or two persons nodded occasionally, if a few pressed their hands suspiciously to their lips, if the eyes of the students left his face occasionally to seek the face of the great Dick Appleby, he did not see. He was infinitely happy. So enthusiastic a community would like to hear every detail of the lives of the ancient Egyptians, and he would gratify them to the best of his ability. Once more, he said to himself, he had received a lift on his way, a lift which would help him the rest of his life.

He took the first train in the morning, still happy, still undeceived. There was one perilous moment when the train-boy offered him a morning paper, but it passed. He was too busy thinking his own contented thoughts to read. He thanked the boy in his polite, smiling way, and, with folded hands, sat looking out the window.

# Rodin on Art

## By Elbert F. Baldwin

THE portrait of the greatest living sculptor has been drawn for us by various biographers—Mr. Lawton, Mademoiselle Cladel, and others—but it has hardly been so sharply drawn as M. Gsell sketches it in his just published well-printed and amply illustrated "L'Art."

The volume is interesting, first as a character sketch; second, as a statement of M. Rodin's views on art.

Physically, Auguste Rodin is before everything an *homme trapu*—that is to say, he is like the Swiss, with broad shoulders, strong muscles, and a virile elemental force. Into his work he has incorporated much of that physical vigor. But he has also incorporated into it a peculiar mental, æsthetic, and spiritual vivacity. He has need of all of these qualities for his incessant labors. His studio in the Rue de l'Université, Paris, consists of two rooms. One, opening on the Porte de l'Enfer, is roughly plastered and striking in its unfinishedness. Rodin works in the other. His method of work is singular. In his studio, M. Gsell says, several nude models, men and women, walk about or rest. Rodin pays them for furnishing constant images of figures instinct with all the liberty of life. He contemplates them incessantly, and in this way he has long since familiarized himself with muscular movement. M. Gsell adds: "The nude—which for moderns is an exceptional revelation and even for sculptors generally an apparition the duration of which is limited to the séance of the pose—has thus become for Rodin a perpetual vision. In classic Greece this intimate knowledge of the human body was acquired in the same way by the old sculptors as they daily saw the exercises of the palestra, the throwing of disks, the wrestling matches and foot races. Thus the Greek artists spoke *naturally* the language of the nude." This language Rodin also speaks by reason of the continual presence of unclothed human beings who come and go before his eyes. In this manner he has succeeded in expressing the sentiments of all parts of the body. "He follows his models with his eyes; he silently drinks in the beauty of life that he finds in them; he admires the provoking suppleness of this young woman who stoops to pick up something, the delicate grace of this other who stretches her arms as she throws back her golden hair from her head, the nervous vigor of a man walking—and when this or that one makes a movement that pleases him he asks them to keep that pose." Then quickly he takes his clay, and a cast is soon in the process of making. With similar promptitude he passes to another which he fashions in the same way.

If Rodin is unconventional in his methods of work, his work itself is also unconventional. It bears every impress of a man who has emancipated himself from the conventions of the past. And yet M. Gsell's book shows us, as has no other description of Rodin, the respect, even the reverence, with which the French sculptor holds his great predecessors. His comparison of the methods and results of Phidias and Michelangelo ought to be read by every student of art. And no one should omit to note the distinctions drawn between Donatello and Michelangelo, between Rude and Carpeaux. Nor does the great modern confine himself to sculpture only; he invades the domain of painting. It is refreshing to note his rage over those who find Raphael "inferior" to Rembrandt, or Rembrandt "inferior" to Raphael. His comment on Velasquez and Millet is equally delightful. A great creative artist and a noteworthy individual, Rodin shows himself, as well, a trenchant critic. Thus M. Gsell's book may change and enlarge the estimation in which the sculptor is held by very many of his admirers; henceforth they will regard him not merely as a man who *does* great things but also as a man who *knows* a great deal about the past.

For instance, Rodin explained to his faithful Boswell a particularly interesting development of ancient sculpture—a development quite unknown to the casual onlooker—in showing the "Venus de Médicis" by strong artificial light. The visitor was surprised to discover the surface of the statue to be full of undulations. Here, indeed, are disproved the smooth surfaces of more modern and merely academic sculptors. Rodin went on to relate that, when he first began modeling, he was proceeding in the generally accepted way, when an old sculptor set him on the right path. Rodin was doing what every one else was doing—flat modeling. But what is this without the feeling of depth? The ancients knew better.

In this connection Rodin criticised photography. He declares that photography falsifies life because it arrests motion. He instances the work of Géricault as being a far more efficient representation of the movement of racing horses than any instantaneous photograph.

In other words, Rodin takes the opportunity afforded by this volume to impress upon artists the fact that theirs is not real art unless it means both depth and movement. Nothing can be real art which is merely flat and motionless. It is this intense conviction which has made the Rodin sculptures stand out beyond most modern art, in giving to us a genuine sense of realism.

We feel this especially when the sculptor begins to describe his own sculptures, the motives which have actuated him in creating them, and his treatment of them, particularly the "Bourgeois de Calais." Every admirer of that great work of art should read its creator's description of it, and his notation of the significance of the attitudes of each of the figures.

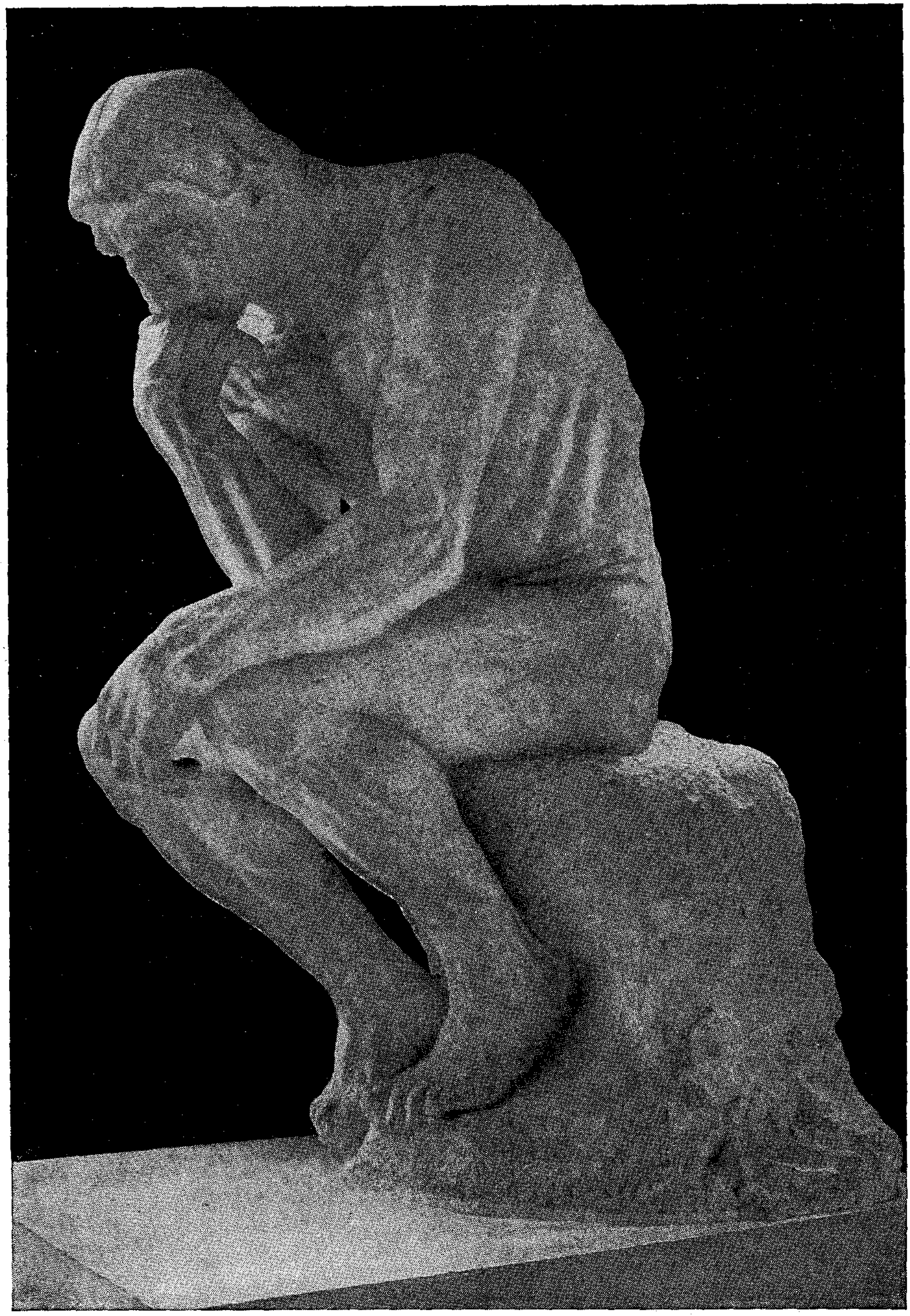
After all this one gets a clear impression of the Rodin type of sculpture as the very antithesis of the old French academic type. For the Rodin figures are all figures of depth, and, whenever possible, figures of movement, often of rhythm. Hence, in his works, nothing, if he can help it, is rigid or petrified.

The book also makes us better acquainted with Rodin's ideas of life as well as of art. He considers himself a religious nature; he espouses religion, not so much as a thing of dogmas and creeds and traditional observances, as an expression to him of whatever is meant by creation, design, unity, beauty, goodness, united with spirituality. He adds that all artists must necessarily be men of religion.

He also emphasizes the indispensableness of the artist to society because, he declares, the artist is the only one to-day who "creates in joy;" the rest of mankind, it would appear, do not consider their achievements with proper pride; they are comparatively listless with regard to their own work, sometimes apathetic, and, once in a while, even antagonistic!

Again, says Rodin, the true artist is indispensable because, in revealing the beauty and meaning of life, he must necessarily work against the false and merely conventional.

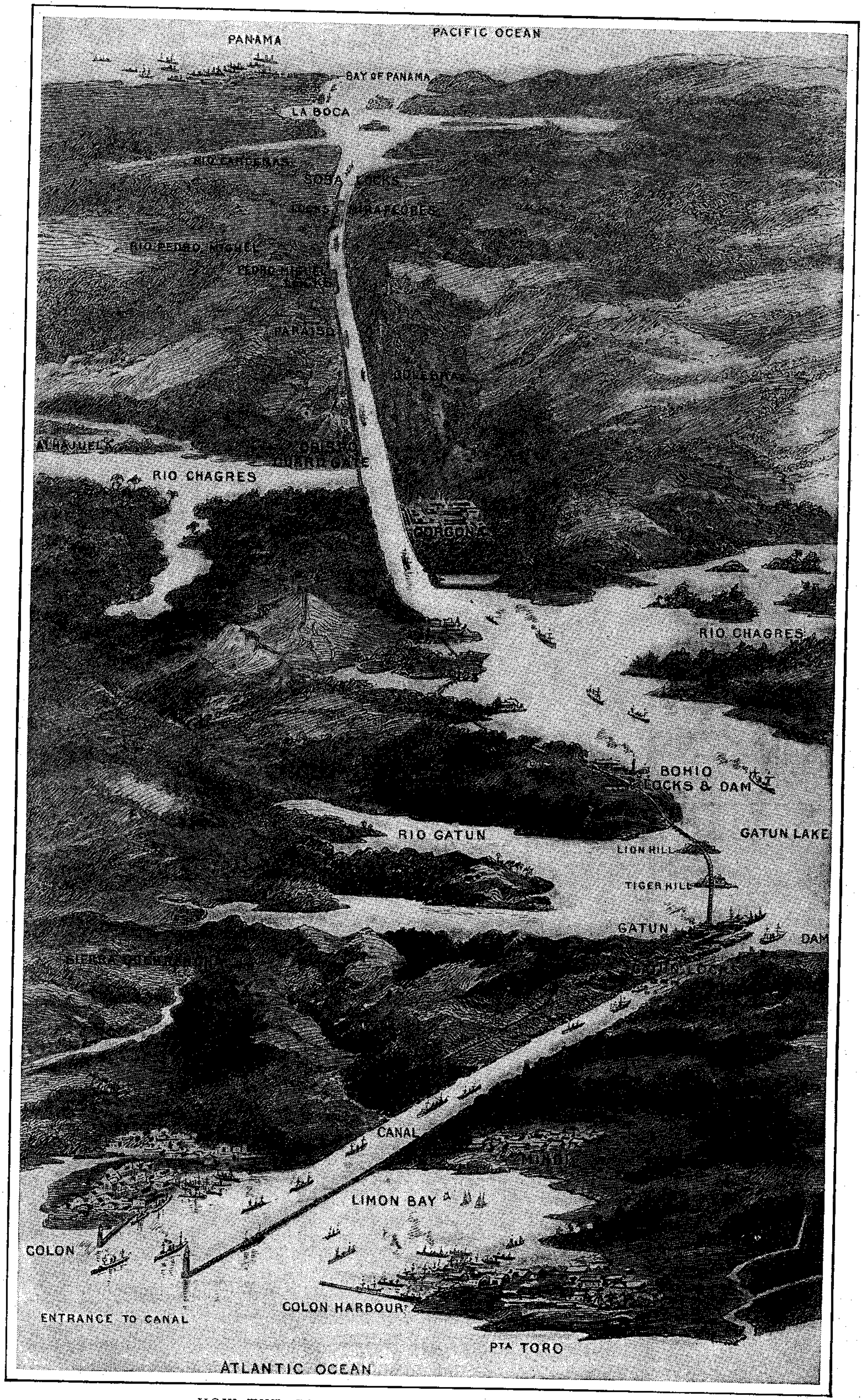
These are the opinions of a thinker.



THE THINKER. BY AUGUSTE RODIN

They are worthy of respectful and often admiring note. They are especially worthy because they are set forth simply, clearly, broadly, without artificial pose. And they are set forth with infinite fervor.

For beginners in art appreciation the volume might perhaps have been condensed with profit, but for the hosts of Rodin disciples there is not a word too much.

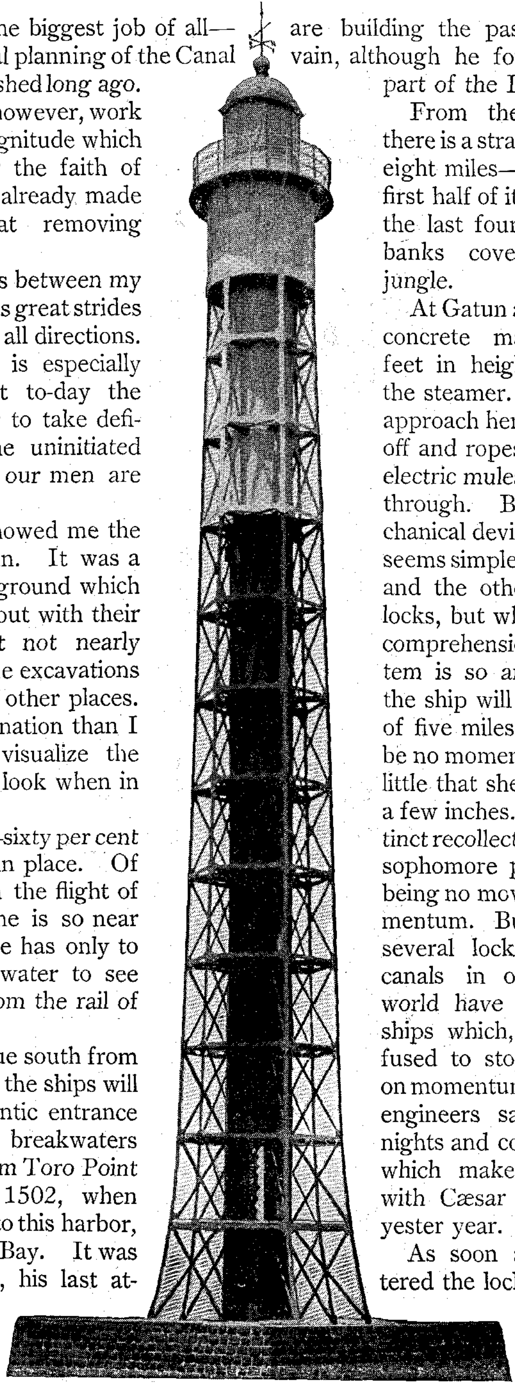

PANAMA
PACIFIC OCEAN
BAY OF PANAMA
LA BOCA
RIO CARDENAS
SOSA LOCKS
LOCKS MIRAFLORES
RIO PEDRO MIGUEL
PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS
PARAISO
CULEBRA
ALHAJUELA
OBISPO
GUARD GATE
RIO CHAGRES
GORGONA
RIO CHAGRES
BOHIO LOCKS & DAM
RIO GATUN
GATUN LAKE
LION HILL
TIGER HILL
GATUN
DAM
GATUN LOCKS
SIERRA
CANAL
MINDI
LIMON BAY
COLON
ENTRANCE TO CANAL
COLON HARBOUR
PTA TORO
ATLANTIC OCEAN

HOW THE CANAL WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

# The Big Job

## By Albert Edwards

### The Fourth of a Series of Articles on the Panama Canal



THE LIGHTHOUSE WHERE THE BREAKWATERS BEGIN

OF course the biggest job of all—the original planning of the Canal—was finished long ago. There remains, however, work to be done of a magnitude which might well stagger the faith of men who had not already made much progress at removing mountains.

In the two years between my visits to the Isthmus great strides have been made in all directions. But the progress is especially noticeable in that to-day the Canal is beginning to take definite shape and the uninitiated can see what it is our men are doing.

In 1909 they showed me the lock sites at Gatun. It was a great hole in the ground which they had scraped out with their steam-shovels, but not nearly so impressive as the excavations they had made in other places. It took more imagination than I could muster to visualize the locks as they will look when in operation.

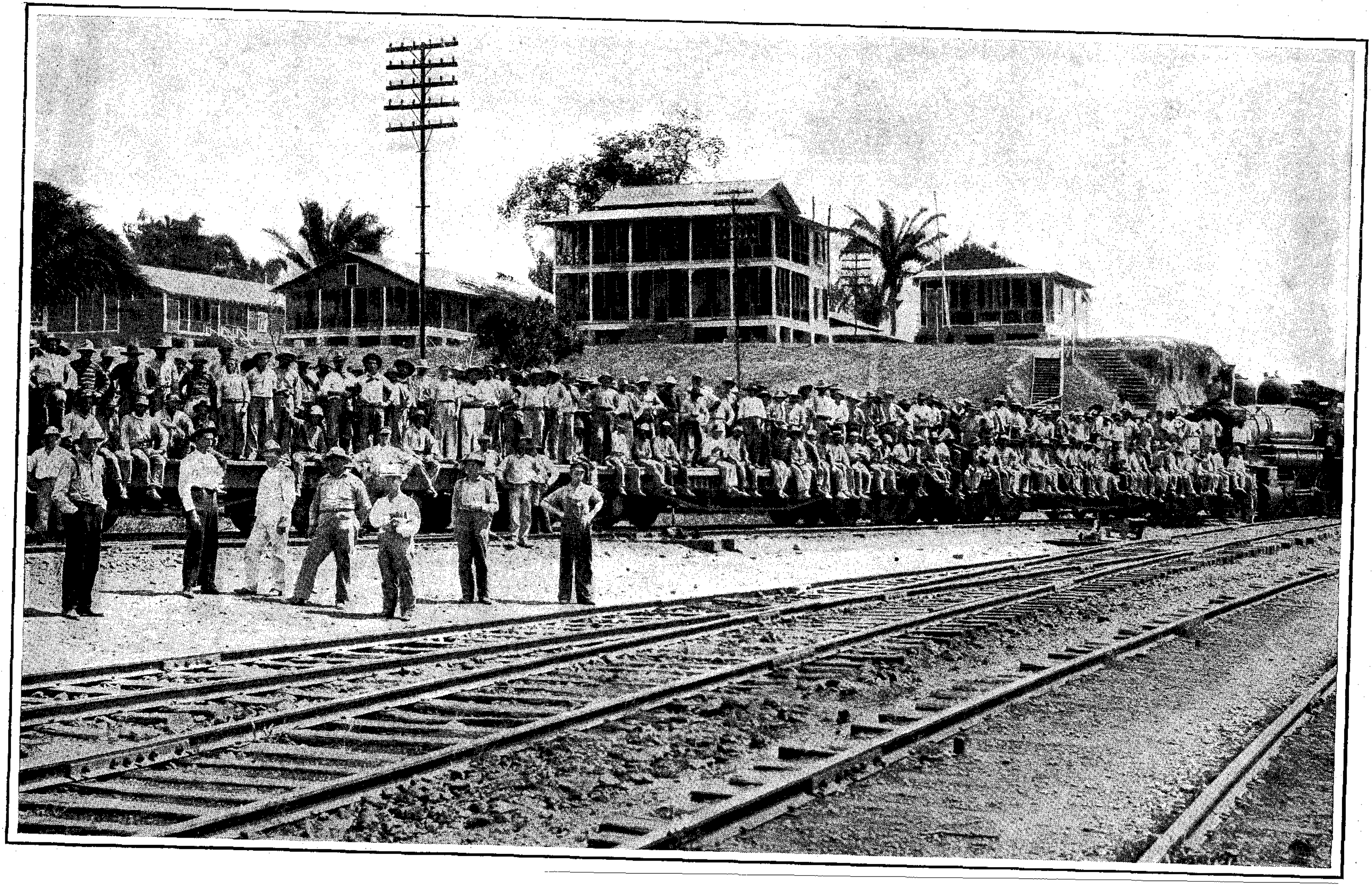
To-day—1911—sixty per cent of the concrete is in place. Of the three steps in the flight of locks, the upper one is so near completion that one has only to imagine it full of water to see it as it will look from the rail of a passing steamer.

Sailing almost due south from the Caribbean Sea, the ships will come into the Atlantic entrance between the two breakwaters we are building from Toro Point and Colon. In 1502, when Columbus sailed into this harbor, he named it Navy Bay. It was his fourth voyage, his last attempt to find the short cut to the Indies. Now, four centuries later, we are building the passage he sought in vain, although he found the narrowest part of the Isthmus.

From the harbor entrance there is a straightaway channel—eight miles—to the locks. The first half of it is through the bay, the last four miles between low banks covered with swampy jungle.

At Gatun an immense mass of concrete masonry, eighty-five feet in height, will rise before the steamer. As she enters the approach her power will be shut off and ropes run ashore to the electric mules which will tow her through. By a very clever mechanical device, which doubtless seems simple to Colonel Hodges and the other engineers of the locks, but which is beyond my comprehension, this towing system is so arranged that, while the ship will progress at a rate of five miles an hour, there will be no momentum—or at least so little that she can be stopped in a few inches. I have a very distinct recollection of something in sophomore physics about there being no movement without momentum. But, be that as it may, several lock gates in various canals in other parts of the world have been smashed by ships which, once started, refused to stop. It was blamed on momentum. So some of our engineers sat up late several nights and contrived this device, which makes momentum one with Cæsar and the snows of yester year.

As soon as the ship has entered the lock and the gates are closed behind her the water alongside will begin to bubble. It is the



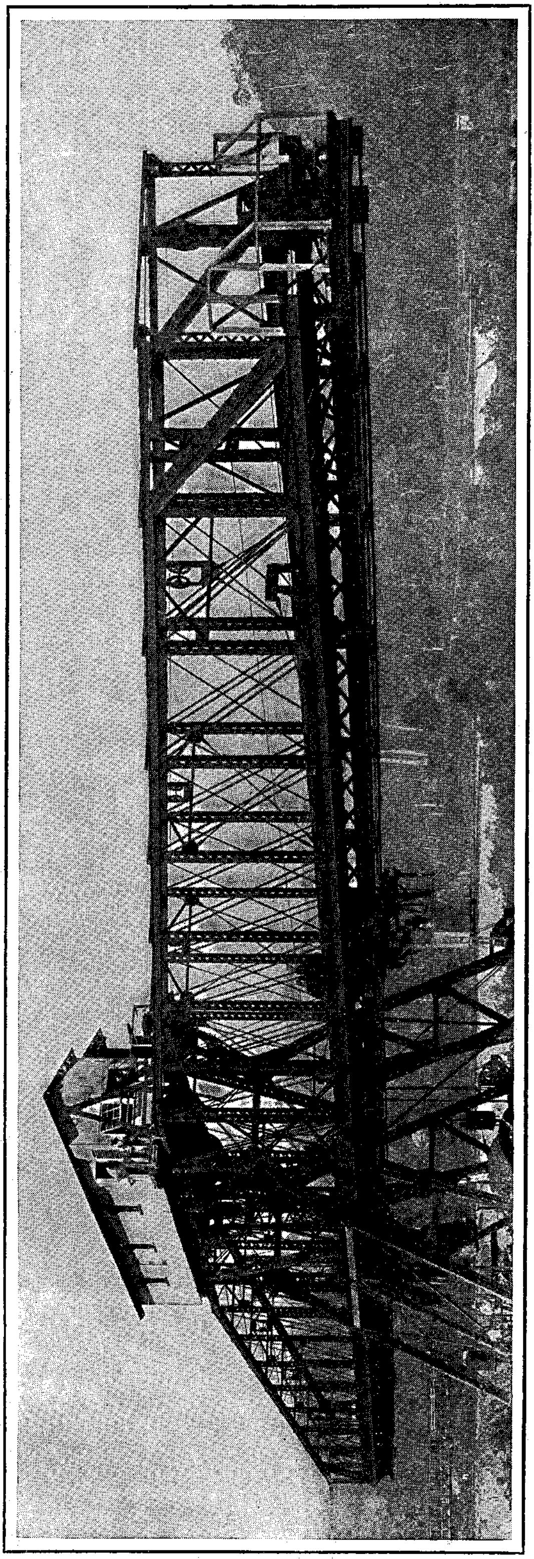
inflow from the great lake above. There are conduits running down through the solid concrete center and side walls—conduits as big as the Californian redwood trees which make a horse and wagon look so small in comparison. The water is distributed by a lot of smaller conduits running out under the lock chamber at right angles to the big ones and emptying upwards through the floor. When the first lock is full, the ship will be more than twenty-five feet above sea-level. The gates ahead will be opened, those intelligent electric mules will tow her into the middle lock, the process will be repeated, and again in the upper lock. And when the last gate is opened, she will steam out into Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet up in the air.

And while one ship is going up another in the opposite direction may be going down, for all the locks are in duplicate.

It is impossible to give an adequate impression of the immense size of these locks to one who has not seen them. When I was here before, and only the excavations had been made, I tried to get some idea of what 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide, by 41 feet deep, meant. One of our engineers tried to help me out by saying that the Olympic—the largest liner yet laid down—could grow 120 feet longer and still go through. But, not having seen this monster, I had no clear idea of how big she will look. Another told me to imagine a wide city street lined with eight-story buildings for three blocks. But there, on the edge of the jungle, with no building in sight more than two stories high and no city street within hundreds of miles, this did not help much either. I got only a vague feeling that it was to be immense.

WORKING ON THE RELOCATION OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD

Now you can stand on the edge of the almost completed upper lock, look down into the bottom at the busy midgets who are full-sized men, across the hundred-odd feet to the center wall, a Titanic monolith of concrete which separates the lock chamber you see from its twin, just as big, beyond, and then you can look northward towards the sea along three-



A GIANT CRANE AT PANAMA

quarters of a mile of the biggest concrete job on earth—and—well—even now, with it almost completed under your eyes, you cannot find any adequate comparison. Only there is no longer anything vague about the impression of immensity. This lock job of ours, by itself, is stupendous.

Having climbed up these eighty-five feet above the sea, the ship will, under its own steam, traverse over twenty miles of Gatun Lake.

This lake is undoubtedly the greatest liberty we have taken with the landscape. There is to be something like one hundred and twenty-five square miles of it balanced on the side of the hills. This great body of water is to be held in place by Gatun Dam. In 1879, at the International Scientific Congress for the consideration of an Atlantic-Pacific canal, which was called at Paris under the presidency of Count de Lesseps, this plan—then first suggested—was laughed at as preposterous. Within three years it will be an accomplished fact. It is already more than two-thirds completed.

In 1909 there was nothing to see of this incipient mountain range except two parallel trestleways stretching out a mile and a half from Gatun village to the other side of the Chagres Valley. The trestles were about a quarter of a mile apart, and along them ran a continuous procession of dirt trains filled with spoil from Culebra Cut. They would dump their loads at the foot of the trestle and rush back to the Cut for more.

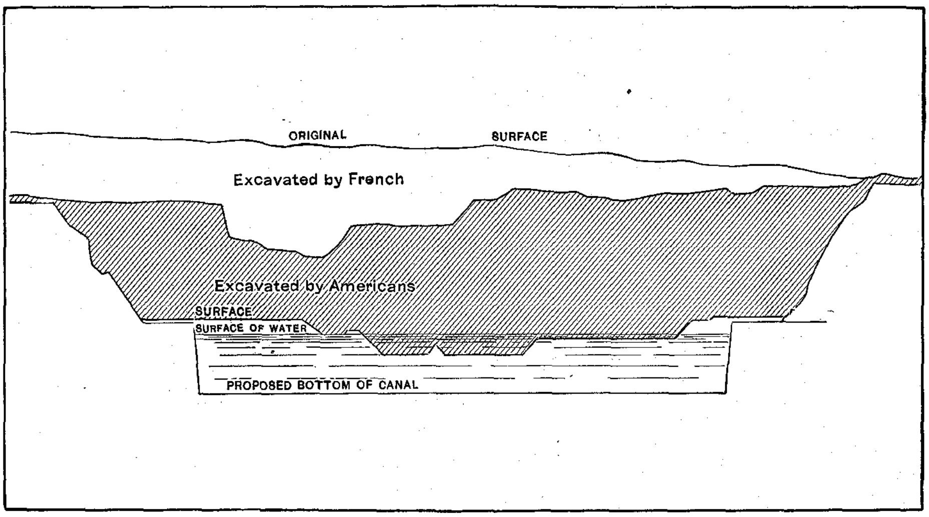
These parallel stone heaps were, I was told, the " toes " of the dam. But—as was the case with the lock sites—enough had not been accomplished to give me any hint of the thing as it is to be. The two years which have passed since then have been busy ones of progress. Now the dam, as it is nearing completion, is easily recognizable as a dam.

The " toes " on which they were piling stone in 1909 are only retaining walls for the real dam. Loose rock—just as it came from the steam-shovels in the Cut—was dumped in these parallel heaps, a quarter of a mile apart, until they reached a height of sixty-five feet above the sea. The immense weight of these " toes " squeezed out the soft soil below them until they rested on firm foundations. The great ditch between them is being filled by suction dredges with an impervious mixture of sand and clay. This " core " is what our engineers rely on to stop the water, and the " toes " are only there to hold it in place. Outside of the " toes," both up stream and down, so much more material is being placed that the sides of the dam will rise only one foot in twenty-five up to the eighty-five-foot level of the lake. For the superstructure the slope is more rapid—one to three. The dam, when completed, will be a mile and a half long, 115 feet high, 80 feet wide at the top, and the total width at the bottom will be close to a mile.

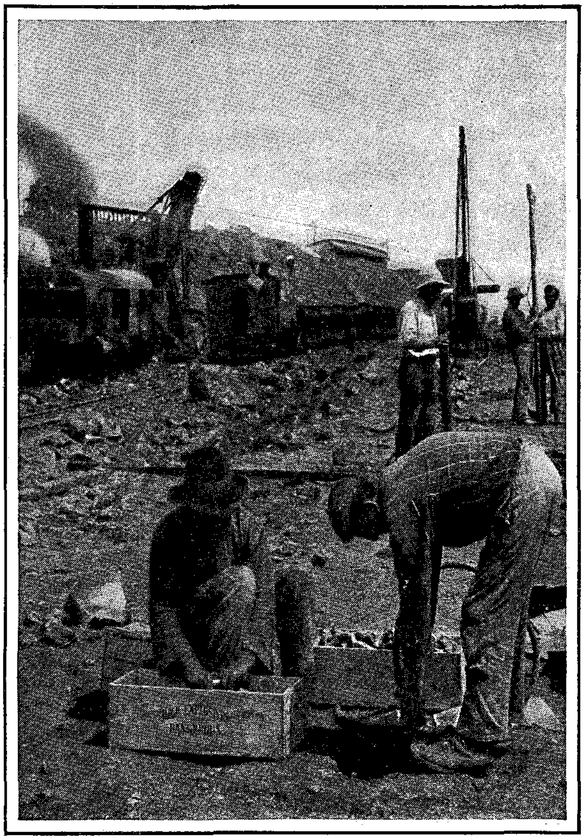
Of course the massiveness of the dam is its most impressive feature to the layman. But our engineers are more interested in, and proud of, the " spillway." As its name suggests, this is where the excess water from the lake will spill out.

The dam is divided near its center by an isolated hill of solid stone. This not only gives added anchorage for the dam itself, but forms an excellent foundation for the spillway. And when you are dealing with a tropical lake you need a spillway which will stay where you put it. The waterways which run into the Chagres Valley—the bed of the future lake—are things of sudden and mighty passions. A freshet is recorded which rose forty feet in twelve hours at Gamboa. The problem of handling these sudden excesses of water—the taming of the Chagres—is perhaps one of the most intricate, as it certainly is one of the most important, which our engineers have had to solve.

Ever since we took possession of the Canal Zone we have been at work surveying the watersheds which empty into the Chagres Valley. It has been the toughest and roughest job to which we have put our men. It has been impossible to carry our sanitary work into the extremes of the jungle to which their job has taken them. Every line on the contour maps you can see at the Administration Building means bitter hardship. *Machete* men had to cut out the jungle foot by foot in front of the instruments. Sulphite of quinine was the principal article of diet. And even forty grains a day was not enough. Every two months or so the men had to come down river—in the bottom of native dugouts—to civilization and the hospital.



HOW THE EXCAVATION HAS PROGRESSED AT CULEBRA



THE DYNAMITE SQUAD

Loading thirty-foot holes with dynamite at Culebra Cut

Besides the maps of all the watersheds, we have exact records of the rainfall during our occupation, and also the observations of the French for many years before. Our hydraulic engineers have figured things out to meet the contingency of three successive years which should each be as wet as the wettest on record or as dry as the driest. The Canal will be able to handle traffic in either of these extreme cases—although they are so improbable as to be practically impossible.

The proper conservation of the water in the lake—the keeping of it down to the proper level during the nine months of rain, and up to level through the remaining dry season, when it is constantly going out through the locks and by evaporation, and very little coming in—depends on the proper working of the elaborate system of gates in the spillway.

When the Canal is in operation, the man in charge of this station will be in telephonic communication with the "fluvigraphs," the river observation stations, back in the hills. If a cloud-burst at Allehuelua has produced a twenty-foot rise in the upper Chagres, he will know it at least five hours before the freshet reaches the lake, and he will have ample time to figure out just how much this flood will raise the surface of the lake, and how much he must open the gates to preserve the desired level.

And it is not the intention to waste these excesses which will flow over the spillway. They will be harnessed and turned by a turbine plant into electric power to run the gates and valves and towing apparatus of the locks.

Much of Gatun Lake will not be navigable for large boats, but we are dredging and cutting a channel forty-five feet deep, and from five hundred to one thousand feet wide, all the twenty-three miles from the locks to the beginning of the Cut at Bas Obispo. For the last five miles the hills crowd down closer and closer to the channel, then there is a rather sharp turn, and the steamer will enter Culebra Cut—the cañon we are cutting through the backbone of the Isthmus. This notch in the continental divide is nine miles long, from Bas Obispo to the lock at Pedro Miguel, where the ship will take the first step down towards the Pacific Ocean.

The French had dug down at Culebra to within one hundred and sixty feet of sea-level. But they were only digging an irrigation ditch in comparison to the immense ship canal we are at work on. The accompanying cross-section shows graphically how much more geography we are displacing than they planned to do.

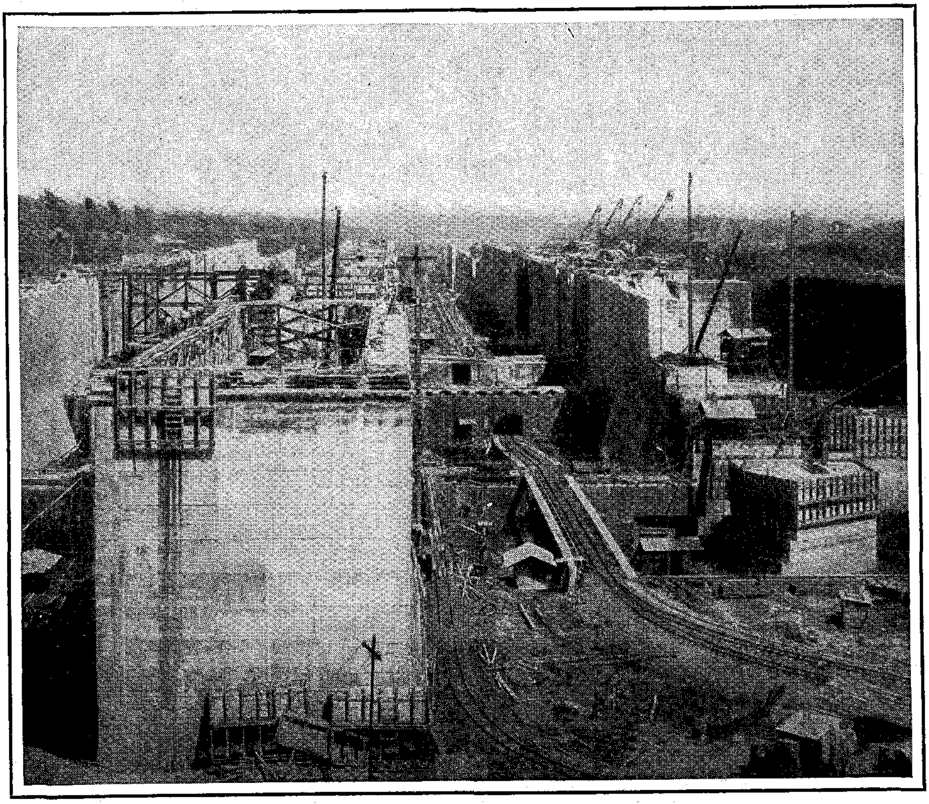
In reading over the annual reports of the Commission one cannot escape the impression that we made a mistake at the very beginning in the way we began work in Culebra Cut—at least a mistake from the engineering point of view. Mr.

Wallace, our first Chief Engineer, in response to the popular demand, began at once to " make the dirt fly." Very probably he had explicit orders from Washington to this effect. So he scraped the rust off the old French machinery which he found in the jungle, and began in the Cut where they had left off, using their little " excavators," some of them twenty years old, and their puny Belgian locomotives, which, beside the ones we are now using, look a comfortable size for a watch-charm. We at home who wanted the Canal built were cheered with the news that dirt was actually " flying."

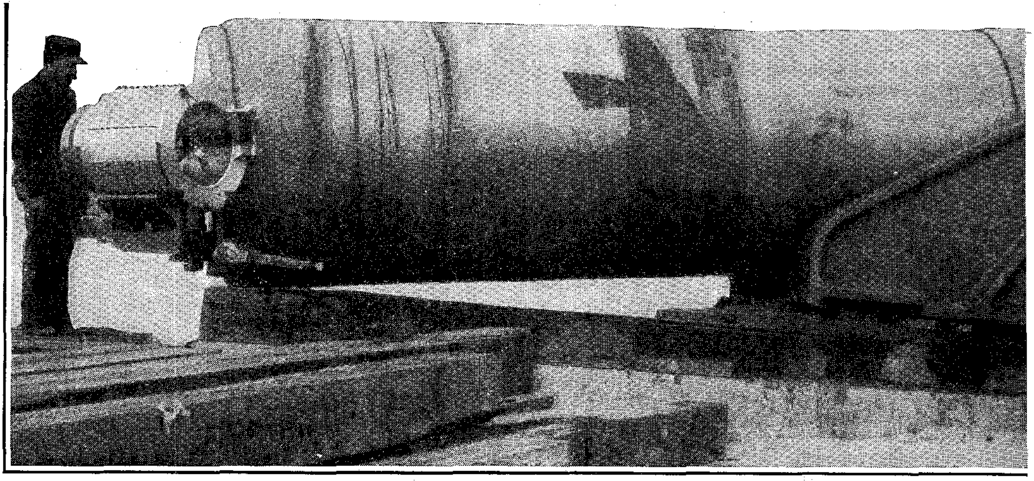
Of much greater importance, Wallace, with his marvelous ability to sense the magnitude of the undertaking, was frightening the first Commission with orders for a new railway, seagoing dredges, and modern steam-shovels. His requisitions were considered preposterous. The supplies which reached him were always overdue, often far from his specifications. But all this was a matter of dreary official correspondence, and the public knew little of it. The important thing for us was that work was under way. The annual report for the year ending December 1, 1905, states that 1,000,000 cubic yards had been removed from the Culebra Cut. If I remember rightly, we did some cheering when it was announced that the million mark had been reached.

But this hasty beginning is the thing for which Wallace is most severely criticised by engineers. The slogan of their clan is " low unit cost." The resuscitated French machinery was certainly uneconomical. Some of Wallace's excavation in the Cut cost $1.35 a cubic yard. And they say that if we had spent two solid years in preparation—in attending to sanitation, gathering and organizing the labor force, buying and installing the equipment —we could have removed all the dirt at the amazingly high speed and low cost we later attained.

Stevens, who succeeded Wallace as Chief Engineer, stopped work in the Cut. He began laying ninety-ton rails, building machine-shops which would keep the



GATUN UPPER LOCKS, FEBRUARY, 1911



FOR THE DEFENSE

The great 16-inch gun with a range of 22 miles.

steam-shovels and big locomotives up to their highest pitch of efficiency, and installing compressed-air plants to supersede the costly hand-work on the drills. He left the dirt alone until he could attack it in the most economical way. There has been little change in the method of work he organized.

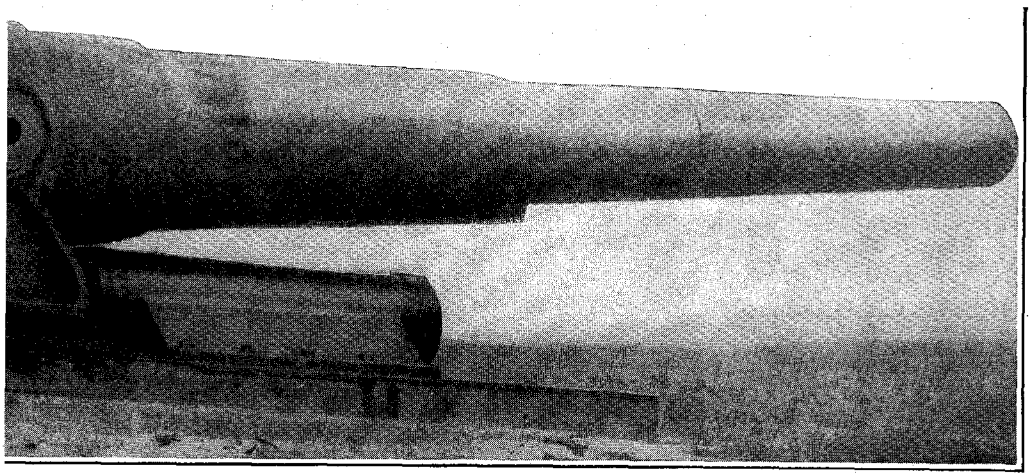
But the men whose outlook is broad enough to see more than the engineering phase of the work—the politicians—do not criticise Wallace on this score. They are quick to insist that the policy of "making the dirt fly" was the only possible one. They recall that the Canal was not so popular in the early days as it is now, that they had to fight for every appropriation, that certain "lobbies" at Washington were ever on the *qui vive* to find flaws and start trouble, that the newspapers were flooded with wild stories of death and destruction—in short, that the problem of building the Canal was at first not one of engineering but of politics. "If we had not made the 'dirt fly' the first year," they say, "there would not have been any second year." And in this, I guess, the politicians are right.

But whether the first policy was right or wrong, the work is certainly booming to-day.

There are two ways of "seeing the Cut." You can hang your feet over the edge somewhere and look down on it as a whole, or you can go through it and see the details—gigantic details—one by one. If you are a Congressman, or something equally important, they will offer to send you through in a motor car with wheels fitted to the railway track. Don't let them. You are sure to get dust in your eyes, and you will whiz dizzily past the things you would like to watch and be held up in uninteresting sidings while endless dirt-trains go by. For, no matter how important you are, they will not give you the right of way over a dirt-train. If they held one of them up, it might throw a whole battery of steam-shovels out of stride, the dislocation would be felt twenty-five miles away on Gatun Dam, it might keep them from breaking the month's excavation record—and that is not to be thought of.

There is a grassy spot back of the Commission Club-House at Culebra Cut where the red-bugs are not too numerous—an important condition. It is the best place I have found for a leisurely general view of the Cut. To the right are Gold and Contractor's Hills; the Cut between them is the deepest of all. To the left you can see four or five miles through the Cut towards Empire. And in front of you, away down, is the busiest part of the whole job. In the bottom and swarming on the sides is an army of gnomes hurrying hither and thither, doing a dozen different things, the nature of which you find it hard to determine unless you are a construction engineer, or have one at hand to interpret the scene.

One glance down into that Dantesque abyss and you will realize that those midgets of men are not doing the work. They are only arranging it for the mon-



PANAMA CANAL

hrows an explosive contact shell weighing 400 pounds

sters of steel whose food is fire and whose breath is alternate steam and black smoke. There are times when the wind dies down and the pall of their breath hangs so heavy that you can scarcely see them. But through all the long day you can hear them roaring and shrieking over their prey.

I suppose it would be possible to estimate the number of "horse-power" which is busy down there in the steam-shovels and locomotives and compressed-air drills and compare it with the number of men at work. The ratio of one hundred horse-power in these machines to each man is probably under the truth. But I doubt if it would be possible to calculate the horse-power represented by the terrific forces of the dynamite which tears loose the ribs of the mountain—crushing the hillside to bits that the steam-shovels can handle.

Fully half the men down there are serving the dynamite—drilling holes, placing the charges, stringing the wires. They shoot twice a day—during the noon hour and at twilight. No one loiters in the Cut after the whistle blows. Labor trains pick up most of the men and hurry them beyond danger; some few clamber up the sides. An inspection squad takes a last look at the wires, and then runs for it. Some one away off somewhere outside the Cut presses a button. It does not matter much where you are on the Zone, you are pretty sure to hear the rumble, to feel the surprised quiver of the earth, as the dynamite breaks up a new section.

A walk through the Cut is the most interesting thing one can do on the Isthmus. At close quarters the Job becomes human. The men who run the machines carry union cards just like ordinary mechanics at home. And the machines themselves no longer look like mythological monsters born of fire and a great wind. A sign on their sides tells you that they were made up in the States by a man named Bucyrus or Lidgerwood.

A steam-shovel, on intimate acquaintance, develops a remarkable personal charm. You use the feminine pronoun in referring to them even more instinctively than to a ship. I think that custom comes from the old sailing days. Except for the inherited convention we would probably refer to a steamer as "it." But no one could question the gender of a steam-shovel. "Why," one of the men said, "she'll do anything for a man who treats her decent." She is not exactly good-looking, but mightily amiable. She grumbles considerably, and sometimes grunts and snorts in an unladylike way. But the steam-shovel man, knowing her whims, pets her a bit and says "Please," and up she comes with a load that fills a quarter of a flat car!

A betting man would lose endless money on a steam-shovel. At least, as I watch one, I find myself continually saying, "I bet she can't handle that load!" But she always does.

We have to dig the Cut down to a grade forty feet above the sea, so that there will be forty-five feet of water at the eighty-five foot level. And, barring unexpected slides, we are seventy per cent through with the excavation. At the two ends the Cut is down to grade, and at Empire, the present summit, near the middle, the steam-shovels are working at sixty feet above grade. The Job is now so nearly completed that we are gradually reducing the size of the labor force and the number of shovels.

The work of the drills does not offer much of interest. These machines are a relatively stupid lot. All they have to do is to bore a hole in the ground. Off somewhere outside the Cut engines are at work forcing air into the compressors. It is brought down, ninety pounds pressure to the inch, in iron pipes, and the drills rise and fall monotonously until the desired depth is reached; then they are pushed on a few feet and begin over again. There is no temptation to gambling in these machines; they are too evidently sure to win.

There are more thrills in watching the dynamite squads. Whoever is taking you through, after boasting that there is no job on earth where the consumption of dynamite is so high as on this Canal of ours, will also boast that there have been surprisingly few premature explosions, the Government, of course, taking much more pains to prevent accident than would be profitable for a private contractor. But, in spite of this reassurance, you will probably view the clean boxes—they look as innocuous as soap-boxes—with considerable awe. Each stick of dynamite is done up in brown wrapping-paper. Undoubtedly long experience has proved this to be the best way. But it certainly looks like an insecure, not to say undignified, way to treat dynamite. The men, with the lack of respect bred of familiarity, chuck the sticks about nonchalantly, poke them down into the hole, and ram the earth down on top of them with a cynicism which knocks the bottom out of one's stomach.

The wiring is done with great care. For, one time, a charge failed to explode, and the next day an unsuspecting steam-shovel ran into it. By an inexplicable coincidence, the tooth of the dipper hit the little fulminate cap. It was one of the worst accidents we have had. Once more some of our men sat up late at night and worked out a new system of wiring which makes a repetition of such an accident impossible.

But, in spite of all care, the bottom of the Cut is not the safest place in the world. You are not likely to be run down by a speeding automobile, but that is about all that can be said for the place. The greatest excitement is caused by the "dobey" shots—the name is, I believe, an abbreviation of "adobe." Often the big blasts break off fragments of rock too large for the shovels and flat cars to handle. These are broken up by small charges of dynamite, pasted against them with sticky clay. One day you will hear very little of it. The next they will keep you side-stepping all the time. When the charge is in place, there is a warning toot-i-toot-too-o-o-o-oot from the steam-shovel whistle, and everybody scampers. Behind the nearest shelter you hold your breath till the explosion comes and the whistle blows again and the danger is over. Sometimes there is little commotion from these "dobey" shots, and again they will throw a couple of hundredweight of stones way up into the air and make dodging lively half a mile away.

And when you are walking through the Cut you must keep one eye always on the lookout for trains—otherwise they will surely carry you out on a stretcher. There are dirt-trains moving everywhere; they charge you from in front, they make sudden and bewildering flank attacks, but the worst is when they creep up on you from behind under cover of the noise of a battery of tripod drills.

Somewhere, of course, there are responsible white men despatching these trains, but you can only see careless-looking Jamaican Negro flagmen. They are a type you see everywhere on the Job. At every switch—and there is one every hundred yards—there is a shelter, made of four upright sticks and a sheet of corrugated iron. Under it there is a lolling subject of his Britannic Majesty from Jamaica. He is sure to be doing one of two things: either rolling a cigarette or admiring himself in a bit of looking-glass. They are not an especially beautiful race, but they seem to find endless pleasure in looking themselves over and trying to part their hair. It would be hard to imagine persons who appeared less worried over their responsibilities. But suddenly something will galvanize them. They jump up, grab a red or white flag, wave it violently for a moment, and stick it up in a bracket. Then they return to their cigarette or their self-contemplation. In a few minutes they will have another burst of activity, taking down one flag and waving another. How their minds work is beyond all finding out. What it is that so suddenly interrupts their hair-combing or smoking I could not discover. They have no telephones, and do not seem to be watching any set of signals. But somehow there is a brain back of them. For they always wave the right flag at the right moment. These ineffectual-looking, dandified Jamaicans are very important cogs in the vast machine.

For the digging of Culebra Cut is, above all things, a problem of transportation. Big as they are by themselves, there is nothing very complex in the job of putting sufficient dynamite in place and shooting it, nor in the job of handling the dirt with steam-shovels. The problem which called for extraordinary brains—the nubbin of the whole matter—was how to get this vast quantity of spoil out of so narrow a cut. In order that it may be done at the lowest possible cost per cubic yard, it is necessary that each steam-shovel shall be working up to its maximum all the time. And for this, in turn, it is necessary that no loaded train shall ever be stationary. The instant the last car is filled the train must start, and not stop till it reaches the dump. And also the moment a loaded train has left, a line of "empties" must be ready, so that the steam-shovel will not stand idle. How this could be worked out in a ditch nine miles long and only 500 feet wide at the bottom was indeed a problem!

For a layman the details of the system are hopelessly complicated, but once the problem has been stated, there is new interest in the view from above the Cut. Instead of a chaos of aimlessly moving trains one begins to see the outlines of a mighty plan.

There are about one hundred miles of track in the Culebra division—either in the Cut itself or ways to the dumps. For every mile of track there is one locomotive and about twenty cars. There is seldom as much as a three-minute interval between trains. Nothing short of chronometer-like precision can keep such a system from congestion.

The whole thing is further complicated by the variety of spoil the shovels must handle. Some of it is waste which goes to the dump, some of it is hard stone and can be utilized on the Gatun Dam or the Naos Breakwater. Always the right kind of a train—Lidgerwood flats or steel dumps—aimed in the right direction must be ready to serve each steam-shovel, according to the kind of dirt it is working on. There can be nothing haphazard about it. Each one of those moving car units must be in the firm grip of the despatcher.

The prettiest feature of the whole system is that every loaded train is going down hill. Each steam-shovel is at work at the top of a grade which runs down either to the Pacific or Atlantic dumps. All the climbing is done by "empties." The saving in costs—the price of coal, on account of the long haul from the States, is high—gained by letting the loaded trains slip down hill is, in the total, immense.

The working out of this transportation problem in Culebra Cut was done by Mr. Stevens. And it is the proudest achievement of our engineers.

Between the Cut and the Pacific the problems of the Canal are only repetitions in simplified form of those which have been solved on the Atlantic slope. The three "Big Jobs"—the crucial points—are the locks, the Gatun Dam, and Culebra Cut. But along the strip of land—forty miles long by ten broad—there are other problems, small only in relation to the stupendous ones I have tried to describe.

Perhaps the strongest impression which one carries away from a prolonged visit to the Canal Zone is the immense variety of the work, the wonderful flexibility of our force. At home we think of it as an engineering job. Few of us realize that here our Government is making its first experiment in a Nationally owned railway. But the Panama Railroad and Steamship Company, besides giving immensely valuable assistance to the Canal work, is carrying on a large and profitable commercial business with a degree of efficiency which is not surpassed by any system at home.

The Commission is running a modern department store down here in the tropics which does an annual business of several million dollars a year, and "the cost of living" has not soared as far skyward for our people on the Canal Zone as it has in New York.

The recruiting and organizing of the labor force—over thirty-five thousand to-day, with their women and children—has been a sociological problem of many brain-racking complexities. It is necessary not only to make life in the jungle possible for our men—the Sanitary Department has attended to that—but also to make it attractive. The Commission has had to go into the amusement business. An employee can bowl on an alley built by the Government, or play pool on a Nationally owned table. He can have his saddle-horse cared for in the Commission corral. He can take his sweetheart to a picnic at San Lorenzo on one of our Government launches, or he can dance with her in a Government ball-room to National airs played by the Commission band.

These are only samples of the numerous "side issues," the solutions of which were integral parts of the Canal building.

Before very long the ships of the world will be passing through our Canal. And we will have to our credit a National achievement over which the old Eagle may well spread and flap his wings. We Yankees are reputed to be boasters—and we all think we have a right to boast. We own half of an unusually big waterfall at Niagara. We have some mountains out West which rival the Alps, and a bit of fine grain land in between. But we have never had an accomplishment like this Canal to boast of before. Something we, as a Nation, have done ourselves—and not entirely for ourselves.

# The Master Builder

"As he is, so are we in this world"

By Lyman Abbott

Thirteenth Article

## The Master in the Valley of the Shadow of Death

THE Master had fought single-handed his enemies, and the enemies of his country, his fellow-men, and his God. Before the people, in the city which they dominated and in the Temple which was the center of their authority, he had exposed their inhumanity, their lawlessness, their false pretense. He had no illusions. He knew how they hated him and how remorseless, cruel, and unscrupulous they were. Children of the Evil One he had called them. Twice they had incited mobs against him. Once they had attempted to have him arrested and had failed. Now they had bribed one of his disciples to betray his retreat, that he might be secretly arrested, and tried at night. The compact had been made, the money paid, and the traitor had gone out to consult with the priests how best to execute the treacherous design. The Master well knew that nothing would satisfy the priests but his death; that sentence of death could not be executed against him except by Roman authority; and that the Roman method of execution was crucifixion. He knew what the morrow would be if the plan did not miscarry.

Did he know whether it would miscarry or not? Apparently he did not know. Else how could he have prayed that the cup might pass from him? He anticipated the worst; yet he took what measures he could to guard against the peril. To remain where he was would make easier his arrest and the arrest of his loyal companions. To go to the home of Martha and Mary in Bethany was equally to fall into the trap that had been laid for him. He called upon his disciples to follow him, and went out across the brook Kidron to a grove on the slope of a hill opposite the city. He asked his three closest friends to watch for the possible approach of the police sent out to arrest him, and, retiring a stone's throw from them, sought counsel and strength from his Father.

Was it possible to avoid the horrors of the morrow and still accomplish his Father's purpose? If so, he would be saved from them; but not otherwise. For, above all things, he desired to accomplish the mission which his Father had intrusted to him. Almost in the very spot where David, a thousand years before, fleeing from the treachery of Absalom and Ahithophel, had poured out his soul in an agony of prayer, the Master, under the shadow of a baser treachery and facing with clearer foresight a more dreadful future, might well have uttered the very words which a sacred poet had attributed to his ancestor:

" My heart is sore pained within me,
And the terrors of death are fallen upon me;
Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And have overwhelmed me."

It is not impossible, not irreverent, to attempt some conception of the elements which entered into the Master's experience in this hour.

He loved life; loved this beautiful world; its birds, its flowers, the Galilean lake, the sacred stillness of its hills; loved his friends with all the fervor of an ardent and affectionate nature; loved his work, his message, his ministry of service, which was but just begun, and which, if he must die, he must leave to men ill prepared to carry it forward.

The death he must die, if die he must, was one of immeasurable horror, not only, not chiefly, in the lingering torture of the crucifixion; but in the hatred of the priests, the stimulated passion of the stupid mob, the mockery of his person, his cause, his Father, by the malicious and the careless jesters, and in the anguish of his disciples and his mother, whom he would be powerless to relieve. In such an hour the sensitive imagination of a poet's soul transmits through quivering nerves a hundred tortures which more stolid natures know nothing of.

He loved his country—loved her none the less because he loved humanity more. He had striven earnestly for her redemption; had endeavored to purify her of her corruption, and to unite the contending factions, which eventually made of a divided and fanatical nation an easy prey to the Roman destroyer. "How often," said he, with touching pathos, "would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" All hope of his nation's redemption he had been compelled sorrowfully to relinquish. In imagination he beheld the city of Jerusalem crushing her own citizens beneath her falling walls and towers, the sea of Galilee reddened with the blood of slaughtered thousands, and her fleets of fishing-boats illuminating the surrounding hills with the glare of their conflagration.

He loved the Church which was to be founded and carried on by his disciples. And he knew that his martyrdom was a prophecy of many a like martyrdom to follow. Nor could he fail to perceive its future history written in its present character. He knew how many a treacherous Judas would betray his Master for a price; how many a cowardly Peter would deny him in the hour of trial.

More than country, more than church, he loved humanity. He was the friend of the common people. It was for his defense of them against the oppressions of the priestly class that he was about to die. And the nature of their appreciation of his sacrifice, then, and in the years to come, he foresaw all too clearly in the anticipated cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" He saw the seeming fruitlessness of his sacrifice; he saw his cross despised by some, ignored by many more; he heard the story of his love repeated in a thousand pulpits by cold lips, and falling in a thousand congregations on dull ears.

This vista of the future might well have shaken any human resolution. The priesthood wrested his teachings to his own destruction. If the denunciations of the priesthood spoken in the Temple on Tuesday could but be recalled, or if they had never been spoken, the terrors of Friday would not face him now. Literally he laid down his life; no man took it from him. Strange if the momentary question did not obtrude itself upon him whether those words were needful; whether he were not throwing away a life which duty as well as instinct demanded he should preserve.

Was it worth while? Was it possible? Could he bear the burden which he had assumed? Could he accomplish the task which had been laid upon him?

Most of my readers know, or at least can imagine, what it is to bear the sins of another in one's own person. There are times when the preacher feels the coldness, the narrowness, the petty jealousies, the unbeliefs that call themselves faith, the idolatries that masquerade as worship in the Church, as though they were his own. There are times when the patriot feels the corruption, the intolerance, the race hatreds, the enslavements in his nation, as a guilt in which he is himself involved. There are times when the friend bears for his dishonored friend a shame that the other does not feel, and suffers for him a vicarious remorse. There are times when a father bears the iniquity of an unworthy son and suffers in him and for him with a keenness that the son knows not. This is the divinest experience of love.

What must it have been to bear thus the burden of a whole world's sins? To see revealed, as in an instantaneous vision, the dark deeds and darker thoughts of generations past and generations yet to come; to see the book of life unrolled, and in it to trace the history of sensual passions and tyrannies, of enslavements of the poor and self-enslavements of the rich, of strange superstitions mumbled, cruel theologies taught, remorseless persecutions inflicted, savage wars fought, in his name and under the sacred symbol of his cross, and to feel the bitterness of it all, and perhaps even the hopelessness of the struggle against it; and, above all, to feel a certain strange sense of participation in this life of humanity, because he, too, was human?

Solitude became insupportable. Twice the Master sought the companionship of his friends. Each time he found them—wearied with watching and anxiety—asleep. So soundly sleeping that even his mild reproach to Peter, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" failed truly to arouse them. Solitude is preferable to such companionship, and to his solitary struggle he returned again.

But through it all the Master never faltered in his ultimate purpose. It was not too late now to withdraw from the work which he had undertaken, to fly the nation which had cast him out, and in new fields and by new methods seek the world's redemption. But if this thought came to him, he gave it no admission. He prayed, not that he might escape, but that he might fulfill. "Father, thy will, not mine, be done." And when, in the tramp of the Temple police across the valley, he heard the answer to that prayer and knew what that will was, he went out to put himself between the guard and the sleeping disciples, that they might escape; and then submitted himself without resistance to be led away to the mock trial and the cruel death.

The issue presented to the Master is presented to every follower of the Master; it is the issue between seeking one's own will and seeking the will of the Father in heaven.

Sometimes—but not often—it comes as it came to the Master: comfort, reputation, ambition, the hope of achievement, the happiness of dear friends in the one balance, duty in the other. To do the duty means the sacrifice of all one has sought in life. And for what? For a people whose only appreciation will be, Crucify him! crucify him! Is it worth while to sacrifice so much to do so little? So little? to do apparently nothing. Is this really duty that summons me? Or is it only self-will in masquerade?

So the question came to Moses. Disgusted with public life, he had fled from the court to the quiet of a herdsman's life, and was called back to a public life far more onerous and less rewarding and less hopeful of achievement than the public life he had abandoned. So the question came to Paul, called to leave, not only his old friends and associations, his former ambitions and reputation, but also his old faiths, his old religion, his life purpose—to sacrifice them all, and count them, as he said, but dung, that he might begin life afresh, hated by his old comrades, and doubted and distrusted by the new.

But to most of us the issue comes in different and in easier guise. Generally the good opinion of friends, our reputation, our self-respect, or the hope of some worthy achievement, reinforces the call of duty.

Yet, however the question comes, the answer is always the same.

Forget for the moment comfort, reputation, ambition, hope of achievement, the good opinion and the happiness of friends; think only this: Father, what wilt thou have me to do? It may not always be easy to know. But it is never *possible* to know if that question is confused with other questions, if that desire is entangled with other desires.

This is not the prayer of resignation; it is the prayer of consecration. Not the prayer of a slave who submits because he must. Not the prayer of a servant who obeys in hope of a reward. But the prayer of a loyal friend to the Friend whose good opinion is worth more than all reputation, whose humblest service is worth more than all achievement, whose honor and whose love outweigh all other friendships.

# LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

### CHARLES DE LESSEPS AND THE PANAMA CANAL

Since the publication of my article "Our Predecessors on the Job" in your issue of July 22, I have received a letter from M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla. He takes exception to my statement concerning M. Charles de Lesseps. I will be glad if you will give your readers his view in the matter. He writes:

"Nothing is more difficult than to see the light in the inexplicable jungle which has grown up under the torrid influence of passion, hatred, political and financial interests, around the story of the old Panama Company.

"The most noble and disinterested characters have been so besmirched that a historian, who writes on what he believes to be documents, is very apt to be mistaken and to propagate a regrettable error.

"I have been very sorry to see that you have been the victim of these conditions in what regards M. Charles de Lesseps.

"No man was more abused, no man should deserve to a higher degree the respect of every one for his absolute disinterestedness, for his nearly superhuman spirit of self-sacrifice to his glorious father and his enterprises.

"He has handled several hundreds of millions of dollars, and the fiercest, the most rabid and piercing inquiries have failed to detect the slightest fact which could throw a shadow on his honor as regards his personal interests.

"His only fault was to submit to a blackmailing conspiracy of a criminal minister. But he did it to save the great work of his father. He is a poor man, living only on his salary as Director of the Suez Canal."

M. Bunau-Varilla, having been closely associated with both the father and son, is in a better position than I to judge the personal character of M. Charles de Lesseps. The whole *scandale* of the old Panama Canal Company is, as M. Bunau-Varilla writes, an almost hopeless jungle of passion and misrepresentation. Every one connected with it in any capacity has been suspected and accused. Members of the French Ministry were certainly involved to a criminal extent. It is possible that the official documents, on which my opinion of M. Charles de Lesseps was based, are not above suspicion.

I hope you will be able to give publicity to the very high regard in which M. Bunau-Varilla holds M. Charles de Lesseps.

ALBERT EDWARDS.

Sugar Hill, New Hampshire.

### HISTORY AND THE LITERARY QUALITY

I read with interest the letter on "The Literary Quality in History," which appeared in The Outlook of July 15, for I sympathize with the complaint frequently voiced that much historical writing is lacking in literary quality, and hence is uninteresting. Exact writers, according to the indictment, are apt not to be interesting, and interesting writers are quite as apt not to be exact. The competent historian, according to your correspondent, should reveal conscience, culture, experience, and imagination, and should, besides, be "a large personality." In asking the question, What is history? your correspondent rightly denies that it is the presentation of facts about a people's past. He says, furthermore, "The palpably interesting things which one likes to put into his book . . . somehow seldom bear examination."

The way of any capable historian is, it may be admitted at the outset, beset with difficulties. These difficulties will vary in accordance with the nature of the task. While the determination of facts on the basis of historic evidence is bound to be the historian's most obvious task, it is by no means the ultimate one. That indeed is the presentation of the truth. Between the discovery of the facts and the final statement of the truth there come into the account the ability of the investigator (a personal factor of the greatest moment) and the problem of sound method. The personal factor is, of course, well-nigh indeterminable; mind and man here count for much. Such elements as conscience, culture, experience, imagination, and everything that tends to strengthen or to limit the personality have to be taken into the reckoning. But the problem of method is, after all, so essential to the interpretation of the truth—so fundamental to the training of the student of history, and at the same time so apt to be ignored—that it is deserving of a special word.

Among American scholars at work in history I have known no man who gave more capable attention to the problem of sound method than the late Professor Edward Gaylord Bourne, of Yale University. Mr. Bourne had much to do with projecting and planning a course in historic method at Yale, which, at the time it was projected, about fifteen years ago, was certainly unique in American colleges. He revealed his interest in the subject especially in his volume of "Essays in Historical Criticism" (Scribners, 1901)—a book that should be carefully read by every young scholar desirous of seeing how a competent investigator and good writer approached and attempted to solve a variety of relatively small but specific problems, every one of which required careful study and called for solution. Had Mr. Bourne lived, it is safe to say that he would have contributed other work to American historical scholarship of which his fellow-workers would have been proud. His course on method, it should be said, is still admirably conducted at Yale to-day, and to my mind is the most distinguishing feature of a department that, since Bourne's death in 1908, has been strengthened by the addition to the teaching force of several excellent men.

The historical worker who really knows what he is about needs to concern himself little, if at all, with the "palpably interesting" things. Let him collect and study his materials, and endeavor to formulate with the utmost care the right method of dealing with them. The right method will eventually carry him through to his goal, the truth of history. Industry, however, is not less essential to him than sound method. With industry, method, and ability—the last of which factors can never be furnished to any man who lacks it—the right sort of historical writing will be done.

The sooner that we get over looking at a historian as merely "a literary man," the better will it be for history. He alone is worthy of the name of historian who deliberately sets about determining the truth about the past from as objective a standpoint as he can. From the point of view of the popular reader such a man may not always be "interesting." But the historical worker cannot afford to yield to the temptation to make himself "interesting." The moment he does so, that moment he is likely to lose perspective and to become sensational. John Fiske, as everybody knows, yielded frequently to the temptation. Such men, on the other hand, as S. R. Gardiner, Bishop Stubbs, F. W. Maitland, and Rhodes have long since taken secure and honorable places because of their determination to remain true to the necessary limitations under which every true historian is obliged to work: the limitations imposed upon them by the data, documents, and historical materials of the past, on the basis of which alone individuals with somewhat different natural endowments can hope to tell the truth about the past.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.
South Manchester, Connecticut.

### IS LAND RENT ROBBERY?

While the exposure of many different forms of "graft" and robbery is at present the object of many able writers, the greatest robbery of all, the most stupendous in all the world, receives no attention.

This is the robbery involved in the rent of land.

To elucidate: When one man charges another rent for using or occupying the earth, he is necessarily, from the nature of the case, getting something for nothing, just as though he charged him for breathing the air or for sunlight.

He is getting labor products without giving labor or its produce in return. He, as a receiver of rent for land, is not a producer or exchanger, but a receiver of tribute. He is not self-supporting, but a parasite. Receiving rent for land is not a commercial transaction or any part of one, but is a form of robbery, there being no mutual exchange.

Rent for land is robbery. This, I think, is the most important fact in connection with human affairs. At least, Mr. Editor, you will admit that it is important if true. I regard it as the key to all economic, and to many social, problems. It is the land question and the labor question boiled down.

As a common rent for agricultural land is one-half the crop, it is plain that no other wrong or robbery of labor, nor all others put together, could equal this, as that would mean, in many cases, to strip labor of its entire product. And, reasoning from the well-known tendency of labor conditions to a level, it is more than probable that the city laborer (meaning the unskilled) is directly and indirectly deprived of the same proportion of the value of his product by the receivers of ground rents.

The protective tariff is a ridiculous and crooked contrivance, a political superstition, an economic blunder, and a sin against common sense, also a robber of no small proportions; but it does not deprive workers of half their produce, and should therefore remove its hat in the presence of rent-for-land.

There is no moral obligation to pay rent for land. On the contrary, the obligation is to avoid or resist payment in order to escape the culpability of aiding in the propagation of this giant wrong.

He who pays rent for land, thinking it an honest debt, where there is value received, is the victim of a great delusion. Rent for improvements on land has an ethical basis, but rent for land has not.

Custom hides the incredible impudence of Smith in charging Jones for occupying or using the earth, and custom also hides from Jones his own colossal foolishness in paying.

The paying of ground rent by one man to another savors of comic opera, and common sense cannot be so very common.

Ground rents rise as the productive power of the workers increases, thus preventing them, under present arrangements, from keeping far in advance of this insatiable monster. As Adam Smith said of it, "All improvements in the condition of society add to the rent of land;" which means that all improvements in the condition of society which ignore the fundamental blunder are mostly no improvement, are largely apparent and not real.

To abolish other wrongs, leaving this untouched, is therefore, for the most part, a waste of time and energy, because simultaneously with their abolition this primary wrong moves up a notch, swallows the gain, and nullifies the effort. And so, with all our so-called modern improvements, pauperism, crime, insanity, and suicide show an astonishing increase. Society's indorsement of ground rent is the mistake of mistakes, it is pre-eminently the frustrator of all that is otherwise good in human enactments.

People do not pay rent for land because they like to do it; consequently it should be comparatively easy to impress the truth in regard to it upon them. The real trouble is traceable to a belief existing in people's minds that it is proper and right. This belief is rooted in thoughtlessness, and to change it should be the object of the right-minded.

Did you ever know of any one seriously attempting to prove that rent for land was not robbery?

This condemnation of rent for land should not be confused with the Single-Taxer's and Socialist's condemnation of "private property in land." Private property in land is not always wrong, as, for instance, when the owner is personally occupying and using it.

All laws supporting the collection of rent for land should be repealed. Legal support of this shameless willingness to live by the enforced and unrequited labor of others should be withdrawn.

Alms-giving does not remove or tend to remove this fundamental and primary cause of poverty among workers, and must be condemned as unintelligent. It is like bailing out a leaky boat while ignoring the hole in the bottom. Charity as a substitute for justice must do more harm than good.

A charitable donation from one whose income consists largely of rent of land is, to those who understand, an insult to God and man.

Rent for land is robbery. It robs labor of an enormous and constantly increasing amount, and robs all other reforms or improvements of the good that might otherwise result from their adoption, and no study of political economy is necessary to enable one to see the truth of it. JAMES BANN.

Cincinnati, Ohio

# BY THE WAY

To Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, has been awarded the Cameron prize of $500, given by the University of Edinburgh every five years for the most important contribution that has been made in the preceding five years to practical therapeutics. It was given to Dr. Flexner in recognition of his researches on epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis and its treatment with anti-meningitis serum.

According to "Good Roads," two important changes in the road law of France are to take effect in October. The first eliminates the speed limit for automobiles in the open country. The second makes the "rule of the road" conform to that of Great Britain, where vehicles meet on the left. One reason given for this latter change is that by it the drivers of slow-going vehicles, who in France usually walk on the right-hand side of their horses, will be brought between the latter and an overtaking automobile, thus enabling the driver to control his horses and avoid accident.

An anti-tobacco crusade in the town of Mars Hill, North Carolina, ended in a bonfire of cigarettes and cigars on the campus of Mars Hill College, to the accompaniment of songs and prayers. Students of the college raised money to reimburse merchants for the stock destroyed.

Salvador, Costa Rica, and Honduras are reported as being disaffected toward the Peace Court established in 1907 to settle disputes between the Central American Republics. The expense of maintaining the Court is given as the reason for the movement to abolish it. Dissatisfaction on the part of militant politicians out of a job may be the real reason.

"As slow as molasses" is a saying that apparently does not apply to the New Orleans brand of syrup. A reservoir of molasses recently burst in that city, and before it could be controlled it had spread to a distance of a third of a mile, involving the loss of a million gallons, valued at $100,000. Men and women, overtaken in the streets, were rescued with difficulty from the rapidly flowing saccharine mess, which at one point was fifteen feet deep.

The collecting of pens that have been owned by or associated with famous personages is a hobby that has attracted some collectors, though the pursuit is an expensive one. A well-worn gold pen used by Charles Dickens brought $200 at the sale of his effects. A pen made out of wood from a box owned by George Washington, the box having been made from a desk brought to America by the Mayflower, is valued at $2,500.

Many victims of toadstool poisoning are reported among the Italian residents of the Eastern States. These fatalities have usually resulted from the mistaken zeal of young mushroom hunters, who have gathered the deadly amanita and other poisonous toadstools while searching for the edible fungi. Only expert mycologists are competent to separate the wheat from the tares in the mushroom family.

The first Chinese war-vessel that has appeared in New York Harbor, the Hai Chi (in English, "Sea-Safe"), arrived last week from England, where she had represented China in the Coronation naval review. The Hai Chi is at present the largest ship in the Chinese navy, though small in comparison with some of our war-ships. Her commander is Admiral Ching Pih Kwang. Both he and his officers and men have discarded the queue.

The last Frenchwoman, so a newspaper despatch asserts, who ever saw Napoleon I recently died at Troyes, at the age of 102. When she was five years old, Napoleon spoke to her in the palace park at Fontainebleau, and she had always cherished a vivid recollection of the occurrence.

The President of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, of New York City, is an admirer of German railways. The loud whistles formerly used on these railways have been suppressed, by order of the Kaiser, without increasing accidents and to the great advantage of travelers' nerves. Mrs. Rice, among other worthy objects, aims at the reform of the automobile horn. We would call her attention, too, to the screeching sirens used on bicycles—perhaps the worst offender of all in some otherwise quiet neighborhoods.

The names adopted by benevolent and fraternal societies are often triumphs of odd invention. The Order of the Moose recently held its convention; the Scoo Wa's, Inc., have had their annual outing; and the Order of Owls, it is announced, has passed the hundred thousand mark in membership.

Thomas A. Edison, who has been motoring in Europe, said to a recent interviewer: "I am 110 years of age—you look surprised, but I am counting age by a man's daily work in hours. I have worked eighteen hours a day for many years." That Mr. Edison has worked to some purpose, even from a money standpoint, is seen in the report that he derives an income of half a million dollars a year from one patent alone—that on photographic films.

A covered amphitheater three times as large as Madison Square Garden, which is to be torn down next year, is planned for New York City. Its site, as projected, is to be uptown, near the present Polo Grounds.

In the great apple-producing region in the Spokane Valley, Washington, electricity is being used to destroy the codling moth. Incandescent lamps covered with fine wire are placed in the trees, and at night the moths, attracted by the bright light, fly against the network of wire, complete the circuit, and are killed.

The male garments of the present day, save where a ceremonial occasion or a professional convention alters the circumstances, are loose in texture, not tightly fitting, and not necessarily dark in color. They are hygienically reasonable and practically well adapted for the requirements of ordinary life, says the London "Lancet." And yet how often do wearers of our "male garments" envy the Chinaman his privilege of wearing his shirt in a different way, and the longshoreman his collarless comfort!

The chief telegraph operator at the battle of Gettysburg is said to have been a woman, Mrs. Samantha Breniholtz, who lived in Hagerstown, Maryland, and survived until recently.

In 1875 Captain Matthew Webb swam across the English Channel. Not since then have any of the numerous attempts to repeat his feat been successful until two weeks ago, when T. W. Burgess, a Yorkshireman, succeeded. His time, however, was two hours longer than the record—twenty-one and three-quarter hours—established by Captain Webb.

A new feature of warfare is to be the use of illuminating pistols. These throw bullets which on striking develop a powerful white or red light that lasts eight or ten seconds and lights up objects within a radius of six hundred feet. They are especially useful in broken country, where the searchlight is ineffective. In the recent maneuvers of the German army these pistols were extensively employed.

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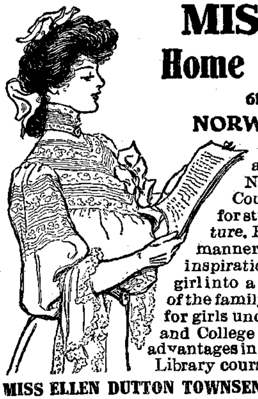

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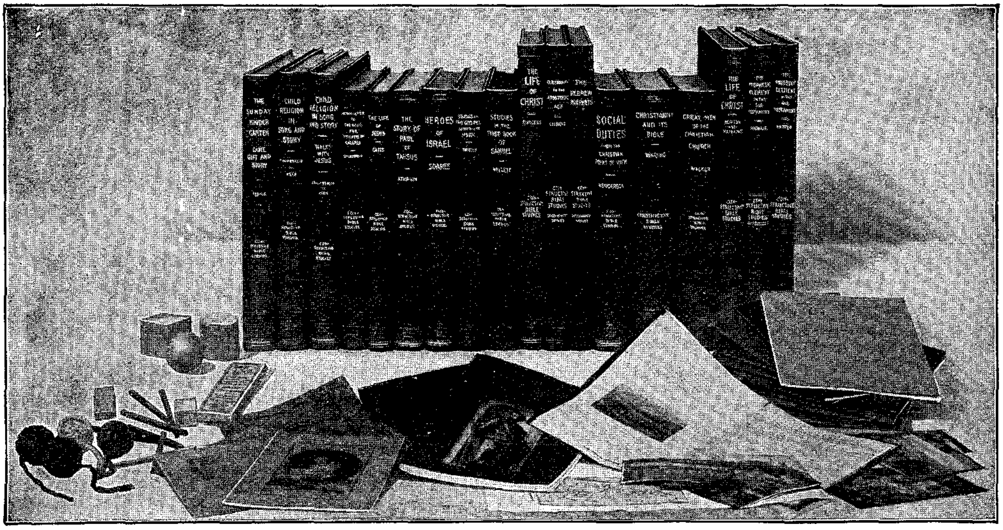
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